

INDIA 2033

THE HEAVEN OF EARTH



DHAVAL



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KALAMOS LITERARY SERVICES LLP

Kalamos Literary Services LLP

Email: info@kalamos.co.in

First Published in 2022

by

Kalamos Literary Services

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ISBN – 978-93-90909-73-5

India 2033

by Dhaval

Cover designed and typeset in Kalamos Literary Services LLP

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This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are either a product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual people living or dead, events or locale is entirely coincidental.



A Humble Disclaimer

To,
The Citizens,
91, India,
Earth, The Milky Way,
The Universe.

I love all the political parties that exist in the streets, cities, villages, homes, states and in the whole universe.

I love all the honorary current and former PMs, CMs, ministers, elected and non-elected members of any party in the universe.

I respect all castes, creeds, sects and religions of the whole universe.

My words are spontaneous and not intentional. They are just a reflection of the time, place and people around.

However, if somebody feels it to be a personal affront, I mark a pardon to them in advance.

Thank you.

Kind Regards from Dhaval.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Thank to you, dear reader, for picking up “India 2033”.

Thanks to my family, relatives & friends who make life worthwhile.

Thanks to Anuj Kumar, Priya – the Editor and the entire team at Kalamos Publishers for their nice work through the publishing process.

Thanks to the truthful leaders in the governments of all times - for bringing transparency into the system and for taking sincere steps to improve economy, public healthcare facilities, literacy standards, social security set ups, employment rate and overall growth.

India is the second largest nation of the world. It's not at all an easy task to vaccinate more than a billion people within a year. The health care professionals have served millions of civilians without worrying about death or fearing of infections, while facing Covid-19 crisis. The genuine people in the government and system made it possible. So, thanks to all of them.

SOME THOUGHTS FROM AUTHOR

The youths & changing Era

We are passing through the age of immense transformation. Half of the nation (especially youth) may want to enter into the complete Era of modernization -where the life standard and social structure are changing day by day. While, another half of the nation may not want to leave their comfort zone which lies under the traditional model of living.

The character of Akash reflects the situation of a highly literate young man into the current Era of changing world. Due to the generation gap on real ground, Akash faces many such struggles while making something work. Many youths might be experiencing the same feelings while dealing with the people who are resistant to the change. With this novel, I think, I have tried to share those inexplicit feelings which are buried inside the heart of young India.

Dreaming Positive

Usually, we hear people talk about the predictions made by the renowned astrologers of old times, like the world will end, or the tsunamis will come, or people will loot each other, and so on. So, I thought to write something positive which may predict a better future. I hope the readers will find it interesting.

Sir Ken Robinson - a British author had said- "Imagination is the source of all human achievement.", and Sir Albert Einstein had said- "Imagination is more important than knowledge." So, dreaming about a positive future or carrying the positive vibes itself is a great deal, No?

So, let's see a good dream! That's what we can do, at least. Welcome to 'The Heaven on Earth, India – 2033'.

CREDITS

The lyrics on page no. 14 is taken from the film 'Hum Dil De Chuke Sanam' by Sanjay Leela Bhansali.

A movie scene performed by John Abraham and Lisa Ray has been mentioned from the 'Water' movie by Deepa Mehta.

The lyrics of the song 'Tum itna jo' written by Kaifi Azami have been mentioned on page no. 14.

The poem from Sir Rudyard Kipling has been mentioned on page no. 64.

The poem from Sir William Shakespeare has been mentioned on page no. 128.

The lyrics on page no. 101 have been taken from 'Tum Hi Ho' song of 'Aashiqui 2' movie by Mohit Suri.

Names of Tesla Motors, Elon Musk, Her Highness Queen Elizabeth, Bill Gates, Chris Tucker, Neil Armstrong, Pranav Mistry, P.T. Usha, Albert Einstein, Amitabh Bachchan and Halle Berry have been used for suitability of the content or demonstration of quotes, technology, references etc.

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Prologue

August - 2015, 5PM, GMDC Ground, Ahmedabad

Akash is a typical Gujarati boy from a lower middle-class family. He has recently graduated from IIT, Gandhinagar. He has been in the limelight due to his bike rallies and street drama campaigns to awaken the youth for the reservation reforms. He has formed a council called 'Anamat Andolan Samiti'. The increasing number of youths across the state joining his movement day by day has made him person of the year. People call him the 'Lenin of Gujarat'.

Akash and his team have organized a state level summit in Ahmedabad city to demonstrate the strength of AAS. Since morning, all the highways proceeding towards Ahmedabad city have been blocked due to the rush of youths moving inside Ahmedabad to attend the summit.

By the evening, about half of the million AAS members filled the Sola ground. The summit is being broadcasted live through all the media channels. A million eyes are stagnated on the stage to listen to Akash speak. After pausing for a sip of water, Akash continues the rest of the speech,

“

Let me discuss two cases;

I have two close friends. One is from the OBC and another from the General Category.

The general category friend is very poor. His father is on bed rest. His mother is working as a primary teacher in a private school. She barely earns Rs. 8000 in a month. This friend of mine had scored 86% in his 12th B Group exam. He could not join MBBS, as the general quota required merit of a minimum 93% cut-off for admission. He had to join

B.Sc. education, and he began working at the same private school where his mother works. After three years of his part-time job along with study, he has completed his graduation. He is now working full-time as a biology teacher. He is paid Rs. 12000 per month. He has the compulsion to do a job in a private school. Because he neither has enough money to establish a tuition class nor a bank ready to give him a loan as he is a poor guy.

On the other hand, that OBC friend of mine is born rich person. They have two big furniture showrooms in this city. He had scored 78% in the 12th B Group, and he has recently finished his MBBS. He is going to inaugurate a multi-specialty clinic in the suburb of this city. A PSU bank has offered him two-crore loan with just 6% interest. Meanwhile, he applied for postgraduate studies and got admission into MS-Ortho through the OBC quota.

If we compare both cases, a more privileged boy remained backward and an already rich boy got a bunch of options to collect more wealth and lock it into his bank account. Nowadays, this is the case for many young intellectuals.

Last time, when I met our CM, Smt. Savita ben, to demand a favour for AAS, I had discussed the same case. Do you know what she said? She said that all these are just Moh-Maya. People suffer due to their past birth Karmas. She gave me such a Dharmik answer and sorted the whole issue in a matter of seconds. She advised me to take a job and get settled in to life.

Why are the leaders ignoring the biggest loophole in the system?

People of other nations are going to the moon, and we are yet struggling to make even a small change to the unfair policies.

Considering these facts, I, as the president of AAS, in the presence of you all, propose the state and central government to pass the bill in the assembly that seeks genuine recommendations for the transformation of the Caste Based Reservation into Economy Based

Reservation. I have on-hand legal guidance to execute an economy-based reservation system. We can do it without any dispute. Some politicians just have to put their ego aside and give me an appointment for the sake of poor and middle-class voters.

We don't demand anything more. Financial Assessment of every individual is not that difficult nowadays. The government knows how many houses I own, how many credits and debits I make in my bank accounts. The government is already tracing transactions of every citizen through banks' MIS data. And, therefore I say that it's easy to classify people by their income group and provide reservations accordingly.

So, if you people agree with me and want to use your basic right called 'Freedom of expression', then you have to do me a favour. Our volunteers are coming to pass you EBRs favouring voting forms. I urge you all to take this application form, sign it, and enclose your attested AADHAAR copy. And submit this back to the volunteers. We have bunches of photocopiers at exit gate counters. You can get photocopies of your AADHAAR cards over there. Please go slowly, one by one, and submit your EBRs favouring votes.

On the basis of these applications, I will legally demand the government's attention and necessary actions for reservation reforms.

”

Akash paused as he saw the dust clouds in the air due to attempts of the audience to run out of the premises.

He turned back with surprise. “What happened?” He asked the other guests on the stage, who had already stood up from their chairs. Their faces were surprised, asking the same question to each other.

A boy came running to him, “Bhai, police vans are coming inside.” The boy said, panting and holding his stomach, “They started beating people. People reacted and attacked them back.”

“Damn it.” Akash banged his fist on the podium.

“Listen, you guys stay away from this. Don’t mess with the police. I want to be arrested peacefully. Let them do their job. Okay? Tell our people to just get out of the place.” Akash said to the volunteer boy.

“But, Bhaiya? It is fine. We would stand by you,” The boy said with sympathy.

“Just leave. Leave. Don’t worry about me. Gooooo,” He pushed the boy and drove him off the stage.

Akash held back the mic, “My dear brothers and sisters..... Please, please don’t mess with the police..... Let them do their job. Let them come to me..... Give them a way to me. Please co-operate..... Please don’t take the law for granted..... I urge you all.....”

The police vans reached Akash within a few minutes. He gently surrendered himself to the police. As he sat in the police van, a Police Inspector punched him in the face, hard enough for him to bleed out of his mouth.

15 days later

The ten years long-held peace was broken after ten minutes of police action. The next two weeks changed the whole state into anarchy. Akash’s arrest drove the youth wild. They blocked highways and declared strikes all over the state and closed down the schools, colleges, government offices, banks and shopping malls. The Police started searching Akash’s supporters and locked them in the jails.

The Police enforced curfews and started beating up anyone they saw out of homes. They flushed out the anger on the public by charging batons without looking at their age, part of the body, and reasons for sailing out.

The Government, via the police force, assassinated some opponents under the name of law and order. The incidents of public and police mess-ups were escalating day by day. After a week full of chaos

and violence had passed, the central government took the decision to deploy the army troops to sensitive areas across the state.

The situation gradually came under control after another week passed. The silence re-established as normal in Gujarat, as the army jawans maintained strict patrolling and paid visiting rounds of counselling with the public to appeal to them to maintain peace for the sake of the country. The public, having deep faith in the army jawans, agreed on their appeals, and people carried on with their normal routine. Military forces have been withdrawn from the state. The streets, roads and public places are full of traffic again. The whole Gujarat and especially Ahmedabad city is back on track after fifteen days of trauma.



Sabarmati Jail, Ahmedabad

Akash:

*“Tadap Tadap ke iss dil se aaaah nikalti rahi,
Aisa kya gunah kiya, Jo lut gaye... Aaaah lut gaye...”*

“Stop it, *Chu*****, what are you shouting for?” The warden interrupted me and my bowel movement.

This is my morning routine in *Sabarmati* jail. I used to sing such ‘*Dard Bhare Gaane*’ while struggling with my bowel movement after eating the leather like chapattis of jail. The warden patrolling in the lobby, the one and only audience of my singing talent, used to give me ‘standing abuse’ instead of ‘standing ovation’ in reward.

This is my first time in Jail. I had never thought that this would happen to me. The Police have served me with a stone-built cell with a square metre attached toilet. I tried to make a small change, and politicians sent me into this dark room. There are two tiny windows for air circulation. There is a food delivery window at the cell's door and another is a ventilation window up on the wall, just down the ceiling. And yes, there is no fan! It's fine. But, these as**oles do not give me newspapers or books to read. I don't know what is happening outside.

I tried another song, “*Tum itna Jo muskura rahe ho.....*” releasing the last, but not least stock, “*kya gham hai jisko chhupa rahe ho.....*” I relaxed a breath of climax.

“*Abey, bho***ke! Ga*dke niche du kya?*” The guard tried another abuse, this time banging the door.

“I am done, kaka! Enough for today,” I said turning on the tap that drips half a litre of water per minute in to the rusty metal bucket. I washed my stuff and came out of toilet and sat in the corner, staring at the hopper window that showered the sun rays in the dark cell.

This poor constable has been instructed to torture me. The people in government can't officially wound me by weapons, so they are trying

to wound me by words. But, these people don't know about IITians. Our brain muscles are stress and pressure proof, as we have been torturing our brains to get good grades since our childhood. It is our utmost ability that we can live a normal life while being in pressure.

The guard broke my thought patterns as I saw him peeping inside from the food delivery window. "Oye, Chu*** come out. You have a guest to meet you." He said and opened the door.

I gave him an eye-to-eye look as he walked in.

"Arey chal na, taad kyun raha he be?" He grabbed my collar and stood me up.

"What, uncle?" I made a face and moved his hand off my collar.

"What is your problem? I am coming, no?" I said calmly. "This is how you behave with your son?" I asked emotionally.

This is how sweetly I behave with him in reply to his every abusive communication. I am damn sure that my humbleness will transform him one day. He will pay huge respect to me. I will add him to my bucket.

"Okay, come." He said with suppressed guilt in his eyes. I followed him through the dark and vacant corridors. Some prisoners of the cells swished to communicate as we passed by general prisoner wards. I avoided looking at them and walked straight-faced, following the warden.

As I went into the secret meeting room, I found a woman dressed up in a plain black sari, sat on a chair, facing the window.

"Yes?" I said as I couldn't identify the woman from the back.

"Hey, Akash!" She stood up from the chair and turned to me.

"Richa Ma'am?" I was surprised to see the lady known as her highness, Rani Sahiba.

"How are you?"

"Ma'am? You? Here?" I asked surprisingly. "I can't believe this!"

She grinned, "Will you keep me standing here and make me answer all your questions?"

“Oh, please have a seat,” I said. “I just wondered to see you after eight long years!” We both sat on the chairs.

She rested her elbows on the table between us, “Changed a lot!” she told, staring at me. *I sheepishly gazed down, dominated by the aroma of her presence.*

“You have become a hero! Pissed off the state government. Huh?” She said. *I guessed the government sent her as a peacemaker.*

“Well, ma’am, you can see that I am paying the price of being a hero,” I smiled.

“What will you do now? You have been charged under twenty different cases. Three of them are unbailable,” She said.

I smiled, “Never mind. I am ready for that. It’s better to be in discomfort for truth rather than living in comfort for lies.”

“Really! It’s you, Akash?” she giggled. “The kid has grown up!” She said. “I still remember your childhood. Remember? Once I had come to your home and you were in *Chaddi*?” She said and burst into laughter. “Seeing my car from afar, you disappeared from the street and rushed inside your home, and then you came out wearing full-length pants to receive me? Remember?”

I could not reply but looked down, smiling and shying. She had the right to make a joke of me. And, I felt it fortunate to be kidded by her.

“I never thought you still remember me, ma’am,” I said sheepishly.

“How can I forget you? *Maharaj* used to tell me all about you,” She said.

I became quiet for some moments as she took the name of Maharaj.

“Ma’am, I am sorry about *Maharaj*,” I said.

She looked down in grief.

“You know what? I knew that this would happen to him one day,” I lamented.

Dayal Singh Bhatiya, known as Maharaj, father of Richa madam and an honourable social activist, was murdered in the riots that took place during a public protest after my arrest.

“I still remember the day when I was in fifth standard. He was a chief guest, and I had received my first prize from him. He came like a Godman on that day and changed my destiny. I could complete my IIT graduation only because of his motivation and financial support.” My eyes became moist as I expressed my feeling for him.

I was a ranker from my childhood days. Dayal Singh-ji had seen my potential and instructed my parents to meet him at his palace to talk about me. He had assured my parents to support me in the study, and he backed me up in all possible ways since then.

“You and your people have been held responsible for the commitment of his death,” she said.

“Yes, I have heard that. I don’t care about anyone but you. Do you believe this?” I asked, looking straight into her eyes.

“How could I believe that, Akash?” Tears rolled out of her eyes. “It was a planned murder, and I know the person who has committed it,” she said.

“What?” I frowned. “Who has done it?”

“Our CM is that person!” She burst into tears.

Unlike ‘the cool type’ guy, I didn’t have much idea about how to react in such conditions. I simply went to the water cooler and came back with a glass of chilled water. In between, she cried more. I became more confused and nervous as the former princess and present queen of Gujarat cried in front of me like a kid. I offered the glass of water and maintained silence.

She took a sip and closed her eyes to compose herself. “I am sorry,”

“Ma’am, please, you have to be strong,” I said calmly.

She nodded.

“But ma’am, Savita ben is your family friend, no?”

“Yes, she is, just on-screen. In reality, she is the hidden enemy. Maharaj had raised a voice against illegal land acquisitions. He had evidence of corruption done by top-level politicians. Savita had sniffed it and kept her sense of revenge buried for the right time. When the riots began, she planned Maharaj’s murder and convicted your supporters guilty for the incident.”

“How bloody creep these people are? For whom is she doing such hook and crooks? You know, her family is finished. Her son is a drug addict! Her husband is an alcoholic. They are fighting with each other for their property.”

“You are too young to understand people like Savita. They are power-addicted people. They don’t care about anyone but the chair. The authority has its own hangover. You will later understand that.”

“Ma’am, how you found Savita’s involvement?”

“I have my sources.”

“Ma’am, we should bring this matter to the public. I will not leave that bitch.”

“Don’t worry. She will not be forgiven.” She said, her eyes red in anger. She wiped her face and took a deep breath. “But, I need you. I am here to release you and your people,” She said.

“It’s not that easy, madam,” I said.

“Yes, I know. That’s a bit hard. But, I have my own ways.” She said with a strict face.

I could conclude that she was not from the *Government’s side, and Savita had not sent her as a peacemaker.*

The warden knocked on the door. “*Rani Sahiba* - time over- sorry”.

She nodded and covered *Ghoonghat* on her head. She checked her watch. “Okay, coming.” She said to the warden.

“So?” She said and placed her hand on mine. “Give me a month, and you will be out.”

I nodded and gasped out a long breath.

She stood up. “Bye, for now.”

I nodded. “See you soon, ma’am,” I said as she left.

I felt as if I woke up from the dream. For the past eight years, she had never even phoned me or met me. Today, she suddenly appeared to me. And, that too in the Sabarmati Jail! Why was she interested in getting me out of jail? The question caught up in my head.



Dayal Palace, Ahmedabad

Richa Devi:

My parents gave me 'Richa Devi' name, but the people of Gujarat always addressed me as 'Rani Sahiba'. I am the heir of a Royal family. My ancestors were rulers of Gujarat state. Gujarati people are still paying huge respect and honour to our Raj-Gharana. It is wonderful to be on such highness. When I am in Gujarat, I feel the same as Queen Elisabeth would feel while being in Briton! My father was publicly honoured as his highness Dayal Singh Maharaj Saheb. He left for me these fifty acres of landscape, a modernly built palace facing the main entrance and two centuries old Havelis situated far back on the other end of the landscape. The Haveli has been declared as a private heritage site by UNESCO. I live in the Haveli during my stay in India; it has grown barren since I moved to America. I like the void silence of this particular part of the palace surrounded by the Sandal and Peepal trees, who witnessed our generations. My day starts with swimming. Diving in the partially damaged swimming pool in the middle of the Haveli gives me the feel of a mermaid.

I put on the bathrobe as I finished the post-swimming shower. "Kaavya...?" I shouted.

"Coming, Didi. Just ten minutes." She shouted in reply, and her extra loud voice echoed through the empty dark walls and pillars of the Haveli.

Kaavya is the daughter of our servant family. She knows my everyday schedule as she stays with me to manage all my works. She is my young little friend cum personal secretary during my stay in India.

I went to the restroom and undressed my undergarments. I stood in front of the mirror and looked at myself. I have left my physical workout for two months. I held the robes wide open away from my body and turned my body side to side. Wow! All in shape! I complimented myself. I looked outside at the sculptures of nymphs standing and holding a pot, pouring water into the pool. I frequently moved my gaze from those nymphs' private parts to mine. I compared the curves, size,

and shapes. They were almost similar. A surge of shyness ran through my entire body. Poor Males, it's not their fault- sneaking glances at me all the time. I said to myself with a wry smile.

"Ahem...ahem," I got scared as I heard the coughing sound. It was Kaavya who fake coughed as if she caught me red-handed.

I hurriedly covered the robes over my body. "Hey, here you are," I said, being normal, to avoid a naughty comment from Kaavya.

"Didi, what were you looking at in the mirror?" She asked. Oh god. This girl will now eat up my brain.

I sat on the chair, struggling for words. "Me? Em, Nothing. Why?" I said, a bit more usual than usual.

"Naah? I was watching you. You were checking your figure, no?"

"Awww," I got embarrassed. I picked up a pillow. "Don't shy me. You crazy girl," I said and buried my face in the pillow.

"Didi, trust me. You are a brown beauty,"

I looked up. "Oh, really? What is that 'Brown beauty'? I have never heard of that," I frowned.

"You have heard of black beauty, right?"

I nodded meekly.

"Their skin colour is like dark chocolate. In the same way, you are like a caramel candy."

I looked at her, puzzled.

"I mean your skin colour! The skin shade you got is similar to the caramel candy." She corrected herself decently.

"Oh, I see." I nodded with pursed lips, trying to understand her taunt.

"Like the chocolates, you see? Advertised in Cadbury's 'Kiss me, close your eyes' melody?"

I gave a brief nod.

“The ones who look at it want to taste it,” She added.

This comment made me confused. “What do you mean?” I said, giving a strange look.

She released her suppressed grin and burst into laughter.

“You Lesbo! Stop flirting with me.” I threw the pillow at her. She skipped it. “Don’t you have any other work?” I randomly picked up things and threw them at her. “Pinching me all the time!” I said, teased.

“Okay. Okay.” She said, raising her hands up in the air. “No more flirting.”

I shook my head and smiled at her craze of me. This girl doesn’t give a damn to my highness. I don’t mind it, actually. She is one of the countable people to whom I don’t show my dominance. She is pure by heart, and so I am with her.

She stood behind, rested her elbows on the edge of the chair. “Tell me, Didi, what are you gonna wear today?” She asked, looking at me into the mirror.

“Now listen, I am going to meet Savita ben. I will wear a cream cotton sari, sleeveless, sky colour blouse, and pearl necklace,”

She Nodded. “Just give me five minutes,” She started fumbling through wardrobes to get my clothes ready. I, meanwhile, wore my undergarments. In India, I am too choosy about my look, selection of clothes, and attitude. When people keep deep faith in me and show their respect to me, I, in return, have to adorn and behave myself according to their perceptions of a widowed queen.

For twenty minutes, Kaavya garmented me, combed my hair in retro style, and applied light makeup on my face. “And?” She said and drew a tiny coal mark on my forehead (the one that Indian moms do to their children as a protection mark against evil eyes). “Here we go.” She said, applying the final touch.

I checked myself in the mirror, and I looked proudly at Kaavya. “Excellent job!” I said.

“Thanks, Didi,” she said and looked down coyly.

“One thing is missing, though. Let me give it a try,” She said and stickered a Bindi on my forehead.

I quickly removed Bindi off my forehead. “Kaavi! Please,” I said and turned my gaze away as she reminded me of the bare truth of my life.

She sat down on her knees next to my chair. “I am sorry, Didi. I didn’t mean that.” She said, her eyes bubbled up in guilt.

I smirked. “Not your fault. You won’t understand it. Don’t be sorry.” I said and caressed my hand on her head. I am not an easy person in general. On the contrary, I am very easy and sensible for my beloved ones, the ones like Kaavya, Akash, Ella, etc. When you have such people around, your life seems blissful. I have always realized that smaller people own bigger hearts. They are found more trustworthy and pure than the so-called ‘high-rich’ types.

“Breakfast, Di?” After few minutes of silence, she asked.

I nodded. “Yeah. Give me. I will have it here.”

She stood and ran out of the room to bring my breakfast quickly.

She came back, struggling to hold and balance food plates and jars picked up in her hands.

“Oh, God!” I tapped my head. “What is so hurrying?” I stood up to take the things from her hand. “Why do you bring it all together?”

“You sit, Di. You sit. I will manage it.” She said and led me back on the chair.

She served me soaked nuts, fruits, cereal, and milk.

“By the way, Sapna has trained you quite well,” I said. Kaavya is assisting Sapna Vyas Patel, one of the popular fitness trainers in India. I had referred Kaavya to Sapna.

“Yes, Di. She is so nice to me. She talks about you many times. You know, she says that you are an inspiration to her. She, too, follows your fitness secrets.”

“Oh really?”

“Yeah. It’s obvious, Di. Nobody would imagine you to be forty.”

“See! Flattering me again?” I snubbed at her.

“Didi? I am not flattering!” She said and pinched her neck. “I swear.”

“Okay, fine, what will you feed your Di in diner today?”

“Em...” She thought for a while. “Spicy Khichadi?” She said, tweaking.

“Wow. So Yummy! And that thing you cook by frying the soaked Besan flour in Tawa. It was too good the last time.”

“Oh. You mean Pudla?”

“Yeah. That one.”

“Done.” She said, and we hi-fived.

“Now you go and tell the convoy to be ready. I get to leave for Gandhinagar in few minutes,”

“Okay, Di. You finish your breakfast. I am telling them to be ready.” She said and left.

I always travelled with a security convoy, unlike my father, who used to travel alone. He never kept security with him. During the riots, he was found shot dead in his car, and then his car was burnt in the fire. The government reasoned the riots for his death and accused Akash’s supporters of his murder. This incident has jerked me and is burning me alive, but I have to keep control over my emotions. I have to go through this bad time with a fake smile on my face. My ancestors had made many sacrifices to save this land and its people. Savita was supposed to remember that fact before doing this to Maharaj. Ignorantly, she didn't.

Therefore, she will have to face a royal revenge. This orthodox and political bitch has dialled a wrong number. She has begun the game. Now, I will play it well. People know Savita's DOB. But, I have fixed her DOD.

New Sachivalay, Sector 10, Gandhinagar, Gujarat

I, in my Rolls-Royce escorted by the convoy of three gypsies, reached the CMO. I put on my sunglasses and covered my head and shoulders with the edge of a Sari. I stepped out of my car as my security personal opened the door.

The paparazzi flashed their cameras. "Ma'am.... Ma'am... here..." They yelled at me to give a pose. I folded my hands and stuck them in a pose with a gracious smile. They surrounded me to ask questions.

"Ma'am, can we expect your entry into Indian politics?" A reporter asked.

"I haven't thought of that yet," I said.

"Rani Sahiba. The public wants you to fill the position of Maharaj and take care of needy people. What would be your message to them?" A tricky reporter asked me the same question with the spice of public sentiments.

"I don't think anyone could either fill his gap or could take his position. Not me too." I said and walked towards the entrance.

"Ma'am.... Ma'am... what is your purpose of visiting the CMO?" The reporters followed me, asking questions.

"Just a casual visit. Nothing special." I replied and kept walking.

"Ma'am. Are you joining the ruling party? We have found out from the sources that you are joining the party."

This word 'sources' acts as a lethal weapon for the reporters. Nobody could have yet found out the 'sources' of a reporter. They can ask you any question on the name of sources. I simply hate this word.

I turned back and folded hands to the reporters. I gave a kindred smile. "Thank you all. I get to go." I said and walked inside the CMO building.

I walked to the assistant's desk at the reception lounge outside CM's chamber on the second floor.

"Oho! Good morning - Good morning!" CM's PA, Love-ji Bhai, stood up to greet me. "How are you, Rani Sahiba?" He welcomed me with folded hands.

"Very good morning, Love-ji Bhai! Kem chho?" I slid the sunglass on my head.

"Your blessings. Rani Sahiba." He flattered. "Actually, you forgot my name, madam." He said, brushing oily strands of hair away from his forehead.

"Oh. You are not Love-ji Bhai?"

"You English people make fun of my name, no? I am Prem-ji. Not Love-ji. he... he... he....." His gold-plated tooth twinkled as he laughed like a donkey.

"Oh. I am so sorry. Prem-ji Bhai, your name is." I tapped my head. "I just misinterpreted in English," I said.

"Hee....hee... hee..." He laughed.

"Namaste Rani Sahiba," I heard a voice behind me.

As I turned back, I found the crowd of visitors gathered to greet me. They had scheduled appointments with CM. I randomly greeted hand to hand with females and folded my hands, saying Namastey to the males. "So nice of you all," I told them, my eyes full of affection. After few minutes of gossips, I humbly led them back to their sofas.

I turned back to Prem-ji and asked whether I could go and meet the CM.

"Saurav Ganguli is here with his family. He has come to meet Bahen-ji. They are in the conference hall. I have to make you wait, he... he....he..." He said, stroking out fake laughter.

“It’s fine... no worries! I will wait.” I said and sat on the sofa next to Love-ji... ‘oh sorry, Prem-ji, he is!’.

Some of the CMO staff were familiar to me as I had visited the place with my father. A peon came with a trolley filled up with refreshments.

He touched my feet. “Tea, Coffee? Rani Maata,” He asked. He used to address me as Maata, aka mother. This is a common Indian phenomenon to make somebody a god father, god mother or god.

“No. Thanks. I am fine.” I said. He gave me a “This place is horrible” look.

“How is your family?” I asked him.

“They are good. My wife is okay now. I have no words to thank you.” He said, his hands folded.

He had come with his wife to my father’s funeral. His wife had breast cancer, so I had written them a donation cheque. Still, some people come to us for a favour. They still don’t believe in democracy and the current social structure but expect us to help them and sort out their family matters too.

For the next ten minutes, I observed Prem-ji’s strokes of laughter that fell out of his mouth on his random eye contact with visitors. I felt suffocated by the suppressed and artificial environment of the CMO. I checked the time in my wristwatch and gasped out a long breath.

“Getting bored? Madam-ji?” Prem-ji asked.

“Yeah.” I frowned. “Your madam has become expensive nowadays,” I taunted.

“Oh. I am sorry. She has a very busy schedule, you know! But she has told me to serve you properly. Please have some look in these,” He passed me a bunch of magazines and laughed, ‘he... he...he.’

I picked some and flipped through the pages. The magazines mentioned how the current government has been developing the state under their governance. The magazines were full of blunders. There

were some articles mentioning interviews with Aam-anta of the state. I started reading the blogs.

A woman mentioned how the government's relief of two thousand rupees for the toilet scheme helped her to build her self-esteem and self-confidence.

There were many other similar stories printed in magazines, booklets, and brochures.

One more article in which a student mentioned the Laptop distribution scheme. He mentioned that he was a poor guy and too weak in studies. After receiving a laptop, he became studious and intelligent. The laptop, which was worth twenty-five thousand rupees, gave him independence and liberation.

A student, who had a selfie at the statue of liberty, mentioned how he could reach the USA and pursued his Master of Doctorates under the government's educational subsidy programs. He was an MBBS graduate from India and settled in the USA. My mind whispered what a kind and compassionate government is this! A brilliant brain got a government scholarship so that he could utilize his valuable knowledge to serve the US citizens. My mind spontaneously remembered Sundar Pichai, Satya Nadela, Indra Nooyi, Kalpana Chawla, and other migrated Indians at the same time.

There were a number of pictures in which the CM had shown the inauguration of about one hundred projects. My logical mind got frustrated as I went through more such articles. I multiplied the total numbers of toilets, laptops, and subsidies with their estimated unit cost. I compared the viable expense versus the real expense made by the government for each scheme. Finally, I summed up an amount, which made me wow! The money that I found Savita and her spoons might have chewed under all these schemes was 2500 million rupees. I could sum up that most of the beneficiaries of these schemes were the ruling party workers and the interviews were absolutely fake. I wished the government would have really built up the number of toilets that were mentioned in the articles.

Prem-ji's effort to fill the silence by murmuring a classical song, with beats of hands tapping on the desk, caught my attention at him. As our eyes met, he stroked out, "he....he....he...." I wanted to punch on his

gold-plated teeth and cast a locket out of it. Instead, I gave him seductive sight, which made him abashed.

“They are out. Madam-ji,” He showed me the CCTV screen.

I saw Saurav Ganguli walking out of the CMO. The same reporters I had faced a few minutes back, surrounded Saurav Ganguli and his family.

“Dear all visitors, our Chief Minister is coming,” Prem-ji announced as the CCTV showed Savita closing herself in the lift on the ground floor.

I joined the visitors who walked toward the lift to greet her.

The lift doors opened after a ping sound. Savita, along with the armed guards, walked out of the lift. We all stood in a queue with folded hands. Some of her devotees handed her expensive bouquets.

“Hey! Richa Beta. What’s up?” She said as we met.

We shook hands. “Hello, aunty,” I said.

“Come with me.” She held my hand and took me along in her chamber.

It’s said that you better keep your friends close, but you must keep your enemies closer. She might have projected me to join politics as the media people did. So, she chose me as her first visitor to keep me closer, I guess.

She sat on her king-size chair. “Please have a seat.” I sat in the front chair across the large table. “How have you been?” She asked in the smoothest possible tone.

The sixty-year-old CM, having deep eyes, white hair, and a coin-sized Bindi on her forehead, dressed up in Khadi made sari reflected the traditional Gujarati aura around her.

“Not good, aunty,” I said, my face depressed.

“Oh, my dear, I can understand your situation.” She said in an affectionate voice.

“Aunty, I don’t understand; why would somebody kill my Dad?”

“Beta, this is what happens in this country. Don’t you see this Akash - a boy of nowadays? The way he roused people and created violence in whole Gujarat! You know today’s blind young generation. They just burnt the state on his command,” She said, her face in sorrow.

“Anyway, I will repair them all.”

“No, aunty. My heart can’t believe that. Maharaj had no enemies. At least the people of this state can’t do that.”

“The oppositions were jealous of your Dad as he was a star campaigner of our party. They did make some kind of setting with Akash. And that boy very cleverly committed Maharaj’s murder behind the scenes of riots. But, don’t worry. No one will be forgiven. All accused are counting the bars of jails and are on tight remands. You will get justice, my girl.” She frowned.

How smart she is! And how fortunate I am! She is doing all this for me! If you are doing all this to get me justice, then please let me clarify, “No, aunty. No more violence now. I want to end all this. I want you to release all the accused ones.” I said, bringing compassion on my face.

“See Beta. This is not how things work in India. And you have miles to go. You must not behave too softly. I have some expectations from you. I want you to be the next candidate in place of Maharaj.”

“No, aunty. I don’t want to join the politics.”

“Are you sure? Take your time. Think about it. There is no hurry.”

“No. I am sure, aunty. It’s not my cup of tea.”

“People have faith in your Raj-Gharana. I would advise that you should go for it, Beta.” She said. *Don’t call me beta, you bitch. Please don’t try to win my heart.*

“I will think on it if you insist,” I said, my palms covered up on her clasped hands. “But, I want to end the chaos that happened due to Maharaj’s murder. I want you to release all the guilty who have been jailed, as they are under unethical police remands. Aunty, as you know, my father has always favoured non-violence. So, I want you to follow in

his footsteps, at least in the matters connected to him.” I said, my voice as calm as possible.

“We can’t take the risk of releasing these people. They will rebel again if they get clean chit so easily.” She frowned.

“Aunty, I have met the accused people. And I don’t think that all of them are guilty. Some of them are even old-aged people. Their families had come to meet me. They were crying and grovelling at my feet, begging me to release their family members.”

“I am personally looking over this matter and will make sure that the innocent ones don’t get in trouble. By the way, I got the message of your meeting with Akash,” She taunted me, raising an eyebrow. Finally, the pinch inside her came out.

“Yes, I visited Akash yesterday. I met him and asked what wrong Maharaj did to them? In reply, he had no words to utter. He lamented about the incident and apologized to me for all the sadness happening due to him. He told me that he has been falsely trapped in my father’s case, and he wanted to get arrested peacefully, but the unnecessary aggression from the police roused public sentiments. He said that his arrest was pre-planned by the government.”

After a moment of silence, she drank a glass of water. “It’s my advice to you, please don’t meet that boy. You are such a kind and innocent woman,” She adjusted her spectacles. “You may easily come under his influence, Beta. They are very cunning people. Especially that boy, He wants to join the politics and oppositions are using him against me.”

“Okay, dump Akash and AAS. Don’t you think that the reservation system needs to be re-addressed?”

“Oh. Now you! Please, you don’t get messed up in this. And, why should I do that? It’s not our government who started it. Our national heroes had formed the reservation system for the sake of backward classes.”

“I am saying this because people are dying! Aunty?”

“Try to understand, dear! We can’t modify the reservation system. It’s attached to the public sentiments. It may badly affect our vote bank.”

*You have spent nine years as a CM of this state and collected money that could feed your nine upcoming generations. How much longer do you want to be in this position? Can't you gift a genuine change to the people whom you sucked on the name of 'Samaaj Seva' for nine fuck**g years?*

“But they don’t want to end the reservation system. In fact, the reservation reforms will serve the purpose of helping the deserving and economically backward people. And, the AAS members are angry because they are feeling completely unheard and ignored by the government.” I said, frowning.

“The Government does not listen to just a twenty-three-year-old boy.” She interrupted me. “Let them be angry and go violent. So, we can have enough reasons to send them behind bars for a lifetime. They want to be heroes. They watch violent movies and learn to behave violently. Now let them suffer the outcomes of their Karmas.” She said, bringing anger on her face.

She has all the ethical reasons to prove herself as ‘right’ and the protestors as ‘wrong’.

“Aunty, if the senior leaders like you will behave in such a manner, who else will bring a change in this country?” I said, concerned.

“This is the problem with you NRIs. You people just have good speeches. You don’t know the ground reality of this state.”

“Aunty, the same state and nation was even worse in the British Rule, but Mahatma Gandhi and other leaders sorted it out peacefully. I request you to handle the matter in a peaceful manner.”

“This is not your personal matter, Richa. That boy and his supporters are liable to the whole state. And they will have to suffer. People must know that there is law and order in the state.”

I made a face in disappointment. Few moments passed in silence.

“Aunty, I will explain to them to stop the agitation and sort the matter peacefully.”

“I don’t know why you are so insistent on this?” She raised an eyebrow. “Knowing that they are accused of Maharaj’s murder.” She said in suspecting tone.

“I know that they have not killed my Dad,” I said with a firm voice. “So,” I looked her eye to eye.

“Then who else, you think, has done this?”

“I will shortly find the one,” I said, my gaze firmly fixed on her.

“Okay then. I will release them if they are proven innocent, okay?” She fake-smiled, wearing a very humble expression.

I turned my gaze aside. “It’s unfortunate that I have to kneel down before you for a noble cause.”

“You are like a daughter to me. You have all the right to curse me. After all, you are a child of Maharaj.” She gave me a diabetic smile.

The smile which sounds sweet like sugar but carries a hidden poison along. One can’t even think from her smile that if she makes up her mind and falls behind somebody, she would just finish that person, no matter how much one grovels in her feet and pay help-seeking visits to her later on. This attribute of hers was known to the people who worked closely with her so none of them had the guts to afford animosity. She had spoiled many lives and finished many people who had interrupted her growth. The same way she had finished Maharaj, and now, she has fallen behind Akash.

I wanted to give her a tight slap for her melodrama but decided to leave the place mark-free before I go wild. I stood up and gave her an “I will see you” look. I left, slapping the chamber’s door shut.



Defence Research Inc, America

Ella:

“Oh. Wow! Wow! This is so amazing! Oh, Ma’ beloved stars of DRI,” Wale addressed the audience with his hands wide open. “What a beautiful place is this? The lord has gifted us such wonderful moments!” His eyes sparkled out of his coal-black face.

“Let me clarify that we are here to design the destiny of the whole world. Each of our actions, innovation and whatever happening in DRI is gonna be Movers and Shakers for the upcoming time,”

Oh girl! Look at his abs! My mini-me murmured. This tall, black, handsome African is terribly triggering up my crush on him. He has got such a well-exercised body and brain! So energetic at this age; I doubt he is forty!

“Folks, do you know how the world will be in twenty seventy?” Wale asked the audience.

Apart from monitoring and review seminars, I found it necessary to organize a munching up talk on ‘Who, we are?’ and ‘Where we are going? Being a CEO, it’s my job to keep all the DRI folks united under an umbrella by repeatedly educating them about commonly shared vision, goals, values, and ideology. This time I made my choice on Wale. He is a Robo-geek. So, I thought he might deliver the topic well.

“Yes, I can say that,” Jonathan, a former scientist from NASA, raised his hand. “The world will miss me. I will be no more in 2070.” He humoured. His humour made the audience giggle.

“Hilarious, Jon!” Wale said. “Anyone else? Answer me quickly,” he said and started performing finger tutting dance moves on the stage.

“Come on, folks... tell me something,” He said, stepping his legs side by side.

“There will be no need of fuel anymore,” Shone Kuznetso, a middle-aged Russian scientist, said.

“Oh really, Shone? How come? Tell me more,” Wale said.

“Tesla has invested billions on R&D for solar energy. When their cars are cost-effective, we would no longer need fuel.” He said.

“Shone is correct. Dear folks, Elon Musk is after the solar revolution. Solar energy will replace fuels in recent future. The Saudi Arabia knows this, and so the prince Suleiman is establishing the free trade zones to diversify their economy from fuel business to other industries. They know that the need for fuel will end up within the next twenty years. Anyone else? How will the world be? Tell me, friends.”

“People won’t be using mobile phones,” said an African girl of my age, “Halle.” We call her that due to her resemblance to the real bond girl, Halle Berry.

Wale became a statue as he heard that. He fixed a gaze on Halle, “How come?”

“With the help of the sixth sense technology! It’s gonna be the next update of the telecommunication industry.”

“Sixth sense technology? What is that?”

“I am a big fan of a man from India. His name is Pranav Mistry. He has introduced that concept to the world. He came up with simple logic. He replaced the inputs of the smartphone with gestural motions. So, you don’t need to type anything. As in, if you want to snap a picture, you just make a focus gesture like this,” She raised her hand and showed the click gesture, “Just one click anywhere, and the image will get into the processor memory. And later, the image can be accessed from the processor and can be seen over the flat object.”

Wale looked puzzled. “But, where the processor will be, Halle? In the ass?” Wale said, and the audience burst into laughter.

Hallie tapped on her head, “Uhh... You... Wale?” She got irritated.

“It will be chipped inside a locket-sized device that you can wear in your neck.”

“Oh, I see.”

“I can show you the demo if you want,” Halle said.

“Yeah, why not? Please come,” Wale invited her on the stage.

Halle went up on the stage and threw a click gesture in front of Wale. She murmured something in her wrist band and the clicked image of Wale appeared over the screen. The audience gave a round of applause to Halle.

“Oh, f***!” Wale exclaimed in surprise. “You IC guys are being smarter, eh?” Wale took the locket out of her neck and shown it to the audience. “Look at this. It’s just a thumb size locket. And?” He checked further. “It has a tiny lens. Look.”

“You need this locket, the wrist band, and earphones. If you have all three together, it works like a smartphone. It projects the picture out of the lens. Look.” She kept the locket in front of the screen and played a video file over the screen.”

“Brilliant!” Wale said. “Please give Halle and telecommunication guys a round of applause.” He said and led Halle back to the chair. The audience acclaimed Halle for her beautiful demonstration of Sixth Sense Technology.

“So, folks, let’s come to the point. Have a look at this.” He said and turned on a PPT slide, “We are working on the technologies such as,” He continued reading the slide,

“

- ❖ Chip Implantation
- ❖ Alternative transport
- ❖ Laser borders
- ❖ Robotics defense
- ❖ Astronaut Robots
- ❖ The agriculture technology
- ❖ The alternative medicines
- ❖ The earth balance recovery
- ❖ The worldwide law and order
- ❖ The racism-free world

”

“All of your activities are just a part of the implementation process for the mentioned content. The techno wars will begin soon. And America is preparing to sustain its position as a super power nation. The government has allocated some fractions of these tasks to the DRI –”

My phone beeped and interrupted my class. Oh, that's a call from Richa ma'am.

I left the theatre and picked her video call. “Hi, sweetheart,” She said as I picked up her call.

“Hello ma'am, Good morning,” I said.

“Any updates?” she asked.

“Nothing special, ma'am.”

“I saw there has been a lot of fuss about Iran?”

“Yeah, republicans raised the issue of mass destruction by chemical weapons.”

“What do you think? Is Iran really using chemical weapons on their citizens?”

“Nope, our sources don't say that.”

“Then what is the issue?” She asked.

“You know? Remington Defence had armours deal with Iran?”

“Yeah,”

“Now, Iran is to cancel the deal.”

“Suddenly?” She surprised.

“Russians offered the same, within fewer budgets.”

“Oh, I see, and Remington is now building up political pressure on Iran.”

“Exactly.”

“Now listen. I want you to steal someone’s calling data in India.”

“Am, yeah? Who is it?”

“Chief Minister of Gujarat State.”

“Is everything okay? Ma'am?”

“No, I will have to stay a bit longer, like a month. I want her call details from last month,” She said.

I checked about Gujarat CM in my tab, “Savita right? The name of CM?” I confirmed.

“Yeah,”

“Don’t worry, ma’am; I will get back to you with that,”

“Make sure no one catches us.”

“Don’t worry, ma’am. Give me two days, and I will mail you all the data.”

“Thanks, Ella, see you then.”

“My pleasure, ma’am, see ya.”

“Okay, honey, carry on with Wale.” She said.

“What?” I surprised.

“I mean, to carry on the seminar,” She said and laughed. “You had Wale’s seminar, right?”

“Oh, yeah, it’s going on. See you, ma’am, bye,”

“Bye, honey.”

I ended the call and rushed back to the theatre, not to miss the speech from Wale, but I missed it already as he was saying, “So, hope you guys now have a clear idea about which directions the world is going, and so is the DRI. If anybody has any queries and wants more details on this, they are requested to contact our charming CEO Miss

Ella.” *His words for me made me abashed.* “Here, I thank all of you for listening to me and making the content interesting.” Wale finished the seminar.



CM's House, Gandhinagar, Gujarat

Author:

Followed by the government's repression, the focus of reservation stir now shifted overseas. The Women from general categories came out with steel plates and spoons clattering for the anti-CM protest on the streets of New York, New Jersey, and Edison. They appealed to the state and central government to take action against the police officers responsible for mass killings. The women of Gujarat followed the same practice and staged sit-in-dharnas in front of MLA residences in their towns and cities across Gujarat. The crowds of people continued gathering and organizing marches and rallies to release Akash and AAS coordinators. AAS again became headlines of all News Channels. The Chief Minister Savita ben, watching all these, called a meeting of her faithful ministers to get rid of all this.

"Do something about these people. They are rising again," CM moved her eyes from television to the seven ministers, who were seated in front of her in her office.

"Don't worry, ma'am. Let them do these dramas for two more days. All the district-level commissioners have been instructed to prepare tehsil-wise list of protesters. After two days, the police will start interrogating them." The deputy CM said.

"No, dear. This is not the time. We have to act carefully. The High Command has strictly instructed to control police's violent exposure. These human rights fellows are keeping a strict watch on our government. And, that so-called queen Richa seems to be backing up these people. We should not damage our image anymore." The CM said.

"Moreover, the media is hungry for Taaza Khabar. They are giving full coverage. In spite of taking a huge amount from us." A fellow Minister added.

"Let's do something to spoil the public image of that boy," The CM said.

“We have some girls who are part of this campaign. They are my Saaman.” A minister famous for his loose character said with a lusty smile on his face. “I can tell them to file a case of molestation against that boy,”

“File as many cases as you people can. Make it so much that his whole life passes into the courts and kachehris. Break him in every way possible,” CM said with vengeful eyes.

“Well, his father is a school principal. I have gone through his family background. We can file a case of corruption on his father. They own a five-acre land piece. The accusation is clear. From where did he get that much money? Of course, he has taken money from oppositions,” Kurji Bhai, the party's state president, said.

“The land is from his ancestors,” CM said. “Find out some strong and logical suggestions. Spitting out whatever comes in mind?” CM scolded the minister.

“It sounds illogical. But I have a different aspect in this. Even though it's a false allegation, it will be effective to create pressure on his family. Actually, I know Mukesh, Akash's father. He is a very simple and sober man. He will not be able to comply with the allegations from different departments. He will either tell his son to pull out from AAS or he will die of a heart attack.” Kurji Bhai said.

“Ma'am, I agree with Kurji Bhai. Once you attack Akash's family and especially his father, who has never been to the police station in his life, he will mentally collapse. Mukesh is a very ethical man. Once the ED and Income Tax send their teams to his house, the public will start blaming corruption charges on Akash. And Mukesh, being an ambassador of honesty and self-prestige, will not be able to go through such a humiliating situation. This will build up a heavy tension on Akash for sure.”

“If you people are sure, it's fine. But do it carefully,” The CM said.

“Ma'am, I have a plan.” O. P. Kaavle, the tribal development minister, who listened to everybody till now, broke the silence. The rest of the ministers, who were his internal enemies, stared at him. “I know a street leader of our caste. His name is Dharam Taada. He is well known for his social service to our community. Why don't we bring him forward

and let him lead the anti-general movement; I can arrange a campaign, and we can motivate non-generals to stand still for their rights of reservation. They will automatically solve this problem. The government will be out of all this lafda.” Kaavle said.

“That sounds good! Really good idea, Kaavle,” CM said. “Arrange a meeting with that boy as soon as possible.”

“But, Bahen-ji...” Kaavle paused with a diffident look. “I need your promise for something,” He said hesitantly.

CM leaned forward, resting elbows on the table, and stared Kaavle from the tip of her spectacles, “And what is that?” She said, raising an eyebrow.

“Ma’am, I have been feeling ignored by our own people. I don’t know why. I am an old worker of the party. All the time, I am assigned with tribal development ministry.”

“Then what do you want?” CM asked.

He looked down coyly and said, “I am good at maths and calculation. I always dreamt of the finance ministry.”

“What?” The home minister was surprised at Kaavle. “Kaavle-ji.... pahele apni dhoti sambhaliye,”

Kaavle got teased, “Watch! Bahen-ji. Did you see it? This is not fair. They always make fun of me,”

“Arey... Kaavle? They are just kidding. You are being arrogant nowadays. You are earning crores in Tribal development. And, did you forget? How I had saved you in that woman’s case?”

Kaavle looked down, offended as a scolded child.

“Oh, don’t worry. Let’s see how you solve this problem. Show me the result first. We will see later. I want to finish this son of bitch first. I can’t promise Finance Ministry. But you will be properly rewarded if you get rid of this reservation bubble,” CM said.



Non-General Summit

Author:

It's a Sunday noon, and large numbers of non-generals are mustered into SOLA Ground at Ahmedabad. The leaders are, one by one, delivering their speeches.

Dharam went on the stage as his turn came. "My dear brothers and sisters, thanks a lot for being here. Please accept my warm welcome." He said, raising his folded hands.

He continued,

"History is evident. We have been suffering a lot for centuries. We have been hard worker communities. We have always had our hak ki roti with truthfulness and honesty. We had never grabbed anything from other communities. However, they have always treated us as backward or achhuts. They have never accepted us with respect. On the contrary, they have done our exploitation in all possible ways. We have always been a victim of their hypocrisy.

To get us out from such a long dirty state of being, our kind leaders like Mahatma Gandhi and Ambedkar Saheb had brought a reservation quota system. Now, this so-called upper class again wants to push us back into achhut state. They are trying to grab our rights with the tag of 'policy reforms'. They never appreciated our development and progress in the society. Now, they want reservation-free India. This is not acceptable at all.

We have been watching a big drama of generals since last month. We are here to show our strength and to sustain our rights and honour in the society.

They must know that we are tigers. If you plague us, we will not remain mute. We will cut the throats of all those who try to grab our rights in the society."

The speech continued for another fifteen minutes.

“This is my open ultimatum to AAS to wind up their movement, otherwise be ready for our reactions.” Dharam Taada said the final line and finished his speech.

“Dharam Bhaiya Zindabad... Dharam Bhaiya Zindabad!” The audience acclaimed Dharam with sloganeers.

Few hours passed and Dharam Taada was highlighted on the news channels and became the lead voice of non-generals. The People caught anger, and the next day, inter-caste clashes commenced at sensitive places.

Akash’s supporters were on sit-in-dharna at Vidhan Sabha Bhavan at Gandhinagar. A group of Non-generals attacked them. Generals, in response, pelted stones. Casualties happened. Police didn’t stop anyone but protected themselves from injuries. The ambulances arrived and started moving the injured people. This incident transferred the state into inter-caste riots.

The reporters from the whole country landed again in Ahmedabad. The news channels started live-telecasts of people burning the public transports and looting shopping malls.

Kaavle, on evening the next day, invited Dharam and his team to celebrate their victory. A man of team Dharam poured liquor into glasses.

“Cheers! Kaakkaa!” Dharam said to Kaavle, and the pegs of ill-intentioned victory clinked. “Tell me. Happy now?” Dharam asked.

“Dharam.... Bete.... you will progress so long in your life. Now you keep watching where I take you.” Kaavle said.

“Kaka-ji, look. What they have written.” One young boy took a bunch of newspapers and started reading the headlines.

“Backwards Roared. Times of India front page title.”

“Gujarat, a Land of War! Generals and Non-Generals face to face, The Hindu front page.”

“Finally, the Inter-caste riots began, Gujarat Samachar.”

“Guys, you literally kicked their asses,” Kaavle said, and team Dharam burst into alcoholic laughter.

The arrow hit perfectly on the target set by Kaavle.



Plan to Release out of Jail

Akash:

I don't know why and how, but I feel energised since the day I met Richa ma'am. I generally don't come under the impression of anybody, but Richa ma'am has been an exception. She is not going out of my brain. I don't realise what makes me that attached to her from my childhood days. Whether it's her highness state into the society, or her charisma, or my due respect for her as Maharaj's daughter? Whatever it is, I like it.

Today within a few minutes, I will meet her again. I couldn't sleep for the whole night. I don't have a stethoscope, but I can say that my heart-beat pattern had turned abnormal today.

The constable latched off the door. "Akash, bete come."

By the way, the warden has changed his attitude towards me. My affectionate behaviour finally made him my fellow. He used to pass me the news about the outer world. He has started calling me 'Beta'. I followed him to the meeting room.

"The permission is for ten minutes." He said as we reached the meeting room.

I gave him a nod of appreciation, and he left me, allowing the room to have some privacy.

My heartbeat ran with the speed of P.T. Usha as I went into the room. "Hello, Ma'am," I said nervously.

"Hey, Akash!" She stood up. "How have you been?"

"The same as you left, ma'am," I said and smiled.

She smiled back. We both sat on the bench in a corner.

"I thought you went back to the USA." I humored.

She laughed. "Don't worry. I won't go back without you."

"Ma'am, you smiled at least! That's a winning sign. Last time, you were in sad mode."

"Yeah, actually got a bit emotional on that day. But don't worry, I am a strong lady." She said. "Don't you know?"

"I know, I know." I smiled. "Very well," I said, recollecting memories of her young days.

"By the way, you got a new villain on your way!" She said about Dharam without mentioning his name.

"Yeah, but don't worry, I am a strong man," I said. "Don't you know?" I uttered the same lines. She laughed as she realized I mimicked her.

She gave a brief nod, "Not bad." She said. I shrugged my shoulders and smiled.

"That guy Dharam, I know him. He is actually an old villain. We were against each other during my graduation. He used to lead the backward castes' youth union in Ahmedabad. He is chamcha of Kaavle, our Tribal Development Minister. Savita ben has launched them against me." I said.

"How easy it is, to make the people messed-up in India! Everything needs a change here." She said, giving a sullen smile.

"And, who will make it?" I asked with a sarcastic tone.

"Sorry? I didn't get it." She seemed irritated by my rough tone.

"Who will make the change, ma'am?"

"Of course, we will make it." She said, her voice assertive.

"How?" I frowned. "You will go to America. I will be released from jail. You will be on your way, and I will be on my way. Then we will curse the government, the population and the people, and will keep chanting like all others do, 'Oh, nothing can happen of this country.'"

“Becoming an emotional fool for the country will not solve the real problems. When I say something, I mean it, Akash.” She said, raising an eyebrow. “Which society do you want to fight for? Do you know our public? They blindly run after the rich and powerful people.”

“Ma’am, you are telling this? Being a daughter of Maharaj? And being the highly respected public figure?”

“See, Akash. The truth is truth. You can’t hide it by ignoring the reality. Maharaj was a truthful person. But do you think that he was honored due to his truthfulness?”

“Then, what do you think, why people respected him?”

“People paid him respect because we are a royal family. Nobody cares about truthfulness. The people also pay the same respect to my uncle. And, you know how truthful and gentleman my uncle is!” She smirked. Her uncle was a well-known criminal and mining mafia of Gujarat.

“Ma’am, it’s not like that. Some people don’t appreciate the wrong people. On the day of the rally, there were more than five lakh people. They stood against the powerful and rich people in the system.”

She gave a wry smile, “And, what happened after that? The non-generals blindly moved into the bucket of Dharam. And, yes, the only poor ones are actively participating in the riots. Not the richer ones.” She said, taunting about my unconditional soft corner for the poor people and hatred for rich people. “It takes two hands to clap. Your dear poor fulfilled the shared objectives of Dharam, Kaavle, and Savita, in exchange of the cheap whiskey served for free all over Gujarat.” She said and turned me mute.

“Imagine, if you stay longer in jail, the public would, without a doubt, believe that all the allegations on you were true.” She said.

I looked down, staring at the floor. She was correct.

“I had faith that Maharaj would get me out of such political traps. And so, I could dare to challenge the government. But he left me halfway. If you would not have been here to stand for me....” I paused and felt a lump in my throat. I folded my hands in gratitude. “Thanks for your favor, ma’am,” I said, and a tear rolled out of my eye.

“Hey!” She unfolded my hands. “Please don’t make me feel embarrassed.” She said with a smile on her face. “Where the strong man went off?”

I wiped tears. “They have charged some critical allegations on me! It seems impossible for me to get out of jail, ma’am. I am so scared, ma’am. Some of the Savita ben’s people have bought some AAS coordinators too. And, they are misleading the public and spreading negative rumours about me through social media.” I confessed my reality to her after ensuring that she was really there to help me out of this mess.

“You don’t have any idea of me.” She said. “Just watch the game. Keep your head high and your chest wide. Don’t lose your will. Okay? I will get you out of here.”

“Ma’am, how was the meeting with Savita?”

“I urged her to release you and your people. I appealed to her to sort out the matter peacefully. But she is a hard nut to crack. She is aimed to destroy you at any cost.”

I gave a sullen smile.

“Now, I am going to attend a TV show called ‘Khaas Mulakat’.” She said.

“With Sanjana Kashyap?”

“Yes. With, that angry young lady.” She smiled. “I will blame the government for Maharaj’s death. I will hint to the media that I have evidence of the government’s involvement in this assassination. When Savita watches my interview, she will arrange a meeting with me. And I will make a deal to release you and bury the evidence. What do you say?” Her eyes lit up with excitement when she asked.

I smiled. “Ma’am. You are completely different from Maharaj.” I said.

“I knew that he would never allow me to work in my ways. That’s why I was disconnected from India. Maharaj and I had ideological differences. He had been a strict Gandhian follower. But the time has changed. Mahatma Gandhi could sensitize British people. But, in those

days, India was different. People were kind and compassionate. Nowadays, you can say even the street dogs have become political.” I smiled, giving an ‘I agree’ nod on every sentence.

The warden appeared at the door. “Rani Sahiba. Sorry. Time over.” He said.

“Just five minutes,” she said. The warden nodded and stepped back from the door.

“And yes,” She paused. “Please don’t discuss this with anyone. Not even with your closed ones. Our meetings and communications must be kept very secret. Just be formal when you get out of jail. Our next meeting will be at my palace. The rest, I will tell you there. I will send you a phone with someone at your home. Don’t even try to call me from any other phone. Okay?”

“It will be a secret. Don’t worry, ma’am.” I assured.

“Good.” she smiled. “Okay then, see you soon.” She said and stood up.

I nodded.

“Bye, ma’am,”

“Bye,”

I sat back on the bench and was soon lost in the storm of queries.

The long back memories about her bubbled up ahead of my eyes. I remembered how she had shot a lion, and that was the day I had last met her, eight years back! This woman has always confused me. She has quite an in-depth analysis of this nation, though she doesn’t stay here!

*She sounds like a mature political personality.
She is very mysterious.
What does she want?
Maybe she wants to start a new political party.
No. It’s nothing like that.
She just wants to save me.
Really? Why would she do that?*

Do you have any other option but to follow her?

The bunch of doubts surrounded my brain.

“Where are you lost, man?” The warden interrupted my thought cycle.

I smiled and shook my head. “Nothing.” I stood up and followed him back to my prison cell.



KAB TAK News House, Delhi

Richa Devi:

“Hope you have your answers ready, ma’am.” The chief editor asked me as I finished my coffee.

It’s five-thirty in the evening and I am in Delhi at KAB TAK news studio. I am a guest in Khaas Mulakat TV show hosted by Sanjana Som Kashyap.

“Well, I will try at my level. I hope Sanjana won’t mess it up.” I said humouring about Sanjana’s notorious image for aggressive behaviour in the debate shows.

“Don’t worry, ma’am. You are not in our bad book.” He laughed.

We were in the control room waiting for Sanjana to begin the show. The hall filled with the audience as Sanjana was discussing sound, camera, and lighting set up with the production crew.

After ten minutes, she thumbed up at the control room.

“The show is going to start, ma’am.” The editor said.

“Let’s move then,” I said. He led me to the entrance door. We heard Sanjana’s fresh and energetic voice.

“Dear viewers, today we have a former princess of Ahmedabad as our special guest. She was married in a Raj-Gharana of Paatan state and became a queen of Gujarat later. People offer huge respect to her, and she is well known as Rani Sahiba. She is an NRI, residing in the United States. She is the Chief Director at one of the top universities in the USA. She is a former student of Delhi University, and she has pursued a doctorate in political science from Stanford University. She is the daughter of our beloved social activist Late Dayal Singh Bhatiya. Let’s welcome and give a big round of applause to the royal lady Richa Devi.”

As she completed the introduction, I entered the hall and went on the dais. I greeted the audience with folded hands. Sanjana led me to the sofa next to her counter.

“Thanks for being with us. Welcome to the show, your majesty! Rani Sahiba,” She said, extending her hand.

“Thank you. My pleasure,” I said as we shook hands.

“Ma’am, as we can see, the Gujarat public has gone wild for the last three months. There has been chaos all over. What do you say?” She began.

“Let me correct you. The public has not gone wild. But I would say that few people have gone wild. And those few people are influencing the whole state.”

“What we have seen in Gujarat is miserable. People are divided into castes and communities. The streets of Gujarat have not been safe. The police groups are being randomly attacked. The public and private properties are being destroyed.”

“No. When you refer to the public, there are six crore people in Gujarat, and you can’t blame them all. People are living there for ages with love, respect, and serenity. Some bad times came. The issues arose. But it was sorted out wisely by the elders and the state-level leaders.”

“So, you are beaconing at somebody? Who are the few people who you hold responsible?”

“The people who are current Rulers. They don’t want to solve the issues, but they are adding fuel to it. If they had tackled the issue in a peaceful manner, Gujarat could have been saved from such anarchy.” I said.

“Ma’am, we are sorry about your father. You lost him in the riots. He was also a part of the ruling party. Though you doubt the current government?”

“Yes, I do.”

“The youth leader and EBRs campaigner, Akash, has been alleged for his murder. What do you think about that?”

“I think that the proper investigation should be followed. You can’t blindly label someone as a criminal. The government is misleading people. They projected this boy in the wrong manner and blamed him for all the happening.”

“Then, what do you think? Who is involved in your father’s death?”

“Well, it is repeatedly said that a crowd attacked Maharaj’s car during the riots. They burnt the car, Maharaj could not get out of the car, and he was soon dead due to suffocation. This is how the media has been showing, as per the government’s version. But, you know Maharaj was shot dead? Then afterwards, the car was burnt. The Public can’t do this for sure, as Maharaj was the only one who was ready to mediate between the campaigners and the government.”

“Then what do you think? Who can they be?”

“Anybody, a political enemy of my father. I strictly believe that someone perfectly planned this assassination.”

Sanjana paused for a moment. “Ma’am, this exposure from your side is going to be a big U-turn in the whole matter.”

“Yes. They are not AAS fellows. Someone else is involved in my father’s death for sure.”

“Madam, please tell us if you have any suspects? On what basis are you saying this?”

“When the government is repeatedly pointing on that boy and, when I know that he is not guilty, the next doubt obviously goes on the ones who are trying to get him convicted.”

“Ma’am. You are taking all this to another level.”

“Actually, I am bringing it back to the actual level.”

“Ma’am, who do you suspect?”

“This is not the right time to say anything more. When I collect all the pieces of evidence, I will come up with their names.”

“Ma’am, do you think Gujarat’s CM Savita ben and Maharaj had some disputes?”

“No. Not at all. In fact she is like my family member. She is the one who I feel is the most trustworthy from the current government.”

“Ma’am. I don’t understand you.” She frowned. “On one side, you are blaming the current government, and on another side, you are favouring the lead person of that government.”

“This is how it is,” I said and turned my gaze aside.

“Okay. If you don’t want to discuss, I will not go further on that. Let me change the topic.” She grinned. “Ma’am, what is your view on the EBRS campaign? You have been considered as a think tank in the USA. As a chief person of USA’s top-ranked university, do you think that our country at some level has long been held back in tackling such issues?”

“Do you have any doubt? Of course, it has been. I have seen that it’s very easy to create an issue in India. In this country, if you want to win the elections, you have to trigger religious sentiments. If it doesn’t work, then create disputes among the castes. If still, it doesn’t work, then somebody cuts the heads of Cows or hangs a Dalit on a tree, and the controversies begin. The politicians attend TV debates and fight with each other on such issues. In this way, they get free marketing for themselves on public television. They don’t frame a precautionary policy or action to prevent a repetition of such incidents. Rather, they add fuel to that. And this happens with almost every issue of this country. So, this is what the foreigners know all about this country and laugh on our too political wisdom.”

She gave a sullen smile.

“Ma’am, what do you mean by ‘Too political wisdom’?” She asked.

“Hypocrisy. The sole play of hypocrisy is going on everywhere. Playing with minds of people has become a common practice here.”

For the next twenty minutes, I replied to the bitter reality of the nation on all spicy questions asked by Sanjana. The audience whistled and roared on my every firebrand reply.

Finally, Sanjana bowed her head and folded her hands. “Ma’am, how could you analyse all these from far away in America? It seems that you are keeping a strict watch on India.” She said, laughing.

“Kyunki dil hai Hindustani.” I said in a jokey tone. “Actually, my father used to discuss all these with me. He was very concerned about all this ignorance going on in the society. He wanted to bring about a change into the system.”

“Ma’am, if you were a CM of Gujarat, how would you have handled EBRS proposed by AAS?”

I laughed. “I don’t want to become CM. Please don’t make it the headline of today.”

She laughed. Her laughter mentioned that she was going to make it a headline.

“It’s neither my eligibility nor I should comment on it. I am not a resident of this country. More than that, I am not a good hypocrite. So, I can’t even win the election.”

“Okay.” She said, exhaling a long breath. “Well, ma’am, we are running out of time. We have a young audience here and they want to ask you questions.”

“Sure.”

She stood up and went to the audience. “We will go one by one. You there, the boy with spiky hair, go on,” she passed the mic to the boy and continued another half session of the show.

For the next twenty minutes, I replied on my favourite global brands, my favourite holiday destinations, my inspiration, and all that sort of common questions, which were being asked by the audience not for their curiosity but for their urge to appear on the public television.

As the show finished, Sanjana led me to the parking lane. We waited for my convoy to arrive.

“You know what, ma’am? This was the most genuine interview I have ever had in my career history.” She said.

“Oh really?”

“Yeah. Normally, we are not allowed to be honest.” She smirked. “By the way, how do you stay so sexy at forty?” She winked at me, asking her suppressed unofficial question as my convoy arrived.

A woman is, after all, a woman! Even if there is a world war going on, they will not get rid of gossips about beauty and fashion.

I laughed. “I do a lot of yoga. And I eat as much as my body needs. Not, how much my tongue desires.” I said and sat in the car. “That’s the secret,” I said and winked at her. We burst into laughter and I left.

*

“Hello! Rani Sahiba. Prem-ji Bhai speaking.” I got a phone call from Prem-ji as I landed at the Ahmedabad airport.

“Oh. Hello Prem-ji Bhai! Yes?”

“Bahen-ji wants to meet you. Please tell me the time when you are free.”

“Tomorrow anytime. I am back in Ahmedabad.”

“Shall I book your appointment for 11.30 AM?”

“Yes. It’s fine. I will be there.”



Rani Sahiba's 2nd Meeting with Gujarat's CM

Richa Devi:

"What the hell are you doing? Why are you blaming my government for all these?" As I walked in, Savita asked me. I could feel the heat in her chamber. I took the seat without waiting for her etiquette.

"You are being so innocent, Aunty-ji."

"What do you mean? Tell me clearly what you want?" she asked.

"Why did you kill Maharaj?" I asked, my voice louder and eyes moist in anger.

"What? Have you gone mad?"

"Stop the drama now. You..." I banged a hand on the table.

"My girl, you might have some wrong information. How could even you think that I would have done that? Maharaj was like my brother. We both have done a lot for the development of Gujarat." Savita said, maintaining artificial peace.

"I have the call details of yours and Patil's. Both the calls. The first one on the morning of my father's death. And, the second one on that evening." I said, looking straight into her eyes.

She got lost in flashback to rewind the memory. In the calls, she had discussed my father's murder plan. She sweated, though the AC was set at 18 degrees Celsius, as she recollected her memory of past calls.

"Anything else you want to tell me?" I asked, looking straight into her eyes.

"Look, my girl. Calm down. Please?" She said, her voice too sensitive. "I agree. I was involved in the tragedy. I am so sorry." She walked to me and sat on the next chair. "Please, please. Forgive me."

She folded her hands. I turned my gaze aside. “Even.... there would have been my husband....” She struggled to utter the words choked up in her throat, “I would have done the same.”

“Shame on you.”

“You can tell me whatever you want.” She said, her hands placed on mine. “This is politics. And, this is India. There are no other ways. People are abusing Mahatma Gandhi, Sardar Patel and Nehru ji. What did they not do for this country? This is how the people are. It’s not easy to sit on this chair, especially when you are a woman. Every morning, somebody wakes up and wants to get me off my position. Your father had fallen back to me, and he never tried to understand my situation. However, it was not my decision for him. All my ministers wanted it from me.” She prosecuted herself.

“I am not interested in your political dramas. I just want you to release Akash.” I said, coming to the point.

“Okay.” She put her spectacles above the table. “I will release him.” She said.

“One more thing. You will withdraw all the charges and the cases that your government has filed against him.” I said.

“Yes. I will.” She wiped the sweat off her face.

“Tell me the date of his release.”

“Please give me a week. I will release him.”



Akash's Release from the Jail

Akash:

Exactly after three dark months in the Sabarmati Jail, I am now free to fly. The warden handed me new clothes. I touched his feet. The high court dismissed all cases against me due to an absence of solid evidence and ordered my release, followed by the consideration of the government's advocacy.

"Rock the world." He said and hugged me.

The jailer and Inspector General of the state remained present on my release. I finished the official formalities and followed them to the backside gate.

The constables opened the gate and, I saw the ocean of people around.

*In a dark cave
A dull white flashed
Shrugged me out*

*The lights. The noise. Ever unseen.
I scared. I cried. I gasped.
A million eyes sparkled.*

*I wondered.
I was born.
As a child of mother India*

*It wasn't Cave.
It was the womb.
I none other than smiled then.*

I, for the first time, realized that my family was so vast. I felt overwhelmed with love and affection. The media personnel rushed towards me. Some fell. Some clicked pictures. Some asked questions. My replies to them were just “No Comments”. The A.A.S. fellows and my neighbours rushed towards me. They alternatively wrapped me in flower garlands. The girls applied a tika on my forehead and offered arti around my face.

“Akuda.... Akuda....” I heard my mother’s voice in the back of the crowd. I turned back to find her. She came running, followed by my father and little sister. Their eyes were soaked in tears. We hugged. An AAS Coordinator lifted me and sat me on his shoulders. The firecrackers burst. My Ex-IITans played Dhols, Shahenai, and showered kumkum.

There were about ten thousand people gathered to celebrate my freedom. But, I felt the pinch of someone’s absence, the one who appeared as a flash in the dark cave. Her highness Rani Sahiba was missing at the place. I felt a strong urge to call her and say a thank you, but she had strictly instructed me to abstain from any communication with her.

“Sir. Sir.” The reporters, elbowing and jostling each other, shouted at me when I took a seat in the middle chair next to the fellow A.A.S. coordinators. They had organized a press conference outside my home.

“Yes, you there. That Divyang brother from Gujarat Samachar.” I pointed to a local reporter struggling to come forward due to his disabled legs.

The ambiance turned silent.

“Sir. What is your next plan for the agitation?” He asked. I have become “Sir,” I noted.

“There is no plan for now. But, I have taken a tough decision....” I said and looked around at my fellow seaters. “...to quit the campaign,” I said, my face down.

The muttering went on for some indefinite order.

“Why do you want to quit?” The reporter asked after some time.

“I realized that if I continue the same, Gujarat will not have peace,” I said.

“What about people who supported you through the whole movement.” Another reporter asked.

“I apologise to them all and request all to discontinue the protests,” I said with folded hands.

“Do you have any pressure from the government?”

“No. I don’t fear the government. But while I was in Jail, I thought and realised that this is not the right way to do things in our country.”

“Are you thinking of joining politics?”

“I have not decided yet.”

“It is heard that AAS has done settlement with the government. Is that true?”

“No. I have not done any settlement with the government.”

“Akash, it is indigestible that suddenly the court considered mercy petitions and ordered to release you from the jail!” said an aged reporter from a local newspaper.

“Take Hawaban Harde then.” I humoured. Except for the AAS coordinators, all others laughed. The AAS guys were shocked by my announcement of quitting the agitation.

“Sir, what has made all this possible. Please tell us sincerely.” A reporter asked.

“Now, you better find out yourself. I don’t know.” I said.

“Any message, would you like to give to the youngsters?”

“Sorry, no more questions. I think I have given enough answers.” I rose up, my hands folded. “Thank you. Thank you all for your love and support. Lots of thanks to all those who have been with me and to those

who left me.” I stood up ending the press conference and walked inside my home.

The AAS team rushed after me towards my home. Praful gripped his hands on my shoulders. “Akash. What are you saying?” He asked.

“Yes. What you heard in the press conference is true.” I said, my head down. “Sorry guys,” I said in deep guilt while their faces were in deep anger. Praful stared at me. I noticed that his ultra-bushy eyebrows needed a trim. He breathed rapidly. As he raised his hand, I moved my face away, expecting a slap. Instead, he moved his hand on his bushy eyebrows. “Hey Bhagwan,” He said. Other boys just stared at me. Their faces looked like KLPD victims. I could read abuse for me in their eyes.

“Let’s go, guys. This person has been changed.” Praful said, and they left my home.

My parents and little sister looked traumatised by all the happenings.

“Nikku. Come, dear.” I called my sister.

I lifted her as she came to me. “Bhaiya. Where had you been for such a long time?” She asked.

“Me?” I said childishly. “Em, I was on a tour. Didn’t Maa and Papa tell you?”

“Noooo?” She said, her eyes frowned at my parents. “Bhaiya. But they were crying all the time. You know?” She said, scared. I looked at my parents. They were mute and faced down. What is the fault of these people? A question came out of my heart. I got a storm of feelings for my family. I gnashed my teeth to stop crying.

I walked into the bathroom. I cried out of my heart. My mind and heart became lighter with every sob. I became empty. I looked myself in the mirror, and the verses of a poem from Rudyard Kipling flashed in my mind.

If ---

*If you can keep your head,
When all about you are losing theirs and,
Blaming it on you;*

*If you can trust yourself,
When all men doubt you but,
Make allowance for their doubting too;*

*If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;*

*If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken,
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build'em up with worn-out tools;*

*If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss:*

*If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings -nor lose the common touch,
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,*

And - which is more - you'll be a Man, my son!

I washed my face and came out with as normal a face as possible. My family watched television. Every news channel telecasted my press conference with a headline quoted 'AAS – NAA PASS'. The media trimmed my statement, announcing my decision to quit, and re-played the edit again and again. The opposition started blaming the current government for corrupting me. "Assholes," I murmured, watching them blindly accusing me of taking a huge amount from the ruling party.

My mobile rang. It was Ram-ji kaka, the honourable public figure of our community.

“What is this?” He asked as I picked up the call.

“Hello, Kaka. What happened?” I asked.

“What am I actually seeing? Are you quitting?”

“Er... Yes, Kaka. Actually, I wanted to.....,” The call got disconnected before I could finish the sentence. I called him back to check whether the call disconnected intentionally or by mistake. But he cut my call again. This pinched me, as he was a wise and reputed old man of our community.

The enthusiasm of my supporters evaporated just within ten minutes of the press conference.



Old Memories

Akash:

A fortnight passed. I was filled up with hatred from everywhere. The media now had enough assurance of my exit from the campaign. I was disconnected from all my supporters. The public had lost their faith in me. Even the neighbouring uncles and aunties had stopped saying 'Hello' to me.

Six months back, when I had become a renowned leader of AAS, Pinkey - the girl famous as Miss India of our colony had started giving me a "You are a real man" look. Yesterday, as I passed by her home, she threw garlic flakes on me from the balcony, giving a "you are disgusting" look.

I was wandering on my bike through Ahmedabad. Everything, which I had created, was wound up. It had taken me almost a year to build up my place in the public's heart. And, my ten-minute interview with the media convinced the public that I had been corrupted by the government.

Yesterday a person delivered me a courier box having a mobile phone.

[Hi!😊]

I had messaged from the same mobile phone to Richa ma'am as an acknowledgement receipt of the courier.

[See you tomorrow. Wait for another instruction.]

She had replied and went offline without further clarification. So, I was eagerly waiting for her next instruction since morning.

I was about to finish my lunch. "Where are you going today?" My mom caught my restlessness.

"No, whe..." I coughed as a bite of chilli stuck in my neck by her accidental question. "Nowhere! Why?" I said, my face dramatically confident.

She gave me the detective look.

I finished the cup of daal at one go and rushed to the washbasin to avoid any further questions.

"Then go somewhere." She said, her voice louder than usual. "You better find a job." When her voice crosses sixty decibels, she is damn concerned about me.

I went to the sofa and sat next to her. She was folding and piling up the washed clothes. She completely ignored me and kept doing her work. This is a common woman protocol. They make such a morose face that brings a sense of unknown culprit out of you. They wait for you to ask, "What happened?" When you ask, they behave as if you don't exist on the earth.

"What happened?" I asked.

She didn't respond.

"Maa?"

Blank!

I felt like I don't exist on the earth.

I could see that a tear dropped out of her eye. Second, third, fourth drop, and the tear fall began.

"Maa! Why are you crying?"

"Do you know what people are saying about you? Kokila's son is loser! You fought for them, and they are humiliating you. Selfish people!"

"Maaaa...Don't worry." I lifted her hand and placed it on my head. "Until your blessings are with me, it is impossible for anyone to defeat me."

“These bitches Kanta and Santa are making fun of me.” She said in anger.

I laughed. I can’t understand the friendship traits of women. Both aunties are the closest friends of my mother. However, they used to fight like kids.

My laughter teased her. “You are laughing?” She frowned. “You have gone out of our hand.”

“Mom! This is silly. Why do you care about Santa and Kanta aunties’ crap opinions?”

“If they say something to me, I don’t mind. But they are blindly blaming you. You stayed three months in jail for such people?” She said with a lump in her throat. It’s truly said, God can’t reach everywhere, so he created mothers.

“Take it easy, Maa. They are jealous of our popularity. Not a big deal. Don’t try to prove anything. Otherwise, they will just mock you.”

“If you want to see me happy, leave all these.” She said.

I looked away.

She grabbed my hand and placed it on her head. “Take an oath to me that you will never ever fall in all these kind of things. You are the only son of this home. If something happens to you, we will be lost.”

I moved my hand off her head. “Maa. I don’t want to do what the rest of the people are doing in this country. Getting married, having children, filling bank balance, paying installments, watching you and my upcoming wife fight for dominance over me, grow old, and die unnoticed as millions of other creatures die at every moment.”

“Hey Bhagwan, what are you saying? Then what else do people do in their life? You haven’t learnt anything after passing three months in jail?” She said, her eyes tensed and wide open.

“I can’t accept this suppressed society. I want freedom from all these. All this traffic.”

“Traffic? You call us traffic? This is why we brought you up? To listen to this?”

“Maa. Please don’t misinterpret my words. It’s not you. The traffic simply means the ignorance everywhere in the society.”

“Hey, Bhagwan.” She said, tapping on her head. “Someone has done black magic on you.” She stood up, “Hold on, I am coming.” She said and walked into the kitchen.

She returned with a lemon in her hand. She covered it with the pallu of her sari and spun it around my head. “Mom? You better make lemonade of it. Fifty rupee Kilo nowadays!”

“Shut up. You have been screwed up. You need to get out of evil sights.” She went outside of our home to drop the lemon somewhere on the street.

My mobile vibrated and a WhatsApp notification popped up. I felt butterflies in my stomach as it was from Richa ma’am.

[Come to Motimahal gate at three o’clock.]

[Motimahal?]

[Yes. At the backside gate. I don’t want anyone to see you.]

Why is she calling me to that historical site?

[But, there is no path towards the backside gate, right?]

The Motimahal is on a hillock.

[You have to step up through the hill.]

What? I wanted to write. But couldn’t.

[Okey 👍😊]

I replied instead. I didn’t expect to meet her in such a way. But she has been a synonym of surprises in my life.

[Leave a message from the distance as you reach.]

[Okay. I will try to reach around three o'clock.]

[One more thing.]

Now what?

[Yes?]

[Make sure that the security doesn't catch you. If they watch you, just disappear from the place and wait for the next instruction.]

[Ok. Don't worry, ma'am 😊]

[😊 👍]

She went offline. My mind began chattering.

Even the terrorists don't maintain this level of secrecy!

Does she want me to join a terrorist organization?

No way!

Then, what she wants from me?

I bet she will ask me to start a new party.

My mother waved a hand on seeing me lost in thoughts.

"I have to go, Maa," I said to my mother.

"Where?"

"Today, I have a job interview. I recently got the message." She knew that I was lying, "Don't fool your mother. I have given birth to you."

"Arey! I am not lying, Maa. I had applied to Nirma University. For the lecturer post. They have fixed my interview today. The lemon worked!"

"Chalve." She made a face. "Don't try it on me." She scolded.

"Truly, Maa. I recently got the message." I said, pinching my neck.

"Okay. Okay. Whatever. Go and get a life."

[I have arrived]

[Hidden behind the banyan tree 😊]

I whatsapped Richa ma'am after a kilometre of hill walk.

[Wait a moment] She replied.

There's a damn heat wave in the city. I sweated out of everywhere. My soul blessed the banyan tree, which looked like a hermit in his matted tresses, reposed into the deep meditation. Its chilling vibes relieved me out of heatstroke. The smell of weed filled in my nostrils. I looked around to find out the source. The security guard rested on a chair, smoking a pipe. Oh, I see! Jungle mei Mangal? You charasi!" I gibbered.

My eyes lured far across the aerial roots of Banyan and stagnated on a woman who appeared on the balcony of the clock tower. "Bahadur...?" Her voice echoed. *Richa ma'am, she is! I recognized.*

The guard picked up his rifle and ran to the tower. Richa madam told him something, and he disappeared.

The WhatsApp notification popped up on my phone.

[Okay. Come. The security guard is off the gate.]

I ran toward the high and wide gate made of yellow stone. Bahadur had left the weed scattered on a wooden stool and the pipe yet burning. I wanted to try a shot, but Richa ma'am waved at me to come soon.

Exactly after eight years, I walked on this stoned pathway to the clock tower. On my every step, my memories of this place flashed up. Nothing had changed in eight years. I noticed. Except, the bloomed jungle felt the heat wave and changed into dry yellow bushes, just like Richa ma'am, who had changed from the young naughty princess into the dignified elderly widow queen. And, my feet changed a bit longer by the length.

I climbed through the round staircase up in the abandoned clock room. “Welcome, Akash.” Richa ma’am greeted with folded hands. She was dressed up in a brown jute sari.

“Namastey, ma’am.”

“Give me a sec.” She said and walked into the corner. She toggled up the main switch and the dark clock room converted into light.

“Fooled bahadur,” She winked and laughed.

“Why? What happened?”

“I switched off the electric supply and told him to go and check in the generator room. So, he moved off the gate.”

“Oh, I see!” I said and laughed a bit louder. The laughter echoed. I felt it over-expressive. “Don’t be dumb, Akash,” my little mind scolded.

“Just a minute,” she said and went out on the balcony. “Bahadurrr....?” She shouted.

I heard running footsteps. “Ji. Rani Sahiba.” I looked down from cracked bricks. Bahadur was standing with his head down in royal courtesy. He resembled Mr. Amitabh Bachchan’s character in the movie Eklavya.

“Electricity is back. You can take your position.” Richa ma’am said to him. He nodded and ran back toward the gate.

She returned. “Come.” She led me as we walked through a narrow corridor connected to the Haveli.

The noise of wind was echoing as if the haveli was inhaling and exhaling long deep breaths.

“Ma’am. Bahadur knows me. It should be fine if he sees me. No?” I said.

“That is the problem. Everybody here knows you.” She said.

Does she want to bury me somewhere in the haveli? My little mind performed its role of horrifying me. No. No. You have become free from

the judicial traps complicated than those clock room spiders' traps, only by the pity of this woman.

We entered into the large atrium having an open ceiling up to the dome on the fourth floor. The chandelier hung at the centre of the dome, scattered tiny crystal lights through the foyer.

"Anyway, congratulations!" She said, extending a hand.

"Thank you, ma'am." We shook hands and sat on a wooden couch.

"So, how do you feel after coming out of Jail?"

"Ma'am..." I paused with a sense of gratitude on my face. "I don't have the words to thank you."

"You don't need the words to say that. I can see that on your face." She said, smiling.

"This is for you." I handed her a gift bag.

"Awww. For me?" Her eyes glittered as she said and checked inside the bag.

"Wow! Roses!" She took out the bouquet and inhaled with closed eyes.

"Beautiful. I love roses." She said, inhaling.

"Oh! Something is written over?" She noticed the sticker. She read the sticker, "Dear Ma'am. I don't know more about angels. But they would be exactly like you." She read and looked at me. "Poetic. Huh?" She grinned. I smiled coyly in return.

"And, it has a box of," She removed the wrappers off the box. "A titan Raga watch, it is. So nice of you, Akash." She looked into my eyes.

"Thank you!" She said with a lovely smile on her face.

I gave her a shy smile in reply.

“Nothing changed here, ma’am. Came after a long time in this Haveli.” I said, my eyes supervising the place.

“This is my little world. I like to stay in this part.” She said.

“Oh. Look at you. Sweated all over!” She said. My thin white shirt was soaked in sweat and was turned transparent.

“No problem. I am fine.” I said.

“Come! Have some cold drink.” She led me to the bar counter, situated between the staircases.

The showpieces made of carved tusks were installed on the counter. “Would be very precious, no?” I asked while checking them.

“Maybe,” she said. “Many parties asked for the auctions. But Maharaj denied them. The tusks were made from the ivory of Maharaj Vijay Singh’s favourite elephant.” Late Vijay Singh was her grandfather.

She pointed at the bar fridge. “What will you have? Juices, cold drinks?” My eyes scanned over varieties of juices, milkshakes, tins of Red Bull, and some unknown international beverages.

“Er... I will have Pepsi,” I wanted to try some unknown soft drinks, but my tongue spontaneously popped out the brand name that was unconsciously rooted in my conscious.

With every sip of Pepsi, I analyzed the ancient sculptures and trophy-hunted animals staring at me. “Don’t you fear this large and lonely Haveli?” I asked.

“Not at all; I live with old memories of this place,” Her face sunk into the divinity. “Many things here reflect sweet memories of my ancestors. Do you know? My mother herself painted this one.” She went near a painting of ferries swimming naked inside the lake.

“Wow! Really?” I asked.

“Yes.” She said her face was yet divine. “She was a legendary artist.” She said.

“It’s so beautiful!” I said.

My reflection in the large mirror, next to the ferry painting, dragged my attention. The mirror was affixed on a Sheesham table.

She walked to the mirror. "And this is her makeup table." She said, looking at me from the mirror. She checked herself in the mirror. She wiped off the foam of coffee stuck above her lips.

"Wonderful!" I said, and her eyes fixed on mine. "I mean, everything here is just wonderful!" I clarified my compliment. When you talk to big people, you keep worrying about the meaning of words going wrong.

"That's why I stay in this part." She turned and rested herself on the table. "To be in wonder," she said, and her eyes turned wonderful. "Away from all the nonsense." She moved to the Jharokha and looked far out of it.

"Ma'am. You were telling me about something. Your defence company and all that." I came to the point.

"Yes, I was telling you about America, right?" She said and paused. "Please have a seat." She pointed to the sofa.

I sat on the sofa laid next to the Jharokha.

"Akash, how much do you trust me?" She asked, looking far out of Jharokha.

"Sorry, ma'am. I didn't get it."

She stayed silent for a while. "Let me ask you straight; can you quit your parents and your people if I ask you to do so?"

"What?" I said, surprised. See, I was telling you. Something is cooking up in her brain. *If you say no, today you are not going back to the home, my little mind worried.* "But why ma'am?"

"To achieve the vision I have seen for India." She turned back and looked at me. "To bring a change. To make India, the heaven of earth." She said, her hands hung wide open.

Her talk bounced off my head. "I could not even make a small change, and you are telling me to change the whole country."

“And, what if I say, you can bring the change in India by working in DRI?” Her eyes glittered in enthusiasm.

“But how ma’am? And what is DRI?”

“I am the founder of DRI. Defence Research Institute. Nobody in the world, except a few, knows about it. It’s a secret institute. It’s an experimental platform of collective intelligence to achieve the common goals of humanity. I have known you from your childhood. I know you have been a brilliant student. Maharaj always told me to pick you from the USA. But, I was not sure about you. Because the people who work there are not allowed to stay connected with the outer world. My only concern is, in DRI you will be disconnected from your family, India, and the outer world. You may feel lonely.”

“What about my family, ma’am? I am the only son of my family. They won’t be able to live without me.”

“Don’t worry at all about your family. They will be migrated to America. It’s my responsibility.”

“What about the people who trusted me? I can’t leave them halfway. People died here, supporting me. I can’t be that selfish. I have already hurt them by leaving the campaign midway.”

“I am going to USA tomorrow. Next time, there will be no one to get you out of the Jail.”

“I won’t leave this land. Sorry, Ma’am.” I said and looked away. Both of us maintained silence for some time.

“Come. Let’s have some walk,” She said after a few minutes, and we walked through the arched passage on the way to the pool.

“I can’t share any further details of the DRI with you. We have a protocol; if somebody knows about DRI, he must die. And, I can kill anyone but not you. If you have made up your mind, I will not pressurise you to join us.”

We reached the pool, and old memories flashed up in my mind.

11 AM, Eight years back @ same location.

Richa ma'am was in her third year of graduation in political science at Delhi University. Whenever she used to visit Ahmedabad during vacations, I would be her little companion.

"Oye, chaddi.... come," Rajendra Singh called me. Richa ma'am sat on his lap. They were plonked on a chair.

Rajendra Singh was a fair, tall, and tough man. I can't call him handsome as I hated that man. He was a US soldier of Indian origin. This was the first time I saw him. He had travelled from America to meet his fiancée, Princess Richa.

"Yes?" I asked.

"Fill the glasses," he ordered me. I poured whiskey in the glass while watching his hands playing on the waist of Richa ma'am.

"Raj...don't do that...don't ...!" Richa ma'am teased him as he tickled in her waist. "Raj! You...you scoundrel!" She stood up from his lap. He quickly shredded her white shirt and exposed her breast.

Rajendra caught me staring at her wardrobe malfunction. "Hey, you asshole." He abused me, "Go. Get out from here." He said. I didn't move an inch but stared at him in response.

"Goooo. Fuck off." He shouted.

"Akki, go and play around." She said while adjusting her torn shirt.

I left the place. I endured the moments, but Rajendra Singh didn't. He kept me in mind even though I was just a thirteen-year-old child.

The next day, I went with them for a trip to the Gir forest. I was with Rajendra and his friends, riding on an elephant. Richa ma'am was with her female friends on another crew. As a lion passed ahead of us, Rajendra pushed me, and I fell down from the elephant. The lion walked to me and started nuzzling my body. I was crying and yelling for help. Suddenly, I heard a gunshot and the lion was knocked down.

"Akkiiii?" I heard Richa ma'am's voice. She gave me a thumbs up sign as I looked at her. She had a hunting rifle in her hand. She loaded

the rifle, pointed a target on the lion, and shot two more bullets, enough to kill the lion.

She stepped down from the elephant and I ran to her. We exchanged deep hugs. That was the last day when we had met, eight years back.

I was injured with a fracture in my leg, and it took three months for me to recover completely. I still don't know what happened after that, for she never came to see me and she was completely disconnected from me. This accidental separation had injured not only my leg but also my heart. Meanwhile, I heard the news of her grand marriage ceremony that had become the talk of the city for some days.

A sudden rush of wind-whipped Ghoonghat off her head and brought me back to the present.

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"You know what? I have no relatives left in India. First Raj left me and now Maharaj is no more." Her face clearly mentioned her loneliness.

"But ma'am, your uncle Mangal Singh Ji is there, no?"

She gave a smug smile. "Mangal uncle and his son finished all their share of the wealth which they had received in the property will. The spoons around Mangal uncle kept flattering him. Those spoons gradually started molesting the weak people by the name of Mangal Singh ji Maharaj. The illiterate and foolish public from the small towns and villages worshiped Mangal uncle and his son as a God figure though being exploited by their spoons continuously. Both the father and son remained ignorant under the arrogance of salutes and honour they received. Today, those spoons have big villas, and both the father and son are finished. They kept demanding more and more money, so Maharaj denied them even a single rupee and set up fixed-income arrangements for the women in their family. Both the father and son have now gone insane and filed property cases against Maharaj."

"Disgusting! How decently Mangal Singh Ji and Kunvar Saheb delivered such great speeches at public gatherings! Nobody could even think that they would turn out to be such creeps!" I said.

“There are many other bloody but dodgy relatives. They can go to any level to grab our property. Due to their fear of me, they are at bay and silent.” She said. She was correct. Even notorious mafias of Ahmedabad were afraid of her. Had she lived in India, she would have become a Godmother of Gujarat. She was completely different from her father.

“There are few people in India I can trust. Like you, Kaavya, Bahadur. Unfortunately.....” She picked a slate pebble in her hand, “You...,” She paused and threw the pebble in the pool, “don’t trust me in return.” She taunted me.

“Ma'am, it's not that I don't trust you. But” I paused and looked away.

“Then, what else are you worried about?”

“I have struggled and worked hard to build up my image. People appreciated me. Therefore, I took the risk of challenging the top dogs. I went to jail. I sacrificed the hopes and happiness of my family. You instructed me to be withdrawn! And I did that too. Do you think it's easy? I did that only because of my faith in you. Yet, if you think me wrong, I again say sorry.” I folded my hands and bowed to her.

“No need to be sorry.” She slapped my hands down. “Apology accepted.” She said and smiled.

“Actually, I owe you a sorry for something,” She said, her face bent down.

“To me? For what?”

“On behalf of Raj,”

I turned mute.

“After the Gir incident, we had a big fight. He was too possessive of me. Like a crazy lover! It was not one-sided, though. I, too, loved him.”

“Ma'am. I had a fracture, and you did not visit me even once! It took me a year to forget you.”

"I agree that I had not been sensible enough to understand the emotions of a little child." She said. *Little child! Please say a boy, at least!* "I beg you a huge apology for that. Raj would have murdered you and buried you somewhere. So, I decided to not create any situation that would make him angry again and create trouble for you." She said.

"Ma'am. What had happened to Rajendra Singh Ji?"

"As you know, He was a general sergeant in the US army. He was posted on a mission in Iraq. He was martyred in a terrorist attack." She said and covered her head with the pallu of her sari.

"Oh, I am sorry."

"Raj used to say, if he would ever die or kill somebody, it will be either in loving me or saving America." Her eyes were lost in Raj's loving memories. And, for the first time, I disliked her eyes though they were lovely.

She gasped out a long breath, "So, finally, is that a 'no' from your side?"

"Well, ma'am, I am confused. I don't know what to do."

"Okay. Do one thing. Stop thinking. Leave everything on me," she held my hand, "Say yes, please?" She urged me.

I smiled. "There are some people you can't hurt. So, it's yes." I said, looking into her eyes.

"Thank you." She said with gratitude. "You don't know how happy I am today." She said, looking down. "I have arranged for your travel on a cruise at Madurai Port. I will message you the details of your boarding. There is a container ship named Parindey at Madurai port. You will need to meet a man. His name is Captain Allen. He will take you to the United States."

"What about my parents? What I will say to them." I asked.

"I am leaving that up to you. Some months later, they will be safely migrated to America. Ask them to keep everything secret."

"What about the US border Agency?"

“Allen will take care of it. He will guide you further. This is his contact detail.” She gave me a paper. “Give me your mobile.”

She threw the old sim into the pool and inserted a new sim card into my mobile phone. “You will get all other instructions on this.”

“So, shall I leave now?”

“Yeah, you don’t need to go back from the main gate. You can now go from there.” She pointed at the bushy garden. She held my hand, “Don’t get lost. I will wait for you beyond seven oceans.” She said, looking into my eyes.

“I will; I give you my word.”



Humiliation

Akash:

Ramu Kaka, the chief of our state-level community, was warmly receiving and asking for the well-being of every incoming attendant in the organized meeting. He was a sturdy, tall, and fair old man wearing a white dhoti-kurta, vintage shoes, and a tight Pagdi on his head, which reflected his orthodox lifestyle. Both sides of his moustache looked like the tail of a scorpion. I was the reason for the organized meetings. They were angry with me for making a non-democratic decision of discontinuing AAS.

“Do you have any pity for these people?” Ramu Kaka showed me the faces of people whose family members had died in the protests. I looked down and remained still. All the lead workers across the state were gathered.

“Tell us; where will we go?” A woman came to me, grabbed my collar, and burst into tears. She had lost her husband. I became still like a statue, looking at her miserable face.

After letting her let out her hatred, I gave a portfolio to Ramu Kaka. “We have ten crore rupees in funds.” I looked at the miserable woman. “I can’t bring back the person who is gone, but I hope these will help you to go through life,” I said, giving her a blank cheque. “This is the list of cheques and paid accounts from the AAS fund.” I gave the sheet of paper to Ramu Kaka.

“You have broken our heart,” Praful shouted.

“You have cheated us.” Another man said.

“Savita has purchased you.” A girl said.

Another girl said, “How much that bitch paid you?”

“My dear, AAS family, please try to understand. We have lost enough people already. Now, we have to end the violence.” I said.

“It is better to die like a lion instead of living like a coward. This is what you always said to our people. And, now you are running away from the responsibilities?” Ramu Kaka said in his thunderous voice.

“Kaka, I am not running away. This is what we can do for now.” I said.

“How much did they pay you?” A supporter asked me.

I folded my hands. “Please. Please. Don’t blame me like this. I...” I paused as a man rushed towards me, “Don’t blame you?” He grabbed my collar and started beating me. Others accompanied him. “Listen. Listen...” I said, facing random kicks and punches, but they ripped off my shirt.

“Stop it. Stop it.” Ramu Kaka roared, and they freed me. I didn’t like being insulted in this way. It was against my nature to suffer without a fault. But, it was my compulsion to keep a cool head.

“Let him speak. Calm down.” Ramu Kaka said, raising a hand. “He wants to say something.”

All eyes, though angry but silent, turned on me for clarification. I composed myself and folded my hands. “I beg your apology for letting you all down. I have not just quit the campaign; I have decided to quit the society.”

The ambiance turned still on my unexpected announcement. “I am going in search of truth. Tomorrow, I will leave my home and move on the path of Sanyaasa. To do penance for all the wrongs that I did to you people.” I said, my face bowed down in grief. Their angry eyes turned polite, and, finally, I could see pity on their faces.



Sanyaasa

Akash:

My father was reading the newspaper. My mother was busy fixing stones in an embroidered saree. My sister was doing her homework. The abnormal silence in my home was a side effect of my morning announcement of becoming a monk. As per my guess, my parents had discussed my absence of mind when I was absent from home. They would have decided about my counselling to some Baaba or an Astrologer.

“Maa, Pappa. I want to discuss something very important.” I said, breaking the pin-drop silence at home.

My father gazed above his specs, first at me and then my mother. She looked at him, then me, then down on the artwork. My sister came to me and sat beside me even though I didn’t call her. If there is something that is not normal in the family, children are very quick to smell it.

“Maa?” I said, this time a bit louder and annoyed.

“What?” She asked and continued doing her work, not even finding it necessary to even look at me.

“I told you something, right?” My voice had turned ultra-soft.

She put her work aside and looked at me. “Tell,” she said.

“Pappa?” I said to my father, who was lost in the newspaper. What was he reading so profoundly inside the celebrity page? I was a little annoyed.

“Tell what you want to say. I am listening,” He said, flapping a page without looking up. “Nikku, you go outside.” He instructed my sister. She looked at me. I signed her to leave, and she ran out of the home.

“Maa. Pappa. I am going to America.” I said before they initiate their Pravachan about getting a job, a girl, and, finally, settle down in life.

They looked at each other.

“I will do acting of being a monk for some days. I will go somewhere out of Gujarat. When people feel that I have really moved on the path of Sanyas, I will be disappeared from India. And about two months later, you both and Nikku will be migrated to America.”

“You go wherever you want to go. I am not going to leave this land.” My father said, flipping to the next page and continued reading. I got an urge to pick the newspaper out of his hands and tear it apart.

The old-minded Indian fathers, like mine, openly violate our fundamental rights called ‘Freedom of expression’. We can’t even sue them! Unfortunately, there is no provision for parental insult in the Indian constitution!

I looked at my mother and weaved the ‘do me a favour’ sign.

“Listen what he says first!” she said softly to my father. “Aku-da, tell me, what were you telling me then?” *Mothers are like the river, and fathers are like the mountain.*

Before I could say anything, my father yelled at her, “You have pampered this boy. Now see the result. I don’t have the courage to suffer anymore.” His body shivered, and tears rolled out of his eyes as he said it.

I turned my gaze away in anger. “Aku-da, we will talk tomorrow,” my mother said.

“No, not tomorrow. It’s not funny,” I said firmly. “I want to discuss it now. Your ‘Aku-da’ has become a bachelor. And Pappa, you, please don’t behave like a child. Let me complete first,” I blurted back on him. My parents were shocked by my way of talking. They looked at each other like domestic violence victims. Normally, I don’t talk to them like this.

“I am going to work in a US-based secret defence company. Richa ma’am is the head of this company. She has told me to do that.” Richa ma’am’s name suddenly changed their facial expressions. Now, they looked at me with sincerity.

“Then what is the need of all this Sanyaasi drama?” My father now mentioned his actual pain.

“To keep the matter secret. There is no other way. This information must not be leaked at all, Maa, especially by you. Don’t pour it out somewhere,” she gave me an offended look.

“How will we go to the USA?” My father, who didn’t want to leave the land, suddenly changed his mind. This was the public faith in the name of ‘her highness Rani Sahiba’.

“All needful will be done on time. You just stay informed and be mentally prepared to travel after two months. That’s what you are supposed to do for now.”

“Why Rani Sahiba didn’t tell this to us?” My mother asked.

“Because she thought that I am now adult and matured enough to be trusted by my parents,” I taunted her. “And, Maa, you keep it in mind. Don’t say this to anyone. Not even to Kanta and Santa aunties.” Due to the curse of Yudhisthira, the woman can’t keep a secret buried in her heart. So, I re-warned her.

“I know. I know. Don’t teach your Maa. James Bond Kahin Ka!” She said, making a wry face. “And, who will take us to the USA then? And, I get nauseous while travelling, even by bus. How will I travel in a plane?”

“Don’t worry. A person will come to you, and he will securely take all of you to America. You will travel on a cruise. Not by plane.”

“Through the Ocean?” As my mother asked, her eyes widen up.

I smiled and nodded my head.

“If Rani Sahiba is doing all this, then it should be fine. No?” My mom asked my dad.

My father nodded and smiled meekly. I moved into the bathroom and danced in the steps of Garba with excitement.

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I had left home before a month and moved to West Bengal. I wandered about like a real Sanyaasi in saffron clothes. A weak ago, I visited Ram Krishna Math and soaked into the bliss and serenity of the math. I absorbed the energy from the eyes of the idols of Shri Ram Krishna Paramhansa and Shri Swami Vivekananda.

Today's morning, Captain Allen safely moved me into the ship, hiding in a big size cargo carton. I was resting in the private chamber of Captain Allen. I looked out from a small window. The waves of the ocean were clashing at the base of Parindey. Another half of the sun was yet to set behind the Bay of Bengal.

The birds flew off the ship as captain Allen blew the horn. I sat on my knees, bowed my head, and performed goodbye to the nation as the ship departed for the United States.



DRI – The wonderland

Akash:

As the ship was to reach the USA, Captain Allen had re-packaged me in the same cargo carton and delivered me into a warehouse. He had covered my eyes with a strip of ribbon. After five hours of another travel into a Jeep-like vehicle, somebody dropped me somewhere and left. Within few minutes, I heard the sound of a helicopter and felt the burst of blowing wind as it landed somewhere around.

“So?” As I heard the familiar voice, the fountains of happiness jumped out of me. “How was your journey?” Richa ma’am said, stripping off the ribbon from my eyes.

My eyes paused, looking at her new Avatar. She was tightly dressed up in a military uniform. Her biceps were flexed through rolled-up sleeves. The badges, ribbon bars, and medals pinned on her camouflage shirt indicated her high-rank position in the US army. The cuffs of her camouflage jeans were tucked into the knee-length boots. Her braided bun was tucked into a beret on her head. My eyes couldn’t help but dumbly stare at her army attire.

“Ooo... Hello!” She tweaked at my face. “You alright?” She raised an eyebrow up her sunglasses.

“Ma’am? Are you a soldier?” I asked surprisingly.

“Kind of,” She said and shrugged her shoulders. “How was your journey?” She asked.

“Not bad. Captain Allen has been a wonderful company. Talked to me just about five times in a month.” I smirked. “He made me reach safely, though!” I said cynically.

She burst into laughter, looking at my pale face. We were only two human beings, somewhere in the middle of the barren desert and the Rocky Mountains. There were no lives other than the randomly grown-up cactus and the wild donkeys which were staring at us.

“Let’s move.” She said, and we walked to the rotorcraft.

She ignited the engine as we settled in. We put on our seatbelts and headsets. My eyes closed, and my hands tightly gripped on the seat as the rotorcraft lifted off the ground.

“What Happened?” She asked, looking at me nervously.

“I have never travelled by air. Fainting!”

“Don’t panic. You will be fine,” she said and drove forward. “By the way, I never thought you would be such a ‘fattu’.” She said, giving a wry smile.

What? Fattu! - Do the ones with ‘her royal highness’ title use such words? - No. - My little mind got confused by the use of her too friendly language.

“I am not fattu. It’s just that I have never travelled by air.” I said, making a face.

“Grow up, kid. You have a long way to go.” She scoffed at me.

A short while of silence passed. The helicopter was now flying in stable motion.

“So... You have become a monk, huh?”

“I had to do that drama.” I yawned. The whiffs of wind dozed off my eyes.

She was in a talkative mood, but I was damn tired. As she noticed my lack of interest in communication, she raised the speed and drove the rotor-craft in a zig-zag motion.

“Ma’am! Ma’am!” I panicked

She didn’t stop but laughed in reply.

“Ma'am... please drive straight,” I shouted.

She slowed down the helicopter a bit. “Why don’t you talk to me?”

“I told you, no? I am scared of heights.” I got angry due to fear. “That Captain Allen has not given me anything to eat for last eight hours.”

“Oww. That’s the problem? Why didn’t you tell me this before?” She said and searched for some eatables. “Have these MREs.” She offered me the US military food packet.

I picked it and started eating biscuits and jellies out of it. She became quiet for a few moments.

“You came empty-handed from India? Brought anything for me or not?” She asked as I stuffed my stomach.

“Yes.”

“What? Daitymilk chocolate?” She kidded. Her random jokes and laughs clearly indicated her uncontrollable joy and excitement.

“Rasgulla from Kolkata.” I said shyly. I had specially bought it for her as she was fond of sweets.

“What?” She gave a strange look. “Really?” She asked.

I nodded meekly.

“Give it to me,”

“Now?”

“Yes. Now.”

I shook my head and took out the jar of sweets from my bag.

“Here...madam... take it,” I said and offered the jar to her.

“You want me to leave my hands off the steering?” She frowned. “Put it in my mouth.” She scolded. Her scolding resembled the sweetness and softness of the sponge.

I picked a rasgulla, squeezed the extra syrup into the jar, and popped it in her mouth.

“Wow!” She said, gobbling it like a child. One thing is final; the ‘Rani Sahiba’ exists in India only. Like, a serpent sheds its skin; she had left the burdensome shell of the dark saree and ghoonghat back in India.

“How is it? Good?” I asked. The sweet in her mouth prevented her from talking. However, she signaled, “Superb”.

After a while, we passed over the green landscape. “We are going to land within a few minutes,” she said. I tried to guess the location in America where such contradiction of nature exists. The land we departed was barren and dry, while the land we entered was covered beneath the green shawl of a mass jungle. It should be somewhere in California, I guessed.

“This is the necklace of DRI.” She pointed down as we passed over a valley.

*

A bunch of hilly chains surrounded the valley. The ruthlessly flowing water inside the valley resembled a diamond necklace.

“Wanna have a tour around it?” She asked, looking at me, lost in the beauty of nature.

“Obviously yes! It’s gorgeous.” I said, and she drove the rotorcraft over the valley.

The valley, after a mile, merged into the lagoon. My eyes forgot to blink, amazed by the wonder of natural beauty. The weaves of the dark blue lagoon were jostling and jumping. They looked like the white puppies running out of their bounds to be cuddled. The tiny white clouds were scattered into the sky. They looked like a million flacks of lambs were marching towards the horizon. The sun was barely visible. It looked like a shepherd had taken a nap, leaving the lambs grazing across the sky.

The eye-catching canvas painted by the Almighty injected a kick of LSD into my brain. I mentally expressed gratitude to the Almighty for His gorgeous artwork.

“Here we go. Close your eyes. Take a deep breath and hold it until we land.” Richa ma’am instructed. I got butterflies in my stomach as the chopper moved downward. We landed on the fertile land of DRI.

Look, heaven has Apsaras too. My mind mentally pointed towards a young white girl of my age, who was waiting to receive us. She wore an executive suit. As she walked to greet us, her cherry-blue skirt rippled around, thanks to the dust storm caused by the spinning wings of the chopper.

Richa ma’am extended her hands, “Ella!” She said, and both ladies hugged each other. “Whaz up, honey?” Richa ma’am asked her.

“Missed you, ma’am!”

“This is Akash.” Richa ma’am introduced me.

“Oh... Hello! Akash. Welcome to DRI.” She said, extending her hand. Her eyes were the same colour as the blue lagoon, which I had seen only a few moments back.

“Hi,” I said as we shook hands.

“This is Ella. CEO of DRI. She is your boss from now on,” Richa ma’am introduced her.

“So, what are you up to?” Richa asked her.

“Madam, I have a surprise gift for you.”

“Oh...Really? Let me guess. The drone project is over!”

“Nope,” Ella said.

“Then, what else?”

“Close your eyes.”

Richa ma’am pressed her palms on her eyes. “Go on.” She said.

Ella clicked on her digital watch, and a sports car drove toward us.

“Oh, Jesus!” Richa ma’am said, astonished. “Lovely!”

The butterfly doors of the car slowly opened up.

“Let’s have a ride on this lovely lady.” Richa ma’am said.

“This is Holly,” Ella mentioned the name of the car.

We sat in the car, both ladies in the front seats and me on the back seat, carrying a feeling of backwardness.

“Brilliant Ella, well done!” Richa ma’am raised her hand and kissed it.

“All your motivation, ma’am,” Ella said, melting under Richa Ma’am’s praises. Excuse me! There is a third living human that exists beside you ladies; I felt ignored and wanted to say as much.

“Ma’am, it has voice command features. Look,” She lifted her wrist, “Holly, Drive to the location one-one-three.” She spoke into her digital watch.

“Sure, Ella.” We heard the voice from the car’s speaker.

“Holly, go by the speed of two-five.” Ella gave another command.

“Okay, Ella,” Holly replied, and its speed went up by twenty-five KMPH.

“Ma’am, I have sent the settings to your watch. By clicking on it, you would be able to operate Holly. These are the list of commands.” She pointed at the screen on board of the car.

“Okay. Got it.” Richa ma’am said, checking the commands mentioned on the screen.

“Ma’am. Gilbert has designed it.”

“That Swedish boy from Yale. Isn’t it?”

“Yes, ma’am. He was the project manager.”

“Holly – go by the Speed of one-seven-seven.”

What? Did I hear one seventy-seven? The three digits spoken by Richa ma'am vanished my tension, tiredness, and sleep in seconds. At the moment, the car rushed by the speed of a leopard- faster than my thoughts.

"Whoooh..... Whoooh... Whooooooh." Richa ma'am shouted to express her uncontrollable joy. Ella was laughing while looking at her. I gripped my hands tightly and continued to chant the name of God as my heart beat faster than Holly.

I saw a herd of cows far on the way and shut my eyes in shock. However, right then, a miracle happened; Holly became slow like the sloth bear. And my breath and fart released in one go. And with me, Holly blew the horns, and the cows scattered away in every direction.

"Oh. Jesus! Ella? Mind-blowing!" Richa ma'am took her hand again and kissed it. And all the while, I sat like a nut, unable to figure out both women's minds.

Finally, we reached a multi-storeyed, four-sided, pyramid-shaped tower. "Wow!" The word just popped out of my mouth as soon as I lay my eyes on the tower's elegant design. Both ladies looked back at me, then at each other, and started laughing. We got off of the car.

"Holly, park yourself at thirteen." Richa ma'am commanded from her digital watch.

"Goodbye, guys," Holly replied cutely and slipped in the thirteenth slot of the parking.

*

I checked into the two BHK step house that was allocated to me for the private resident. The security measures were of high standards with various biometric sensors. The luxurious interiors of the house were similar to the rooms of a 5 star hotel. I remembered one of my favourite stories, in which an angel comes in a poor kid's life and takes him into the heaven, where the poor kid is offered delicious dishes, lavish luxuries and a palace to live. I felt as if I were that poor kid and that story turned true in my life. I supervised the bedrooms, kitchen, gallery and the open veranda around the penthouse. I moved into the larger-than-a-room bathroom, which had an attached Jacuzzi. I unclothed myself and plonked into the warm Jacuzzi. I bathed for half an hour. My tensed

muscles relaxed and I felt sleepy after the warm bath. I wore the bathrobe and rested on the king-size bed.

The large windows maintained perfect lighting and air circulation inside the house. The dark green exterior paint and cream shades of interior walls reflected the natural but luxurious design of the house. Construction of the house, with use of metal panels and wooden sheets, maintained the warmth and pin-drop silence inside the house. The flashbacks of memories about troublesome struggles done by my family churned out of my mind.

I remembered the curses, harassments, dispraise, and the low feelings my family had faced for being from a financially weaker fraction of the society. I missed my family's presence at the place so that they could witness that all the hard work that they had put in me had finally paid off. I wanted to hear "Aku-da" from maa's mouth and let her know that her blessings for me were now fulfilled. But, there was no outgoing communication medium in DRI. The tears rolled out of my eyes and flooded as the necklace valley did. In a while, my drowsy eyes napped into the deep rest.



Welcome Bell

Akash:

The ring of the interlink phone woke me up. I checked the time; it was eight in the evening. I picked up the call.

“Hey, Akash, Ella here.”

“Oh...Hello ... Ella ma’am! Yes?”

“It’s dinner time. So, I just called you. You didn’t reply to the texts. So I called to remind you about dinner.”

“Em... oh...sorry... I had a deep nap.” I checked my smartwatch. She had texted three “Hellos” at different times.

“Oh, that’s what I guessed. Anyway, waiting for you at the lounge.”

“Yeah, sure, coming in ten minutes.”

“Okay. See you then.” She said and cut the call.

I entered the dining lounge. People were busy eating and talking. The ambiance looked like a typical page-three party. All were decently garnished with their celebrity-type makeups and dresses. After looking at the sober and decent professionals, my self-esteem went down several percentages as I was in my casual clothes purchased in buy one get one scheme from a mall in Ahmedabad. I found the two-seater corner table and perched on a chair, hiding from public attention.

From the corner of my eyes, I analysed the people who looked like they had come from every corner of the world.

They were Africans, Chinese, browns, and whites.

Some had a snub nose. Some had hawk noses. Some had a long nose, and some had a short nose.

Those noses were inhaling the fragrances of lip balms, aftershaves, perfumes, and gels.

However, my hungry stomach was tempted by the aroma of hot soups, sizzlers, veggies, and curries.

Some had cat-like eyes. Some had barely opened eyes. Some had wide eyes; some had almond eyes.

Those eyes were randomly moving on the gowns, blazers, skirts, shorts, heels, pendants, earrings, watches, lips, cleavages, kohl marks, biceps, beards, and moustaches of the people around them.

However, overlooking the lavish surroundings, my eyes restlessly searched for two magical eyes that were absent from the place. Even the dazzled lounge sounded darker to me in the absence of Richa ma'am.

"Hey, handsome! Whaz up?" The blue eyes of Ella interrupted my search for Richa Ma'am.

"Hey! Ella, ma'am!" I stood up.

She put her dish on the table. "You didn't pick your dish yet?"

"Actually, I was waiting for you and Richa ma'am."

"Well, she doesn't socialize with us. You better go on with your dinner. She won't come in the lounge."

I feel that there is definitely a catch about Richa Ma'am and the organization. What the hell are these people doing in such secret place? I don't understand this. The instinct of doubt continued pricking at my brain.

"Okay, then. Give me a minute, and I will be back with my food." I said and walked to the dining counter.

The smoke coming out of about thirty different food varieties blurred my mind about what to eat.

An old, Chinese man noticed my confusion. “Hey boy, do you need any help?” He asked.

“Well, there are so many food varieties. I don’t know what to eat? I am vegetarian, actually.”

He smiled. “Don’t worry. Hold on,” he said and took a dish with trembling hands. He filled it with the different food items from the different bowls with tags like Jacked Potatoes, Pasta Salad, Avocado Jelly, and Black Beans.

“It’s Mexican cuisine.” He said with a graceful smile and placed a soup bowl in the dish. “Have this. You would love it.” He said and passed me the dish.

“Thank you, sir.” I said.

“Any time for you, young man!” He said and smiled.

I returned back to Ella.

“I hope you liked the accommodation,” She said.

“Not bad. It is good enough,” I said in a casual tone as if I had grown up with such luxuries.

“Are you a vegetarian?” She noticed my food.

“Yes. I am a vegetarian guy,” I said, pushing a spoon of pasta salad in my mouth.

“You people from Gujarat are vegetarian, right?” She asked, holding the fork between her lips. The fork in her lips looked like a nocked arrow in the bow, enough to shoot any gentleman’s heart.

“Yes. We come from the land of Mahatma Gandhi. We are non-alcoholic too.” I used Gandhi-ji’s name to show off my nobility.

“Oh! Really?” She took a sip out of the champagne and gave a surprised look. “So you don’t drink, right?”

“Em...” I struggled for words. “Some time. Occasionally. Not much.” My tongue was crippled due to the lie I was telling.

She laughed. "What a big deal! You can have this. Made of the Swiss grapes." She said offering the bottle of champagne.

I gave a shy smile and picked it. I took a sip of wine.

"Just be! Don't try to become." She taunted. Her taunt made a gulp of wine stuck in my throat, and I coughed.

"Ok. Let me tell you; we have a daily nine to twelve o'clock hangout session at the Amphitheatre. The DRI folks have fun and chill out there. You are warmly welcomed for today." She said excitedly.

"But I don't know anyone here!"

"Oh, don't worry. You will know everybody." She said. What a level of confidence she has in her communication! She talks as if she knows me for ages. After all, she is the head of three hundred geniuses' heads.

"One more thing," She said, collecting the curry beans by the spoon." All of us have some common task to do for the maintenance of DRI." I gave her a listening nod. "Like cleaning, gardening, cooking. You have to check your everyday task in the sheet posted on the notice board."

"Okay. I will check it."

She looks too young to be the CEO of this place. Is she really of my age? "Since how long you have been in this place?" I asked.

"Five years," she said and wiped her fingers with a tissue.

She would have joined at about the age of eighteen! I guessed. "So, not much senior to this place! Eh?" I said, slicing off a piece of cake.

"Before me, there was professor Wale. He was the head of DRI. You will meet him tomorrow. He will be your guide on the assignment you will be given." She said.

She took a makeup kit out of the bag. "By the age of seventeen, I had completed my doctorates in human resource management and joined DRI." She said, looking in a compact mirror and sponged a violet stain on her lips.

“That’s great!” I muttered and couldn’t help staring at her shining lips.

“Richa ma’am doesn’t stay here?’ I finally asked about my only concerned question.

“Well, she occasionally comes to DRI. Otherwise, she stays in Washington DC.” She said and applied blush on her chubby cheeks. How much fairer does she want to be now? Women never get enough of makeup! My mind, irritated by the reply about Richa ma’am, cursed the womanhood as a whole.

She pursed her lips to adjust a final touch and placed the accessories back in her bag. “So?” She stood up with her empty dish. “Waiting for you at the theatre,” she said and left.

*

As I entered the crescent-shaped theatre, I heard a big round of applause. Everybody was looking at me, making way for me.

“Welcome, Akash. Welcome to DRI – the wonderland.” Ella’s voice echoed. “You are requested to be on the stage and introduce yourself.” She announced from the stage.

Ella passed me the mic as I stepped up on the stage. The theatre hall turned silent.

“Dear ladies and gentleman. Good evening.” I said.

“Good evening!” It bounced back out of two hundred mouths.

“Dear ladies and gentlemen,

“My name is Akash. I am from India. I am an Artificial Intelligence graduate from IIT Gandhinagar. I lived in Ahmedabad city of Gujarat state. I am very much thankful to you all for your warm welcome. Thank you.” I said and finished the introduction cum essay about myself. I extended my shaky hand, passing the mic back to Ella.

She showed her palm. “Hold on.” She instructed.

“Your turn, folks.” She said to the audience.

I got nervous and trembled on the stage, thinking of myself too Desi in the eyes of the DRI folks.

“Du yu hev eni hobbies? A white, funny looking, short-fluffy man stood up and asked. He was overdrunk, I guess. “Pardon?” I said, unable to pick his accent.

“Hobby...my boy...ho..... hooobby... du yo have any hobbyyye... Singing.... Dancing etcetra etcetra.” As he spoke, the audience laughed. His accent reflected a Russian tone.

“Em... Sorry. I don’t have any extra talent, actually.” I said coyly.

“Aewww....” I heard a collective reply from the audience.

“No. Det is not gud.” He said, shaking his head and hands. “Det is not gud. You must hev some extra talent.” He said while ogling me. “Yu hevtu sing a song for me yong man. Otherwise yo go bek tu india.” He said, randomly looking at me and then at the audience. Everyone in the audience, including Ella, laughed at me.

“But...I just know Hindi songs.”

A mid-aged woman stood up. “That would be fine. We don’t mind.”

“Okay then,” I said, and they became silent.

I continued, ‘Tum hi ho, kyunki tum hi ho, Zindagi ab tum hi ho.’ The mic buzzed, which may be due to my bad singing. Still, I dared to continue. ‘Mera chainn bhi, Mera dard bhi, Meri ashiqui ab tum hi ho.’

The mic buzzed aloud. I paused. My throat turned dry looking at the audience. They were giggling at each other looking at my helpless state. I could feel the sweat drops at the tip of my breasts, though the weather was cold.

That middle-aged woman came on the stage. “Do you know Bhangra?” She asked.

“Yes,” I gave a smiling nod.

She went in to a cabin next to the stage and came out with dhol. My eyes couldn't believe that. She started playing the dhol better than the Punjabis. The audience moved on the stage and started dancing on the Bhangara beats. That big man picked my hands up and continued dancing with me. A few minutes later, Ella, surprising me, played a Garba track on the DJ system and the DRI-Sapiens tried the Garbas in western steps. I blended into the DRI culture as if a sugar candy mixes up in to a bowl of milk.

The DRI members danced, shared jokes, played guitars, read poems, got sloshed and even fell asleep. The party continued till the bell rang at the zero hour.

Oh!
I felt like,
I got a family,
I got wings to fly,
I got a voice to raise,
I got a reason to live,
I got the words to sing,
I got the steps to dance,
I got the hands of high-five.

As the bell resounded, some of the above lines echoed in my mind.



Pyramid

Akash:

Good morning madam.” I said and reported myself to Ella at ten sharp.

“Hey! Morning Akash. Please have a seat.”

I sat on a chair in front of her across the table. She was dressed in a white shirt and grey skirt.

“I hope you have had a proper rest.”

“Yes ma’am. I am fine and relaxed.”

“Call me Ella. Do you think I am that old?” She said looking at me from over her eyeglasses.

“Okay.... Ella.” I said and smiled.

“Now look. Today is your first day at work. So, let me clarify that we don't sell anything tangible. We sell the designs and mechanisms. We sell the patents of the technologies. You are here to design the drone, which will be as sensible and efficient as a human. You have professor Wale as your instructor. You have to obey him to the core. And one more thing...” she rested her elbows on the table, “Please. Please never ever even think about moving out of this place. It is not possible.” She looked serious and focused unlike the last night when she was being funny and friendly. “Let me give you an idea of some of the common rules and regulations about this place.” She said and continued,

“Firstly, there are only two people who know about Richa ma’am’s influence over this place. That’s you and me. The rest never asked and never even wanted to know about her. For them, she is just a transporter.”

“Second”, she continued, “as I said yesterday, all people who are in this campus can access only incoming communication. Which means that nobody can interact with the outer world. So, if you have an urge to communicate with any outsiders, please don’t even think of doing that. Third, we are all a united family at this place. Our biological families are being taken care of by DRI. Your family will be safely moved in to the USA after a month. Four, people don’t have an option to quit this location unless I, Richa ma’am and the white house allows for it. Five, the social protocols are not applicable to us. You are free to do anything unless you don’t physically or verbally hurt somebody. We live here in an evolved environment rising above the boundaries of ethnicity, age, colour and gender. The assigned task is our God, our worship, our life and our death. In conclusion, if you live in accordance with these rules, you will have a completely free and contented life in DRI.”

“This is your mission document. You will find all your FAQs in that.” She put a file on the desk. I took it, put it on the chair next to me, and looked down.

“Are you clear?” She asked me.

I didn’t reply and stayed mute.

“Are you clear, Akash?” She asked again.

“Where is Richa ma’am?” I asked.

Her face looked irate.

“What do you want from her?”

“I want to meet her.”

“Oh. Jesus! Akash. Please don’t do that. This institute has some common rules for everyone. You are my subordinate now!”

I remained still.

“Okay. She will meet you tomorrow, in the morning. Before leaving for Washington. Happy now?”

I nodded.

She shook her head in disappointment and stood up. "Come with me. Let me show you your work."

We entered inside the thirteen storey pyramid building. The structure of the building was supported by large and heavy metal beams and covered by thick transparent glass sheets, which allowed clear outer view from inside. While, from outside, it looked like a mirror pyramid.

The biology department occupied the left side of the ground floor while the defence department occupied the right side part. How contrasting? On one side, people are busy finding new lives, while on the other side they are inventing the tools to destroy it. The irony of it made me smirk in my head as we walked through the central corridor.

Ella skipped the eyes of the busy scientists and led me silently to the centre point of the building. I caught sight of a transparent cylinder, which was installed in front of the lift. A bullet was hanging mid-air inside the cylinder.

She noticed my surprised eyes. "Ella?" I said. She signalled me to hold on.

She clicked in her watch and the bullet dropped inside the cylinder.

"Wow! How did that happen?"

"It's all about the calculation of time, space and air. For more information, you must ask that big man, who wanted you to sing a song for him last night, remember?"

"Yes. Yes. Jack. His name was Jack." I said.

"Jack has invented this."

"Wonderful!"

"This is not a big deal at DRI. It's just a micro example of the thousands of experiments that we do. Now look again," She clicked back in her watch and the bullet launched back up into the vacuum.

"Wow!"

“Let’s move.” She said opening the elevator door apart and we walked in.

We moved in the Robo chamber on the sixth floor.

“Hello Ella,” The robot extended a hand.

“Oh...Hello...!” Ella said as they shook hands.

“Hi handsome!” Robo moved towards me.

“Oh...Hi Robo,” I said with a hint of surprise in my voice and we shook hands.

“Call me Myk,” The robo said.

“Oh...hello Myk.” I said smiling.

“Wale! Would you please now show us yourself?” Ella looked annoyed as she called out to the air. “He is the father of this child,” She humoured pointing at Myk.

“WALE?” She screamed. “Myk! Where is Wale?” “I don’t know Ella.” Myk replied. I had seen so many machine-like men. But, machine man-like machine, was a first.

“Okay?” Ella said raising an eyebrow. She nodded, “You don’t know, huh?” She asked, shrinking an eye. She keyed a code on a tiny screen on Myk’s heart and the LEDs pinned on Myk’s digital body continued beeping and blinking.

“Hey.... hey Ella...” A tall and black man resembling Chris Tucker came running to us. He gripped Ella’s wrist to prevent her from pressing another command that might screw with Myk. “Please, stop! He is crying.” He urged with folded hands.

“Get down on your knees,” Ella ordered and Wale bent down on knees. She pressed a few button on Myk’s heart and the beeps and blinks stopped. Myk’s health became normal. “Get lost!” She instructed Myk and the Robo walked back to the hanger. “Stand up!” She commanded Wale and he stood back, promptly.

Wale rolled his eyes on me. He scanned me from top to bottom as if I were a moon creature.

“Hey Akash,” He said extending his fist towards me. I fist bumped him in reply. “How is professor Sobramoniyam doing?” Wale asked me.

“Do you know him?” I asked.

“You are my assistant. Am I looking nuts to you, eh?” He said rolling his eyes. “I know all about you.” He said, his hand pointing at my chest. “Everything.” He winked.

I gazed at Ella in confusion.

“He is a little bit ...umm... you know?” Ella said, signalling a screwed gesture about Wale.

“Hey...you...shut up....just shut your mouth up, Jinny!” He yelled at Ella.

“Make sure he doesn’t screw you.” Ella said with a sneer.

“You Jinny! This is my lab. And, he is my boy now. Don’t spoil him. Leave! Now!” He said, utterly irritated.

Ella burst out laughing and left Robo’s chamber.

Wale again eyed me from top to bottom. “Now look, boy. Whaz your name? Yes, O a...kha...sh, right?”

“Yes.”

He picked a remote control and moved the joystick ball on it. A drone flew toward us and stopped inches from my face. “So, this is your child from now on. Make it the world’s widest range drone.” He winked and passed me the remote.

I took a demo of the drone flying around us.

“We have the recipes of all the sensors available across the world. Right now, its range is a hundred metres. It’s your job to enlarge the range as much as you can. I will be always there for you to guide you through the project. Day and night. Never hesitate to approach me.”

I kept the drone back on the hanger. "I will try my best sir."

"Sir?" He asked giving me a strange look. "What the fu**! Don't call me sir. I am a young man, okay?" He said rolling his eyes up.

"Okay Mr. Wale." I corrected.

"Not Mister. Not Mistress. Nothing. Just Wale. Got it? Just Wale. Be my boyfriend." He shouted looking in my eyes. In a bid to make the robos work normal, Wale has become abnormal, I guessed looking at his bizarre behaviour.



Separation

Akash:

“Ella said you aren’t a DRI resident and will leave today for Washington.” I said with a morose face to Richa ma’am. I was at her villa, after Ella granted me the permission to meet her.

“Yes! So what?” She stood in front of the mirror, getting ready to leave.

“Ma’am, what about me?” I asked looking at her in the mirror.

“What about, you? What else do you need?” She said her tone careless, and hands folding sleeves of her camouflage shirt. She had worn the army attire. “You have such a wonderful environment for progress in your life.” She said twisting her long hair into a bun.

“I am dying to talk to my parents.” I said emotionally.

“That’s not possible.” She said pinning up the badges on the shirt. She turned back, “You will have to wait, Akash.” She raised an eyebrow and stared at me firmly.

“I will be lonely at this place. Please stay with me for some more days.” I said as my eyes begged for her mercy. “Who are you, Ma’am? What do you want from me? You are working for US military! And this place? What are these people working for?”

She looked away and smiled. Her smile had an emotional pain.

“You have been playing hide-and-seek with me since my childhood. I am the only boy of my family. All these don’t matter to me. I miss my parents, my people.” I said.

“Why don’t you understand?” She lunged in, grabbed me by collar and screamed at my face. Her sudden reaction scared me. She soon released the grip off my collar and exhaled a long breath to compose herself.

“Please grow up now. You are not a kid anymore. How many times do I have to tell you this? You have a mission now. Focus on that.”

I looked down.

“Drop all those old Desi emotional dramas and focus on self-growth.” She said. Her face stark and her tone serious. “Don’t ask me who I am. Know who you are and what you can be. Don’t expect your sad melodrama to warm out my heart. It won’t work here. This is not India. You will have my attention only if you will work and succeed on the assigned mission. Otherwise, you will just be wasting my time and your life.” She said firmly.

I looked away.

“Got it?” She twitched her eyebrows as she spoke. I stood there dumfounded.

“Let me pump some caffeine into your brain.” She went into the kitchen. I heard the sound of the grinder. Within a few minutes, the smell of coffee floated into my nostrils.

She came with a ceramic white jar in her hand. “Let’s sit in the balcony. It’s a sunny day.” She walked off and I followed her. We walked into the large balcony on the backside of the villa. It had spiral stairs going down to the garden. The balcony was filled with potted red rose plants. She put the jar on a small white coffee table laid next to the white Diwan. We sat on the Diwan. She poured the hot black coffee into white ceramic mugs.

“Is white your favourite colour?” I asked observing the excessive shades of white in her villa.

“Well, it wasn’t my favourite. But, as life offered it to me, I had to embrace it.” She said it with a sullen smile. Her smile gave away her loneliness of being a widow. “Though, I keep the red, my favourite one, with me in the form of roses. I love red roses.” She said as she looked

lovingly at the bloomed roses. "When I feel less colourful, I be with them, here."

"Ma'am, don't you have your in-laws in America?"

"Yeah, there's Raj's mother, sister and elder brothers. His father had passed away long back."

"You stay with them in Washington?"

"Nope! We all live separately. All my in-laws are scattered in different locations, living with their respective families."

"So, you people don't meet?"

"Well, I used to visit Raj's mother. But she is healthy and fit. So, I don't need to take care of her. And, this is America. People live away from their families. Even parents and children too. When, the children turn into adults, they simply move away from their parents' place."

"Then, who takes care and does seva of the old people?"

"The government. Who else?"

We heard the trin-trin sound of the bicycles. A mob of bicycle riders passed through the tree tunnel. "And, you know what she said? She said 'get lost'," As a man in the mob said, the fellow riders burst in laughter.

Richa ma'am looked at me and we burst in laughter. "Crazy fellows." She said and shook her head. "You know who these people are? They all were crazy about following their passion. They are the sages of the modern age. I have picked them one by one and bound them through the string of DRI. They can die but never leave their passion for research and innovation. I saw the same passion within you. The passion of bringing a change in India. So, I have brought you here. You are now a member of this crazy club."

I remembered the day when I had said a similar thing to my mother. I slipped in to the flashback. *[Maa. I don't want to do what everyone is doing in this country. Getting married, having children, filling bank balance, paying installments, watching you and my upcoming wife*

fighting for dominance over me, grow older and die unnoticed as millions of other creatures die at every moment.]

What else you want now? The almighty has brought you on the platform to fulfil your wish of doing something different! My inner voice scolded me.

“Ma'am? I know you from your younger days. You weren't like this. How did you develop such a wonderful empire?”

She shrugged her shoulders. “It just happened! It was my destiny, may be.” She avoided a detailed answer. “I can ask you the same question. Even, I had never thought, the little boy who used to pronounce my name as Licha ma'am would shake up Gujarat one day! May be you are just the male version of me.”

I smiled. “May be God has rooted us all on the same land to share the same destiny.” I said.

“Love. Love teaches us such beautiful things.” She said and she got lost in her thoughts.

Yes! Love! That's what I wanted to listen from your mouth. Showers of happiness oozed out of my heart.

“Maharaj and my mother Moti Baa are still in my heart.” She said with gratitude in her eyes. “My grandfather and grandmother! My ancestors, Raj! And, last but not the least, the mother land Gujarat. The love for them and their love to me, has given me the courage to dream big. It's my responsibility to spend my every second for the ones who have been honouring me and my legacy.”

As she finished, the showers of happiness in my heart abruptly stopped. You skipped one name. It's Akash, ma'am! My little mind wanted me to tell her. This woman will never tell me about the place I hold in her life. My little mind lamented.

“Got it?” she said and looked into my eyes. “Now if you have any queries you can ask.” She smiled.

“Since the day, you re-entered in my life; I have been losing my tendency to question.” I said.

“And, if your monkey mind is jumping too much, I suggest you to go and sit with the monk of DRI.”

“Monk?”

“Yes. We have a monk too. When somebody in DRI feels restless, he seeks guidance from the DRI Monk.”

“Seriously?” I asked as I shook my head in surprise and smiled. “This place sounds like a dream to me.”

“I had dreamt about it, twelve years back, when I was in Delhi University. I studied political science and made up a mind to create my small world where there won’t be any politics. Today, it’s a reality.” She smiled. “And I would tell you to do the same. To dream for a new India. I want to see you manifest your dream into reality. That’s what I want from you. Nothing more than that.” A kind smile swept her face as she completed her sentence.

I nodded. “I will try to meet your expectations.” I said and smiled.



DRI monk

Akash:

“May I request you to close your eyes?” The monk instructed me. He was about a hundred years old Chinese man, who lived within the cave beneath a rock mound. He sat upon the mat made of a tiger’s skin. His body was wrapped in a maroon cloth. I was down sat in front of him and closed my eyes.

“Please put both your palms on your knees.”

I followed his instruction.

“You should note that I am not trying to hypnotise you.” He said.

“In fact, I am de-hypnotizing you from the collected illusions of the world.” He said after a few minutes.

“Know that, I don’t tell you to watch what doesn’t exist. In fact, I am telling you to watch what exists.”

He goes on.

“Watch your breath. Watch your thoughts. They are changing from one to another. Please don’t touch them. Let them wander as it is. Like the sky let the clouds. May be your thoughts are moving fast. Or too slow. But they are moving.”

His words droned on and I took them all in.

“When, your thought changes from one to another, tap your right hand on your knee.”

For half an hour, I tapped my hand as many times as my thoughts changed from one to another.

“Know that, every thought begins from a silence. And, it ends into the silence. Every logic comes out of the silence. And there is no logic

behind the silence. Only one thing in the universe doesn't end. That is silence."

I turned into a still pond.

After an indefinite amount of time, "You are not a pond." I heard. "You are Akash." He said.

"Remember the weight of your body... Remember the point of gravity. Let your eyes open slowly..... Slowly." As he said, my eyes opened slowly like never before. I was in a deep state of relaxation.

As I looked at him, a divine smile blazed on his face.

He gave me a sheet of paper. "This is your thought speedometer." It showed ninety thoughts per hour. I couldn't believe, I had sat in a meditative state for about an hour.

"Is that distinction? Or just passing marks?" I asked the monk.

"What will you do by knowing?" He said and laughed out loud. "You need twenty more seats. That's what you need to know."

"Okay. I will come." I said and smiled.

He nodded and passed me a piece of paper with a twenty-day schedules written on it.

"You may leave." He said.

"Okay. See you tomorrow morning. 7 AM sharp." I said.

He gave a brief nod in reply.

I stood up, turned around and bent my neck to exit the cave.

"Listen." As he said, I paused and turned around.

"She is a Queen bee. You can only have her if you become a King bee." He said and laughed out of his stomach.

What? This man literally scanned my brain!

“How come you ...” As I spoke, he signalled me with his hand to stop.

“It’s enough to understand.” he said and closed his eyes.

I silently knelt down and crawled out of his cave.



Chief Minister Residence, Gandhinagar, Gujarat

13th February 2017, 2:00 AM

Author:

It is a peculiarly dark night. Gandhi Nagar is rested in a dark-n-deep sleep, except the twinkling stars, who are on their duty to protect the night queen in the absence of moon king. Besides the stars, the loyal X, Y, Z and Z+ security personals are on duty to guard the sleep of Gujarat's rulers at their residents across the capital city.

From a branch of the Peepal tree at the main gate of the CM house, an owlet quivered over the head of a commando.

"Get lost you f*** off." The commando said flapping a hand to shoo away the bird who stared at him eye-to-eye. "Shhhh... Shhhh" He hissed and flipped his hand at the bird. But the bird double quivered in response.

A fellow colleague laughed at the commando. "Hold on, Patil." He said, picking a pebble and throwing it at the owlet. The pebble skipped the target, but the bird became silent.

"Something is about to happen. This f*** off seems to be giving a message." Patil said.

The colleague laughed on him. "Teri fat rahi he, nai?" He asked.

"It's not a good sign buddy. Trust me!" Patil said.

"My foot. I don't give a shit about such superstitions. It's all just a ploy to scare weak-minded people. People like you." He laughed and lit a cigarette. He took a deep puff and let out some smoke in the cold night air. "Have this. You will be fine." He passed the burning cigarette to Patil.

Patil took a drag and exhaled a giant cloud, looking at the owlet that still stared at them. Both friends shared a few more drags.

In a while, the dogs at a distance started crying aloud. “See. Now even the fucking dogs are crying.” Patil threw the finished cigarette and crushed it under his boot. “I told you, right? Something’s definitely wrong.” He said and peeped out at the road from the main gate.

“What will happen in this dark night Patil?” The colleague shouted on him. “Relax. Why are you...?” He paused as a sound interrupted him. They both looked at each other in surprise, and then in the sky, and loaded their X-95.

“Mishra. Move. Move into the cabin. Get the torch. Quick.” Patil shouted. “Throw light at the sky.”

Mishra ran in to the cabin and returned with the LED torch. He pointed the light in the sky.

“It’s a drone, Patil. Look! Look!” Mishra shouted, pointing the shadow on the drone. Before they could figure out anything, a loud bang shuddered the surroundings,



The corner of the CM’s bungalow blasted within a nano-second.

The guards from different security teams rushed at the burning debris. They found burning pieces of the CM’s dead body.

Within a few minutes, the CM’s resident was filled with flashes and noisy sirens of ambulances, fire trucks and police vans. Gandhinagar woke up at midnight.

*

‘Gujarat’s CM is no more. Terrorist attack on Basant Bahar.’

‘Gujarat’s God Mother lost in terror.’

‘Savita Balert. Motl Bahen of Gujarat, no more.’

‘Gujarat on high alert.’

‘Possibility of a terrorist attack on CM’s resident in Gujarat.’

The taste of morning Gujarati Chai turned bitter as the above headline on the front pages of newspapers skimmed through the eyes of people.

As the sun rose up, Indian citizens sat down with a sense of shame and insecurity when they turned on the TV and watched the news channels that frequently showed the blasted part of the CM's bungalow.

Like when a stone falls into a still pond and creates a million waves, the bomb blast on the CM’s resident created millions of public reactions in form of electric, digital, audio-visual and text formats that travelled through WhatsApp, Facebook and tweets.

The press reporters and journalists along with the cameramen, were running after the nearest available celebrities, leaders and public figures of their towns and cities.

“We found a drone flying over the terrace. Before we could do anything, it dropped an explosive on the bungalow and it blasted in moments.” The NSG reported to the media.

“How easily a drone that barely resembled a toy, attacked on the state’s most powerful person.” An actress jogging in her shorts in a park said to the reporter who jogged after her with a cameraman.

“We will shortly find out the one responsible for this attack.” The DGP of Gujarat reported to the media.

“Shameful! The terror is going above the level of hell.”

‘Nowadays, there is no hope of life. If a CM can get killed by a drone, I can only imagine what is in store for the rest of us in this country!’

‘She was such a kind person. I had closely worked with her.’

‘This is definitely done by Pakistan!’

‘What hasn’t she done for the state!? And finally, she scarified her life too.’

The statements rained from mouths of people and overflowed the social channels.

The state transformed into a high alert zone and Gandhinagar city was set on curfews. The tourist places and the famous temples across the state were seized by the assumptions of other possible attacks. The police forces got deputed at the doubtful locations of the Ahmedabad and Gandhinagar. The cops started probing and enquiring suspects at random places across the city. All the check posts became crowded as the police were preventing and probing each and every passing vehicle through Gandhinagar city.

In the afternoon, Ahmedabad and Gandhinagar airports became busy as the Party workers across Gujarat and other states were rushing to attend the CM's funeral ceremony. Helicopters and private jets carrying ministers and business tycoons, landed on the capital city. The hands of cops got jammed saluting to the frequently passing high rank politicians on the way to the CM's residence. The whole city turned noisy and anxious due to frequent sounds of sirens and flashes of beacons.

Four bells rang at the clock tower and four people supported the late CM's funeral bier on their shoulders. The city fell into a dead silence and the roads from the CM's residence to the crematorium converted into whites during the funeral march for an hour.

The pieced and partially burnt body of late Savita ben didn't waste much sandal wood to burn, and was soon merged into the five elements in the form of ashes.

“The incident is unfortunate and disappointing. The security agencies have started investigating. Not a single person behind this act will be spared.” The Home minster of India announced from the CM's residence before leaving for Delhi.

The PMO tweeted, “The CM of Gujarat was an ideal lady. She has sacrificed a lot in her life for the sake of society. The country has lost an iconic personality. The lost life of late CM will not be forgiven. The responsible ones will have to pay hard for this.”

The dark night queen joined her duty back after the rest of the long day. The same day passed in unrest for Patil and Sharma, who were still on the duty. They were silent by the shock and stress. A bird quivered around the blasted site.

“Bro. I have heard that when people die, their souls wonder around the location of their death.” Patil said.

Sharma looked at him and took a long drag. He simply nodded in reply, unlike the previous night, when he had laughed off Patil’s superstitious mind.

“Sharma? Who do you think killed her?” Patil asked.

Sharma didn’t reply. An expression of utter shock appeared on his face as he looked curiously into his mobile phone.

“Sharma? Is everything okay?”

“It’s Akash.”

“Who Akash?”

“Akash killed madam.”

“What? Who said?”

“Look. Akash confessed it on his Facebook page.” Sharma showed his mobile screen to Patil. Patil took the phone from Sharma and started reading a post from Akash.

--- POST ---

Hey guys. Waz up? I am back! Exactly after thirteen months of Sanyaas, I have found a way to enlighten India. I have a vision for you all. I want to see India as a heaven on earth! I want to see you people living a happy, peaceful and prosperous life. Like the citizens of other developed nations do. We have cried a lot since ages. Now it's time to smile. But, for that we need to clear out the garbage from the country. We have to make our nation free of its demons, first. As a grand opening, I have freed Gujarat public from our beloved but late demon Savita ben.

Yes, I hereby take the charge of the bomb blast at the Gujarat CM's bungalow.

Now, some of our compassionate, kind and non-violent ladies and gentlemen, who had devotion for Savita ben may address me as cruel, brutal or even criminal. So, let me introduce them with the chunk of money, their beloved god mother had grabbed from the share of six crore Gujarati people. Please be informed about the below mentioned notable Samaj Seva done by her holiness Savita ben.

1) She had extracted about a billion dollars from M-Link Project. The builder of M-Link was Simran constructions, which was later shifted to South Africa, where, the company had purchased farms in partnership with Savita Ben's son.

2) Some of her relatives living abroad are the working partners at one of the 200 billion dollar projects by Khaleefa constructions at Dubai. They are managing and investing the black money of our honourable Late CM.

3) The land acquisitions in the name of town planning made at Kansa, Devrdi, Ambla, Fulsar and other villages at the suburbs of Surat and Ahmedabad cities, have been sold to the private builders.

The Hawalas of corruption from the above projects have been settled with foreign parties and the amount of about five billion dollars

was credited via hundred different transactions into the following bank accounts during the tenure of two years from 2012 to 2014.

- 1) 111122607923 - The Bank of Switzerland, Geneva branch.
- 2) A000210111201157 - The Bank of Scotland, Dubai branch.
- 3) 3011312044360009 - The Bank of China, Luxembourg branch.

Please click on the link: <<https://bit.ly/txtCRRSSA000011>>to find the detailed evidences for the above mentioned cases of corruption.

These were the reasons to assassinate the great but late lady Savita ben.

Apart from the above notable service to the society, she misused the sentiments of people and rooted animosity among generals and non-generals with the help of Kaavle and Dharam Tada. Resultantly, a twelfth- passed Kaavle is now the education minister of the state and, Dharam Tada has become the president of the party's youth wing president and, the public in the form of generals and non-generals are still fighting with each other, and till now fifty people have been killed in those riots.

Her shamelessness and hypocrisy helped her build up an invisible empire of billions. She has murdered many high rank officers and pushed many non-corrupted government servants into mental illnesses. The bureaucracy was wiped clean of noble workers and replaced with corrupt officials during her time.

Her devotees, who are sad due to her demise, are simply her spoons who had managed to earn the micro share from the corrupted system created by Savita ben.

Dear common men, you know what? We are always taught that 'the truth wins and lies lose'. We have been listening this gospel from ages. But it wasn't happening anywhere. So I will be making it happen from now on.

Anyway, leave it to me. It's celebration time for all you Indian citizens. Your time begins now.

I will keep clearing the garbage of demons who are not allowing us to live a simple, happy, honoured, safe and wealthy life.

Thank you.

With Regards,

Son of the Nation,

Akash.



Mr. President

Richa:

“What are you thinking, Mr. President?” I asked the US President, who was lost deep in his thoughts as he looked at the passing clouds.

He exhaled deeply. “About tomorrow.” He said in his thunderous voice showing concern about America’s future. We were at thirty-thousand feet above the ground on his private Boeing, flying on the way to Chicago.

“Tell me first. Have you found somebody?” He asked me like a father figure. When we last met six months ago, he had advised me to marry and settle in life.

I shook my head and smiled in reply.

“Why don’t you find someone? You should. I insist.” He sounded deeply concerned about my lonely life.

“I am fine on my own, sir. I don’t think I need someone.”

He nodded and sighed.

“I am sorry for Raj, Darling.” He said lamenting on Raj’s demise. Ten years back when the current president was a defence minister, Raj had been to Iraq for a peace deal following his instruction.

I looked away through the window and cast my grief-stricken glance on the passing clouds for a while.

“By the way, what are the updates?” He diverted the topic.

I placed the MacBook in front of him on the desk and played the demo video of holly. “Mr. President, we have finally invented the automated car!” I said excitedly.

He looked curiously through the test drive video of holly. “You guys are gonna beat Tesla! How could you manage to drive the car just by a remote control? Sounds similar to a video game!” He said, amazed by the performance of holly.

“We have developed much powerful and advanced sensors. It can taste, smell, listen and watch the place, people and time. “

“By when can we expect it on the American roads?”

“Jackson Motors are the buyers. Shortly, they will approach the Ministry for an MOC. After a month, you may expect a proposal from the sectorial of transportation. However, it will take about a year for the production and infrastructure setup.” I said.

He nodded excitedly. “Show me the one you showed me yesterday. It went perfect!” He said.

I navigated to a video and played the live recording of Savita’s invasion. “Sir, it invaded and blasted the target location and silently returned to the Swarajdweep Island nearby India, without being caught by the radars!” I said, showing him the recorded video of the drone strike.

“How do you guys do such things so wonderfully?” He said, smiling and shaking his head all the while. “How did it receive the commands from twelve thousand kilometres away?” He said as his hand dragged the curser to the end point of three-hour long video. “And, who invented this Nano nuke?”

“Akash. The young boy, who I brought one year back from India.”

“Brilliant guy he is!” He said widening his eyes in praise.

“And, Wale was his guide.” I said.

“Oh, was he?”

“Yep,”

“How is he? Crazy as always or has he changed?”

“Same as before. He is never gonna change.” I said. Wale was famous for his sense of humour, but more for his risk taking ability on scientific experiments. This was the reason, the DRI had henpecked him and he secretly disappeared from the public's eye. US media had kept on playing the news of his disappearance for a year.

“You guys have initiated a boom in the field of defence.” He frowned.

“Sir the CIA, Mossad, KGB, MI sixteen are yet busy developing long-range missiles.” I said winking at him.

He burst out laughing. “Now they will get busy in finding the creator of this lethal weapon.” He said. “Now look....” He turned sincere. “I wish you guys to stay silent for some time. The Indian government is probably witch-hunting for the boy. Our agencies too will help them.”

“Don't worry sir. We will surrender him back to India.” I said. “In 2033!” I added and smirked.

He shook his head, “You are a very stubborn woman. You always, get your task done, anyway.” He said smiling.

I smiled back and looked down abashed at the flattering words from the mouth of the world's most powerful man.



Winning Treat

Akash:

Time is very slow For those who wait.

Very fast for those Who are scared.

Very long for those Who lament.

Very short for those Who celebrate.

But for those who love, Time is eternal.

[William Shakespeare]

I would like to add one more,

And for those who invent, Time doesn't exist.

My passion for Artificial Intelligence and the fire of revenge sunk me deep into the invention process at the DRI laboratories. A year had passed like a month. I had officially submitted my first but foremost invention of SLAC. Wale had abbreviated it from Sky Led Atomic Cannon. The term 'Sky Led' was rewarded to me by including the English meaning of my name that inducted me as the project leader of SLAC. My invention of the world's longest-range drone had unlocked an eternal high of success within my consciousness. For the first time in my life, I had tested such grand success. I was now a part of the DRI environment as sugar mixes into a bowl of milk. My poor Desi image had disappeared and I had reinvented myself as a genius of the modern age. My tongue didn't hesitate anymore while communicating to fellow scientists. My eyes were sharper and didn't cripple while communicating to Ella and other pretty girls of DRI. My strong feet and confident eyes were waiting for Richa ma'am so that I can stand and talk to her with a firm eye contact saying 'The kid has grown up and he is a man now.'

"Wow!" I looked at my image in the wall-mounted mirror that reflected my partially drowned body in the Jacuzzi. The hot slurps of

coffee warmed my nerves while the warm water in the bathtub relaxed my cold stiffened body. I have been enjoying a warm break from the cold weather outside, for the past two days.

What a beautiful moment has come up!" I continued talking to my reflection in the mirror.

"Remember? On those days, Pappa had no money to buy new clothes for you. People around you used to make fun of you by putting their fingers into the torn holes of your shirts and pants and pulling on them hard to rip off the rest of your worn out clothes. Remember? You then, used to run back home, crying to Maa, who used to bless you saying that you will be a man of the millennium. Her blessings came true!"

"People across the world are looking for you!"

"In just a day, you crossed Ronaldo's popularity by reaching a hundred and forty million followers on FB."

"The AAS fellows, Ramu Kaka and especially the widows of the martyred AAS coordinators, would feel a deep sense of contentment."

"Some dodgy AAS coordinators, who supported you earlier, then got corrupted by Savita, and spoiled your public image by false allegations, would be scared of you now."

"Those Kanta and Santa aunties, who had not left their chances to keep taunting maa, when you withdrew from AAS, would be repenting on their deeds."

"If Pinky would ever meet you, she would be ready to run away with you."

With every slurp of hot coffee, the man in the mirror built up castles in the air.

The doorbell rang and my moments of self-indulgence shattered off.

I wrapped up a towel around my waist and went to open the door.

“Em.., did I disturb you?” Ella said looking at the water drops slithering down my chest.

“No.” I said. I could not collect another word due to the sudden awkward moment between us.

“Well. Em... Sorry. I should have called you before coming.”

“Hey it’s fine. No worries. Tell.”

“I will come later. Take your time. Chill. Dress up.”

“It’s fine Ella! I am almost done. Come on in.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yep!”

“Please have a seat.” I said as she entered into the drawing room.
“Give me a minute and I will be ready.”

“Well. Take your time. No hurries.” She said and sat on the couch with a feeling of awkwardness for disturbing my privacy.

I slid back in my bedroom to get dressed. I sprayed deodorant on my entire upper body, to smell intoxicating to Ella. The man, after all is, a poor man, to the beautiful woman. I opened the wardrobe and picked a black shirt and blue jeans to match with the shades of Ella’s jumper and jeggings.

I moved in front of the mirror to check myself in my dashing black look. But, funnily, the hairy legs bounced back from the jeans. I had picked extra tight jeans to hide the weight which I had put on during the year. I hurriedly pierced a leg into a tight cuff, then I pierced another leg and it got stuck in the middle of the cuff. I hobbled in circular motion to maintain balance, but could not.



The wooden floor made a creaking noise as I fell ass first on it. It was my ass that got hurt, though the wooden floor creaked noisily

enough to reach Ella's earlobes. I angrily pulled the pair out of my legs and threw it out of the window. I picked another smooth stretchable jeans and wore it. After quickly brushing my hair, I returned to Ella.

"What will you have? A coffee? Tea?" I asked as I panted.

"No thanks." She said and quickly glanced awkwardly at me.

"What?" I asked. She looked at me like I was an alien. She laughed. "Nothing." She said.

"No. You tell me. Why did you laugh?"

"Why are you panting? I heard a noise too. Did you fall down?"

I looked down. "Actually, I had put on an old jeans and it stuck in my feet and I fell down." I looked away in embarrassment.

She shook her head, "What was the hurry?" She chuckled. "I heard the thud, as you fell down."

"Shit happens!" I said, shrugging both hands up.

"Don't you get bored? I noticed you have been working continuously for such a long time! Why don't you join me for a walk?" She said.

"Well, Yes. Why not? Where do you wanna go?" "There is a mountain nearby. I go there when I feel stressed out by work."

"Well... let's go then."

"Take your bicycle. I have got mine." She said as we came out of my home.

"Give me a sec." I said and walked to the back yard. I returned with my bicycle.

"What is that?" She chuckled pointing at dumped pair of jeans.

I rested the bicycle aside, picked the jeans, squeezed it round and threw the jeans afar. Ella burst into uncontrollable laughter.

“My ass is still in pain.” I said making a face. “Let’s move now!” I frowned at her as I pedalled my bicycle on the way.

*

We rode our bicycles for about three miles and reached atop the large cliff at the bay of blue lagoon.

“This is it.” She said, pointing her finger in the direction of the blue lagoon.

“Wow! Too good, Ella?”

“You liked it?”

I gave an enthusiastic nod.

Together, we sat on a flat rock. We silently observed the caravans of cranes, egrets and herons busy in probing, pecking, playing, ambling, drifting, flying, landing and diving into the water.

“You know? When you were the newcomer in DRI, Richa ma’am had recommended me to take care of you. She had said that you would feel home sick and keep chanting her name for a long time. So let me ask you now. Are you still the home sick guy?”

I smiled. “That was first time ever in my life, I had been living so far away from my parents, my friends and my people....” She interrupted me mid-sentence saying, “So you don’t consider me as your people?”

“Yes. Of course you are!” I said.

“And, your friend too?” She asked, raising both her eyebrows.

“Yes. More than a friend actually.” It popped out of my mouth. “Like a family!” I added. She looked into my eyes, giving a coy smile.

“I still miss a few people though! My parents, my little sister and Richa ma’am, of course!” I said. You idiot! What is the need of mentioning ‘Richa ma’am’ here? My poor manly mind scorned me for being too genuine as it realized that taking Richa ma’am’s name at the moment would ruin the chances of building up a chemistry with Ella.

“But I think that all the DRI folks would have sacrificed their wish to be with their family. So I should not keep insisting about mine.” I said.

“Well that's not the case in the West. At this age, we don't live with our parents.” She said. “We call it respecting their privacy.” She said sarcastically, her fingers quoted on ‘respecting privacy’.

“Oh. Is it so?” I asked surprised.

She nodded, “You are fortunate to have parents who don't want a private space from their own children.” She smirked, her fingers making air quotes on ‘private space’. Is she showing off her painted nails by frequently finger quoting? My naughty mind couldn't help wondering.

“What about your family. Your parents?” I asked as I encroached on her personal life.

“My parents are separated. Both found their own partners and left me at an orphanage.” She said giving a sullen smile.

“I am so sorry!” I said making a sullen face.

“The father in the orphanage was a kind man. He brought me up like his own daughter.”

“How could someone be so insensitive towards their own child?” I tried to be sensible with my question.

She gave me a wry smile, “That's why I like Indian culture. You people have families, relatives, social gatherings. You live your life more publicly and openly.”

“In India, even my neighbours would not allow me any privacy!” I said and finger quoted on ‘privacy’ in the same style as hers. She laughed.

“Instead, they pass their free time concerning about the future and personal life of other's children. We don't need CCTVs. We generally have a bunch of senior neighbours, who freely provide this service to the society by keeping track of who is dating whom.” I smirked.

“Yes, I know. That is why, I like you people. I know you people in India are full of love, affection and care about each other.” She said

misinterpreting my sarcasm as praise. I wanted to correct three words in her sentence. 'Love' as a 'gossip', 'affection' as a 'Jealousy', and 'care' as an 'emotional atyachaar'. But, Ella's smiling face didn't let me do that. Even though her information was slightly wrong, it was making her happy about India and also about me.

"When I was the new comer, you would have judged me as too sentimental and a less matured guy to live independently. But, you don't know what it is to be with family." I said.

"No. Not at all! Like I said, Richa ma'am had asked me to detach you from India and not pamper your sentiments for your motherland. So, I had to act a bit tough in beginning. Otherwise, I have a lot of regard for family values and I totally understand your sentiments. More so because, I haven't had much luck in that aspect." She said as her lips pursed in regret.

We sat silently for some time listening to the chirping of herons. I looked at Ella who looked at a pair of cranes who beaked each other. They were engaged in a foreplay, I guessed.

"Ella don't you have someone in your life?" I finally asked.

"Of course, I have!" She said looking at me surprisingly. "300 people. The DRI folks. They are my life!" She said with a cute smile on her face. Therein lies the catch with girls. Especially, with the pretty ones. How innocently and naively she reacted! The girl who could normally solve any Sudoku within three minutes, couldn't understand what I meant by 'someone'!

"No...actually...I mean...don't you have someone of that type? Like a boy you like more?" I asked, smiling and looking down.

"Oh! You mean a boyfriend?" She asked.

"Yes."

"Well..... I don't think I am yet ready to tag someone as my boyfriend," She said finger quoting the word 'boyfriend'.

"Ella.... I want to tell you something." I said looked sensibly into her eyes.

“Ye...s?” She asked looking in my eyes with the same amount of sensibility.

“Ella...” I looked coyly down, then up, “would...you...mind...if...” As I was to finish the risky question, the bursts of firecrackers paused me. I looked back and the whistling crackers one by one popped up and burst in the sky.

I looked anxiously at Ella who laughed, a palm placed on her mouth. “Ella? What is this?” As I asked, she shrugged and giggled some more in reply.

As the crackers finished, I heard collective trin-trins of bicycles moving towards us.

“Ella....is there any...” Before I finish, the DRI folks reached up on the cliff and circled us chanting ‘hip-hip hurray’.

I stood up looking shocked and surprised at all of them. I raised my hands and signalled them to stop, “Would anybody tell me what the f*** is going on?”

Jack, the Russian Big man, came closer to me, held my hands and placed it on my mouth, “keep watching”. The rest of them including Ella laughed at me.

After a while of surprising silence, Wale made an entry driving a gypsy and drifting it around us. The gypsy was filled with party stuff. He jumped over the door and came to me.

“What did you think, my boy, that I would not celebrate my assistant’s victory?” He asked rolling up his eyes. “You have done a great job, man!” He said punching on my shoulder.

“Wale? You guys did this for me?” I said happily. “Thank you so much.” I hugged him. “Thanks a lot, all of you are my fantastic folks!” I said, thanking everyone with a thumbs up.

Meanwhile, Ella returned with a bottle of champagne. “Dduuuupp...” She corked off the bottle, “And, this is for your first victory at DRI.” She said, showering all the wine on my face. As I stepped back to protect my face, other folks held me until she dumped the complete bottle on me. I was shocked at the DRI folks and their love for alcohol.

They led me to a large sponge cake arranged on a folding table. “Let’s give a big round of applause to this little father of SLAC and his team for giving birth to world’s longest range drone.” Jack announced and I blew off the burning candles on the cake.

Somebody in the car turned on Wiz Khalifa's ‘work hard play hard’ song. Everybody started clapping their hands, swinging their hips, dancing in a hip-hop rhythm, marching their feet towards the gypsy and, picked up bottles of alcohol and engaged in some hard-core revelry.

After a half an hour of wing-ding, I realized that a litre of wine, a sponge cake desert, shots of fire crackers, hip-hops of Wiz Khalifa, all together could not give me a hangover, due to something that was pinching me. It is the pinch that I felt while looking at Ella and Wale, who performed salsa steps like a couple, placing their hands on each other’s hips. Wale lifted Ella from her waist and Ella coiled her legs around Wale's waist which left her body dangling in the air with her hands waving freely in the rhythm of Ed Sheeran’s shape of you.

I thanked god for sending the bicyclists, exactly on time, and not letting me express my ‘special’ feeling to Ella. She would have downgraded my character ratings from ‘excellent to poor’ in her mind. Once you misinterpret a female’s liberal behaviour as intimacy, you can’t protect yourself from being judged as a member of the narrow-minded club.

I carried a fake and compulsive giggling on my face, even though I could still feel a pinch of jealousy in my stomach, I joined the audience, who were clapping and whistling and stood circling around both of them to cheer up their ‘Art of Dance’.



Maganlal Murliprasad Sarvvyapi

Author:

Home Minister Office, Ministry of defence, New Delhi, India.

“Where is Akash? Nair?” Maganlal, the Indian home minister asked the director of IB.

“I am sorry, sir.” Nair looked down. “We are doing our best to find him.”

“This is not fair, Nair. This is not why I moved you here. I had personally interfered for your posting into I.B.”

“Give me fifteen days, please. I will get that bastard for you.” Nair said.

“And where did his family disappear?”

“Just two months before the blast, they had left for a pilgrimage tour. After that, nobody knows where they vanished.”

“Find them out. Kick the butts of all his connected ones, if needed. I want him under my foot.”

“Sir. We will have to maintain patience.”

“Nair? Fifteen days passed! I can’t tell the media and oppositions to be patient!” The minister’s agitation hit the roof. “By the way, what is this drone shit?”

“It is a high profile defence system. It needs huge funding to develop such digital weapons. A person can just be sitting in a room at a remote location and can hit any target within its range.”

“What do you guess? Where could he be? “

“Most probably in one of the neighbour countries. May be, in Pakistan. Our agents are probing. He was last seen in West Bengal. He was caught in a CCTV footage in Calcutta,”

“What was he doing there? He could be in Bangladesh then,”

“We are taking constant updates from the state police. They will report us as soon as they find anything about him or his family. But he can’t be in Bangladesh. If he would have been there, we could have caught him as by now.”

“If he has done this from Pakistan, it will be a big shame for us.” The minister scratched his head. “Why didn’t the drone machine get traced by the radar? What if he again attacks somewhere else, may be in Delhi?”

“Sorry to say sir, but most probably he will. If his location cannot be traced, he will attack on the people who had sent him to jail. The technology he used is not one for kids. It needs a vast amount of infrastructure. That wasn’t a normal drone.”

“Can’t we develop such drone things?”

“Of course, we can do it. We can trace any people in the range of a thousand kilo metres and shoot him from Delhi. We can reduce terrorism to zero percent by using drone defence system. But it needs huge technological investment.”

“How much funds do we require?”

“Appropriately ten billion.” “Nair... are you drunk?” The minister couldn’t believe his ears. “If not, I think you need one.”

“Sir, big business houses like Reliance and Tata could be approached to establish private defence labs.”

“What will government gain from it, Nair?”

“Sir. It’s not about politics. It’s about national security, sir.”

“This is fully democratic nation, Nair. Every action from the government has to be justified by a majority of people.”

“Sir, our nation will be competent enough to protect its people. Isn’t that a good justification?”

“Nair... don’t you know the public. They don’t need well-equipped drones. They expect us to attend their weddings, to attend their caste gathering functions, to inaugurate their schools, factories and let them snap a photo with us so that they can quote their political connections and utilize it somewhere to get their work done. They need laptops, bikes and free yatras and haj subsidies. Suppose, I attend a Muslim community function and I don’t wear a skull cap, the whole community will think that I am anti-muslim. The mullas will start spreading messages of hatred against me. This is how the public is. They want us to pamper their sentiments. They don’t know about the drones. More than that, once we publish a corporate tender for a defence lab, the big business houses will use their influence to get the government’s approval. If we sanction a lab to the Ambanis, then the Tata, Birla and the rest others may become our enemy. They may feed the media or oppositions to frame corruption charges against me. To prove myself innocent, I may have to recruit a highly paid lawyer.” The minister exhaled a long breath. “So, I don’t want to fall in this vortex. Instead, let me take blessings from the janta for my humble and sober behaviour with them, which is free of cost, rather than gathering their curse as a reward for investing in big budget endeavours to do something good for them. Let me remain down-to-earth, secular and a non-corrupted politician. That’s what I am known for!”

“Sir. This is the reason I can’t ever think like a politician. Politicians are skilful in understanding people’s psychology.”

“You over-educated people give it big names like human philology and all that. For us, we give Janta what they want. Not what, they think is good for them. Five years is too short a period to convince them that what we gave or did was good for them.”

“Unfortunate. But true.” Nair smirked.

“That boy is a student from IIT Ahmedabad, right?”

“Yes, he has done B.Tech in Artificial Intelligence. Yesterday, I met Subramaniam, the dean of IIT Gandhinagar. He said that Akash was a good student. But his disputes with some professors prevented him from being the topper of his batch.”

“How did a twenty-five-year old boy bang our asses? At this age my party did not even give me a ticket saying that I was too young to manage my town!” the minister humoured.

“The time has changed, sir. These are four-G networks. We were born during the time of rotary dial telephones.” Nair said and they laughed.

“He is an IITian. An intellectual wealth of this country. Unfortunately, IITians are recruited and highly paid from outsiders. He might have joined one of the terrorist groups. They hire, promote such people, offer fat pay packages and open them to a world of luxuries. Laden was a student at Oxford! Did you know?”

“Oh really?”

A sudden telephone ring interrupted the conversation.

The minister picked up the call, “Yes?”, “No...? Why? What happened?”, “What?” “Let me check.”

“Sir, any problem?” Nair asked as the minister put the receiver down.

“That boy is live on Facebook.” The minister said, as he picked up the remote and turned on the TV.

As the minister turned on the TV, A news channel telecasted Akash’s speech,

“

Politics is increasingly becoming a track where a genuine person can't survive for a single day. The Bahubalis are given tickets and they are winning the elections. The parties in power are collecting huge funds from businessmen. The leaders are sold for money and are frequently changing parties as well as ideologies. In older days there were dacoits. They had their own armies and they used to loot the weak people. The people bound in a family structure were frightened of them. But, those dacoits were frightened of kings and so they were controlled in a limit. Nowadays, it sounds that the dacoits are entering into the politics and doing the same job officially. The public, due to the fear of them, have started appreciating and honouring them as Kings.

Serving the nation has become a comic tagline. The freedom fighters and truthful leaders who had freed our nation are being abused from people's mouth. The time has come, when even if Mahatma Gandhi would stand for the election, he would lose as well.

This is not the freedom for which our national Heroes had sacrificed their lives.

The strange thing is that, we as the public are getting adjusted into this system.

Let me discuss two different cases. I am good at that.

There is a couple who does hard work and follows ethical ways to earn money. They save money little by little, educate their children and bring them up so that they can live an honourable and truthful life in the society.

There is another family. They have inherited wealth and power from their heritage. They have since being unethically earning money. They are well known for grabbing power and ruling the people around by using influence, violence, corruption or through discrimination on the basis of caste or creed. They have children who are brought up like prince and princesses. Their children are well known for violating the common social and constitutional protocols and laws.

Among these two cases, it should be very clear that in the first mentioned case, the family leads their lives ethically, following Indian constitution and by following common humanity protocols. They should be respected, credited and honoured by the society.

But what happens instead?

The exact opposite happens.

We blindly salute the successful, rich and powerful people in the society. Even if they are crooks and extortionists. Not all, but majority of us are mechanized to behave like this. We pay unconditional respect to the second types.

It's hell of an ignorance when some so-called Godmen too pamper the second types. They invite the second types on stage and offer the

holy throne next to them! And we, the common men, feel as if, even god has become partial to us.

This is our society! It sounds that we like to live in caravans. We are not yet capable of digesting liberalisation and have not gained the confidence to embrace the freedom.

Look at the nation, it has become chaotic! There is no security for the common man. The Police department has to ask for permissions from politicians before serving to the citizens. Their quality of serving depends on the influence of the victim. There is no control over environment. No control over traffic. There is no town planning. At many places, you have to pay cut money to the local goons. There is no control over the health sector. The doctors take whatever charges they want. Strong people are directly or indirectly snatching resources, rights and shares of the financially weak people. There is no control over education. Schools and colleges are taking whatever fees they want to take. There is no proper taxation. There is no equal respect for women in rural and urban areas. In buses and trains people push each other and fight to make their places. The rivers have been polluted. Lakes and streams are being filled up for the purpose of housing construction. Employees in private organizations are not paid enough wages. People bargain hard for two rupee to an auto rickshaw driver and happily pay two hundred for a single pizza. Women bargain harder with vegetable vendors to save five rupee, but they, without any kind of bargain, buy expensive gold jewelleryes. Nobody wants to pay a rupee to the deserving ones and they want to keep collecting more and more amount and store it in the banks or keep blocking the capital into properties and lands.

All such apparently small problems have turned society into a burning hell for the middle class and poorer classes of people.

In this ruthless flow of society, the wrong people in politics are rising silently. Somebody from common public had to rise up, anyway. Here I rose up, on your behalf, so our future generations could enjoy deep and peaceful sleep.

We have become like programmed robots.

Tell me any single invention we have made in the last five hundred years.

Something is surely going wrong in the country. And, it's time to correct that. We have to take back the level of conscious that, India left 1000 years back. When it was known as 'the golden bird'.

You must know that India stands much lower in the world happiness index. Do you know what our happiness Index is? We stand on 144th position out of 153 surveyed nations.

Besides all these facts, instead of finding out the reasons behind our miseries, we keep chanting that we are great people, we are a great culture, we are this and we are that!

I think we are living in a big illusion.

Sorry, but we will have to change.

If we want to see a different India, which will be equal for a president to a peon,

India - which will be full of love, glamour, prosperity, happiness and discipline, we will need to bring a change in everything.

I simply suggest you to open YouTube and see the lives of people in America or Germany or even parallel nations.

Just, look at their lives! How people are contented.

See, their life expectancy ratio! See, their crime rate. See, their environment.

You will wish to live a life like them, Right?

We can be like them. Even better than them. In fact, we will make our nation better than theirs.

It's my promise to you.

But it demands a commitment. I just need your commitment and your stable and moral support for me.

If we don't have a common vision, we will keep becoming part of somebody else's vision. The politicians, businessmen, bureaucrats and fake religious leaders will keep using our sentiments to achieve their

personal goals. We have to decide where we want to reach; otherwise we will keep struggling on different directions. So, please be part of a vision that I have dreamt for every Indian citizen.

If you can show unshakable faith in me, I will show you what fortune looks like. And, don't worry; I will never demand a single rupee from you.

I want every Indian citizen to wander without any fear unless they violate constitutional laws.

I want everybody to work and earn good money and chill out naked at the sea shores from Gujarat to West Bengal.

I want each and every citizen to freely enjoy their lives with privacy and without unnecessary social interference.

I want to change India as a country, where, till now, innocent people are treated with respect and criminals have to be treated with strictness.

I want an India, where a vegetable seller or an auto rickshaw driver gains equal rights and honour as the Ambanis and Adanis do.

To sum up, I want to see India turn into the paradise we read about in religious books.

I want to make India a paradise on earth. I have a vision for our nation. To achieve that vision I have drafted a strategic action plan.

I am non-violent person. But, if somebody comes in my way and stands there to stop me, I will use violence without a second thought.

I am posting the strategic action plan to achieve a common vision for the nation along with 10 key actions to be executed by the government or concerned authorities.

Just be on FB f till the next post. You will find the vision statement along with a raw strategic plan.

”

As Akash's speech ended, both Nair and minister looked dumbly at each other.

“He is not in Pakistan, Sir.” Nair said.

The Minister muted the TV. “What to do now?”

“Let’s see what he demands from the government in his post. Sir, could you please log in to your FB account?”

The minister shook the mouse and woke up his PC from the sleep mode. He logged into his FB account and navigated to Akash's official FB page.

“Seventy thousand likes! In just five minutes!” Maganlal sounded worried.

“Sir, be careful. Mind your hand away from like button.”



Spicy Chai with Ella

Akash:

“You want coffee?” I shouted to Ella. She was in the living room watching the media’s reaction after my video got uploaded into my FB page.

She lowered the TV volume. “Which one do you have?” she shouted back.

“Which one do you want? Strawberry?” I said in humour. She didn’t reply. So, I came out of the kitchen.

She narrowed her eyes at me. Her stare clearly stated her surprised reaction to the use of the word “Strawberry” in relation to the context.

“I didn’t ask for a condom,” She scowled at me. “It’s not funny,” she said in serious tone.

“Sorry, actually I thought ...” I paused as her face contorted. She was trying hard to fight back the laughter...

“Look at you. So nervous!” She said and laughed so hard that she slid off the slippery sofa.

“Oh...you Ella.....! You scared me.” I said and laughed in response.

“You desi boys are so reserved when it comes to white girls, no?” she said.

I gave a reserved smile.

“Okay, give me the latte, the one you make for yourself.” She referred to typical Indian Chai. “The one with mint and basil.” “Give me just ten minutes.” I said and went back into the kitchen. I placed a ceramic kettle filled with water, tea bags and sugar, into the microwave.

“Do you want to make any changes in the draft?” She shouted, asking about vision India 2033.

“Well, I don’t think, I am smart enough yet to correct Richa ma’am’s drafting. She has prepared it after considering every big or small problem in the country.” I yelled from the kitchen. As the tea boiled up, I took the kettle out of the microwave. “By the way, do you see the need for any changes?” I asked.

Whenever, somebody wanted to connect with the outside world, they needed Ella’s presence. I had submitted all my social accounts to Ella after joining DRI as per the protocol. So, only she knew all my passwords and every other DRI folks’. She had filmed my video and uploaded it into my FB page.

“Well, I don’t know about the politics and all that sort of business.” She said.

I poured milk and sprinkled mint, ginger, cardamom and basil powders into the cattle. I again placed the kettle inside the microwave to re-brew the tea.

“But, you are quite good at that! I have seen your speeches. They are still on YouTube. They are so inspirational.” She echoed.

“Oh, is it?”

“Of course!”

Inspired by her appreciative words, I started dancing like Back Pack Kid. In the next second, my shirt's collar got stuck into the kitchen shelf and I fell down.

Ella rushed in to the kitchen after hearing the ‘bang’. “What happened?” She said her eyes dilated as she spotted the shattered kitchenware on the floor.

“The rack got stuck into my collar and it fell down.” I said making a poor face.

“What were you doing? You are so clumsy!” She said and started picking up the broken pieces. “That day you fell down trying to wear your

jeans. Today you made the rack fall.” She was fixing the rack back on the wall. My eyes secretly moved to her physique.

“What’s wrong with you?” She said when she bent down for the third time to pick up the bowls. My eyes accidentally caught sight of her cleavage, nestled inside her dark brown bra.

“Beautiful!” The word accidentally fell out of my mouth.

“What?” She narrowed her eyes and looked up.

“The smell of Latte is beautiful. Isn’t it?” I said inhaling a long breath.

“Yeah. I just love it.” She too inhaled the smell of boiling tea.

The microwave pinged as the chai got ready. “And, here we go,” I said as I took the kettle out.

“Hold on. Let me serve it. I don’t want you drop the kettle off your hand.” She said and grabbed it from my hand. She poured the chai into the mugs, “Follow me...” She said and walked to the drawing room carrying the mugs in both her hands.

“Wonderful!” She said inhaling the smoke of Chai. “India is the land of spices. Thank you Akash.” She said after a long sip.

“Never mind. Any time. Ready to serve you.”

“Unless, you fall down somewhere.” She laughed.

“It’s not my fault, Ella. It’s your influence that makes me fall every time.” I tried to flirt.

“You better fall in love.” She said giggling.

“But there is nobody to catch me. I am afraid of a heart injury.” I said and her eyes fixated on mine.

“Where is Akash...? Where is Akash...? Where is Akash...? Where is Akash...? Where is Akash...?” Pranab Goswami repeatedly asking a ruling party spokesperson, dragged Ella’s eyes towards the TV.

I mentally abused Pranab for interrupting the rarest of rare beautiful conversations in my life.

“Oh.... Jesus! Who is this man? Not pausing for a moment and allowing the other person to respond.” She said, looking surprised.

I smiled, “I like this guy. He literally kicks butts of these people!” I said.

“Too much! They are literally fighting!” She said and muted the TV. “I have made some changes. You better check it.” She said and passed her MacBook to me.

I continued reading the draft.

VISION - INDIA 2033

“To make India, a paradise of Earth till 2033.”

स॒मा॒नो म॒न्त्रः स॒मि॒तिः स॒मा॒नी स॒मा॒नं म॒नः स॒ह चि॒त्तमे॑षाम् ।
स॒मा॒नं म॒न्त्रं म॒भि म॒न्त्रये॑ वः स॒मा॒नेन॑ वो ह॒विषा॑ जुहोमि ॥

Rig 10-191-3

Let our speech be one; united our voices! May our minds be in union with the thoughts of the Wise sharing a common purpose; we worship as one.*

स॒मा॒नी व आ॒कू॒तिः स॒मा॒ना हृ॒दया॑नि वः ।
स॒मा॒नम॑स्तु वो म॒नो यथा॑ वः सु॒सहा॑सति ॥

Rig: 10-191-4

Let your object in life be one and the same, your hearts equal (in feeling) and your minds in full agreement so that an excellent common status of life be achieved for all.*

Strategic Action Plan for Vision India 2033

Strategic Actions		Responsible authority	Completion Deadline	Goal
1	Execution of SOC (Security on Call)	The Home Department	May 2017.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • To make Crime Free India • Equal and attainable protection and security for all • To Dissolve Crime and Criminals from root level
2	Execution of Digital Transaction of Tax	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Auto tax deduction • Equal tax for all • Dissolving the root of Tax Evasion • Transparent and simple tax structure 		
3	Discontinuation of Online Selling	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Boosting up SMEs • Dissolving Monopolized Business Environment • Distribution of income from businesses, trade and economy among maximum people 		
4	<p>Conversion of Academic Schooling into SAEs (Small Academic Enterprises.)</p> <p>Transformation of Academic schools into NAEs (Non Academic Education Enterprises).</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Equal, Easy, interesting, affordable and attainable Educational structure. • Real time skill development for all • Transformation of education from mugging up into real life application. • Dissolving intoxication out of academic education 		
5	<p>Establishment of Health villages across the country.</p> <p>Allotment of UHID (Unique Health ID) to every citizen.</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Easy, equal, attainable and affordable healthcare for all • To create completely transparent& ethical treatment • To lead the worldwide health sector by medical research through OCHR 		

	Establishment of OCHR (Online Centralized Health Registry).	
6	<p>Allotment of UHRID (Unique Human Resource ID) to the employees and labourers.</p> <p>Formation of Strict follow up of 'Minimum wages and maximum Job hour rule'</p> <p>Establishment of OCER (Online Centralized Employment Registry)</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Preventing suction of employees • Ethical labor and remuneration • Job creation • Rebuilding work-life Balance • Establishment of online job market • Reduction of work stress
7	<p>Establishment of Online appearance rooms into courts</p> <p>Establishment of E-Legal Library.</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Easy, attainable and timely Justice for all. • To increase judiciary output by 10 times.
8	<p>Government funding based on</p> <p>ADII (Average Daily Individual Income) and ADFII (Average Daily Family Income of Individual)</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Serving to underprivileged and deserving citizens
9	<p>Establishment of Green India bureau-to initiate Green India Campaign</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • To control air and voice pollution • To purify the air • To regain the season cycle back • To re-establish healthy environment • To re-build natural beauty
10	<p>Establishment of RGO (Religion Governing Organization) framework.</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • To uproot hypocrisy out of the nation • To disconnect religion and politics • To re-connect religion and enlightenment

Action 1: Execution of Security on Call.

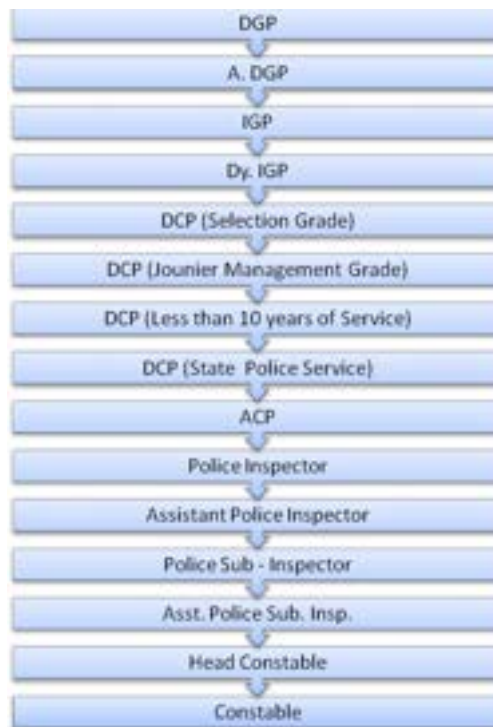
Why we need it?

Imagine, if you have diamonds mines but you don't have security, what will happen? Would you be able to enjoy peaceful sleep? No. Right? The same is happening to our people. Even, the rich people can't be tension free in our nation. Nobody is safe. Neither the rich nor poor! Look at our newspapers and news channels! We can see the rising level of violence. People are living in constant fear, insecurity and instability. The fear must be in criminals. But it is rising among common people.

We have the police for the purpose of providing public security. But we all know the limitations and restrictions of the police force.



Looking at the above scenario, do you think a police personnel who has a dependent family could do his duty genuinely?



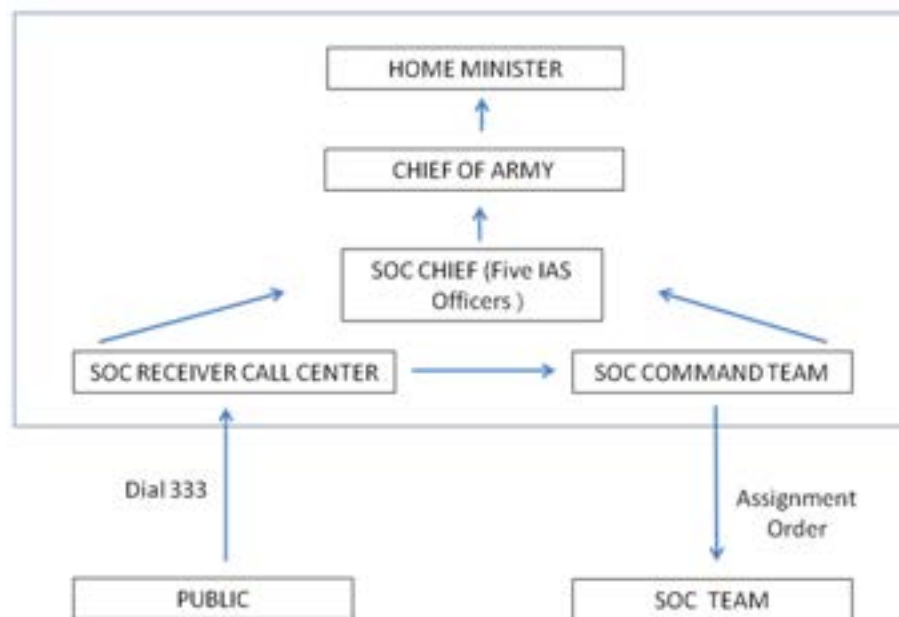
Source (<http://www.mahapolice.gov.in/jsp/temp/html/policerank.pdf>)
(POLICE VERTICAL MANAGEMENT HIERARCHY)

Looking at all the above layers of hierarchy, the first thought that comes to mind is ‘How come so many people-in-charge can’t reduce the crime rate?’ Well, if you think a bit more, you will find that, such multiple layers of hierarchy is the reason that the crime rate can’t be reduced. Because, in the chain of vertical hierarchy, even if a single person doesn’t want to act, the purpose of the entire system can’t be served. For example, if a DSP doesn’t want a Police Inspector to take action, a PI and his subordinate team can’t do anything but follow the orders of his superior. Their hands are bound. In Indian bureaucracy this is a common scenario. If a police man wants to work honestly, it’s not possible for him to happily survive longer in his job. When a policeman himself is so insecure about his own job, how will he secure others’ lives? On other side, the crime rate is rising day by day and prevention of crime is a very complicated process, bound by such multi-level authority channels.

In such scenarios, we need mobile security forces which may act independently. Their job responsibility would be to reach the crime location within ten minutes of time, to stop the crime, and handover the rest of the procedures with supportive evidence to the police force. The SOC forces will be physically fit, free to act on their own, and will be equipped with enough weapons to face any kind of violence. The SOC

teams will directly follow a command from the headquarters in Delhi. Any citizen, who dials 333 from his mobile phone, will be able to protect himself from any violence within ten minutes of time at any location in India.

So, if we want to be in a secured environment, I don't see any other option but to execute a bill in the assembly for "Security on call" establishment as mentioned below.



(SOC INFRASTRUCTURE)

ACTION - 1	
To execute Security on Call (SOC) establishment across the country.	
Goal	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> To make India a crime free country. Equal and attainable protection and security for every citizen. To destroy crime and criminals from the root
How will the citizens be benefited?	The citizens will be able to access protection from the SOC within ten minutes after dialling 333 from their phones.

SOC Infrastructure	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • To build a headquarter building equipped with a call center in Delhi. • To establish an automated digital communication network (only For SOC) across the country. • To recruit trained marshals. • Allocate weapons, micro cameras, attires, bikes and responsibility areas to the recruited soldier. • Allocating an SOC team of three armed soldiers to every five square kilometre range across India. • Every call from citizens, assignments from Command Office to SOC teams have to be stored and maintained into audio form. Every rescue operation by SOC team have to be recorded into a video form. • Provision of at least one lady in every team of three SOC members. • Provision of a team leader out of three members in every SOC team. • Allocating six IAS officers as the head of SOC. Each officer will alternatively work on an eight-hour shift. • Assigning SOC to five IAS officers. • The IAS officer will directly report to the army chief.
Responsibility of SOC teams across India	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • To reach at crime location within ten minutes after receiving the rescue assignment from SOC Command Team. • To protect a caller from being a victim of any crime. • Record the live process of rescuing the caller. (Every SOC team member will have a micro camera in their dress.) • To submit the video file of completed assignment to 1. Receiver Team and 2. Related police station.
Responsibility of Command Team at head quarter	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The command team from the head quarter in Delhi will share location of caller to related SOC team and will pass an order to reach at caller's location. • Keeping track and answerability of ordered assignments.
Responsibility of Receiver Team at SOC head quarter	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Answerability and keeping track of all received calls from citizens. • Forwarding the caller's audio to Command Team instantly after receiving the complaint. • Keeping track and answerability of all video files received from SOC teams across the country.
Feedback review	The victim of crime will be able to rate and submit performance review of SOC team after completion of every rescue operation.
Responsible Person for execution of SOC	Home Minister
Timeline	To place and pass SOC execution bill for a selected district during month of May 2017.

What if the bill will not be passed?	The authoritarian responsible for preventing the bill will be the next target of a drone strike.
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After successful establishment of SOC, I am to focus on the rest of the strategic actions.

Please click on below link and explore the detailed raw draft for the remaining strategic actions.

[Read more: Link < Vision India 2033 - Strategic Action Plan Pg.254 >](#)

I confess that it needs to be properly brainstormed. Though I am sharing it with you so that I can receive enough criticism, suggestions, guidance from the experts or scholars of our country and we can make a detailed and democratic action plan to move fast towards the vision India 2033.

Thanking you all.

With Regards,

Akash.

*

“Perfect.” I said after a 10 minute read of the whole SAP. “ Please do it quickly. People would be waiting for it,” I said to her after returning the MacBook.

She copied the draft from the word document and pasted it into my FB page. “Done.” She said with a thumbs up.

We sipped the tea for a while and again, an extensive wave of silence surged through the living room.

“So?” I asked and paused, to continue the beautiful conversation we were having earlier.

“So what?” Ella said.

“Could you catch me? If, I fall in love?” I asked making my tone and face as serious as possible.

“Well... I.....” She coughed uncontrollably and the tea spilled out of her mouth. “Excuse me,” She said and moved to the wash basin.

My breath stuck in my mouth as I awaited her reply and soon her mobile phone rang. She returned to the sofa and picked up the call.

“Yeah, Jo?” She said. Fuc* Jo. First Pranab and now this, Jo. I mentally abused them for interrupting us.

“Okey...? Em... Give me ten minutes. I am coming.” She said on the phone and disconnected the call.

“Sorry. Darl. I got to go. They need me at pyramid.” She said and stood up to leave.

After, she left; I continued slapping my hands on my chest, like the women in India do after somebody passes away. I stood in front of the mirror. “What’s the fault in your stars?” I posed a question to my reflection.



The Moonrise

Akash:

“Gandi Raajnniti Band karo”

“Bandh karo, bandha karo”

“Antakwad bandh karo...”

“Bandh karo bandh karo”

The crowd of oppositions reached the middle part of the assembly, chanting the slogans against the current government.

“Sit down. Sit down Mukul-ji.” The speaker said to one of the opposition's MLA, who went on an anti-SOC rampage, questioning the ruling party for my emergence. Doordarshan showed the live Parliament debate.

Mukul, ignoring the speaker of the house, kept shouting towards the front row where, the cabinet ministers along with Prime Minister had held their seats,

“Stop fooling the Janta of this nation. A boy, who has not grown a beard, can do all these? Stop this drama. The government is involved in this game.” Mukul shouted.

What? It's about me? And, what is the connection of hair with the abilities of a person? I chuckled at the unexpected reaction from the oppositions.

“Mukul-ji. Please sit down. Time over. Please sit down.” The speaker interrupted him over and over Mukul looked through him and continued his rant. “You are the people, who released that boy from the jail. How come he got out of jail? Nobody knows! Then, he murders the CM of your party! This all seems like a scripted drama. And now that boy demands to bring this SOC crap! Who will govern this SOC? Home office! Wow! What a smart demonstration of dirty politics. Sorry but

speaker Mahoday, this is tricky and we are not fools.” The oppositions banged desks supporting Mukul's allegations on the ruling party.

“Mukul Pradhan Ji. Enough is enough! Sit. Just sit down.” The speaker kept shouting back at him.

“Keep one thing in mind. We will not let it happen. We have faith in our police forces.”

“Sit down, Mukul Ji.”

“I hereby seek a written reply from the home minister on the list of actions they have taken to find that terrorist who is openly roaming the streets!”

“Enough is enough. This is my final warning; I have to suspend you if you continue this behaviour.” The speaker of the house warned him. “The parliament is not the place for sloganeering. There are roads outside, you can go there and demonstrate your personal feelings. Whatever allegations you people have, you can't come to the gallery and do all this,” The speaker kept appealing the parliament members to resume their places. However, it went unheeded and the speaker adjourned the proceedings till two in the afternoon.

The opposition's heavy ruckus against the SOC made me go blank. I thought they must be in favour of my demands, but they reacted exactly opposite to what I expected. Pissed off by the typical political drama, I switched off the TV and took a ride towards the blue lagoon.

I saved myself from the eyes of the fellow diners and lurked in a corner chair facing the outer view parted by a transparent glass wall. After slurping down a bowl of noodles, I saw Ella's reflection on the glass wall.

“Hey Akash? I have been looking for you everywhere, and here you are! Sitting alone?”

“I am not alone, Darl,” I talked to her reflection in the glass wall.

She slid in front of me and her eyes started googling around me. “Have you gotten drunk?” She asked with a curious look in her eyes.

“Don’t you see these fairy flames?” I said pointing at the lamps reflected on the glass wall from the lounge ceiling. “And, the breeze, the tunes of Beethoven’s symphony and the aroma of cuisine? They are with me, giving me company.” I said with dopey eyes.

“Impressive, eh?” Her lips puckered in praise. She picked a cheese ball from my plate and crunched it in her mouth.

“Now if you are done with your hangover, can I tell you the reason I was looking for you?”

“Yeah?”

“Someone is waiting for you.”

“Who? ... Where?” I asked, my eyes wide open, my hand static holding a slice of Margherita just two inches away from mouth.

“At the lake.” She said.

I turned into a statue for a while.

“It’s Richa ma’am.” I said.

She just smiled in reply.

The slice of margherita slipped off my hand and fell back into the plate. I stood up.

“Finish your dinner dude. No need to hurry!”

“I am done.” I said and walked towards the dish washer. I hurriedly washed up the crockeries and rushed out of the lounge.

“Easy ...easy.... Aakash,” Ella shouted as I slipped a bit off the stairs at the entrance porch.

“See you later, Ella,” I said running towards the way to the pyramid, leaving Ella to respond, “What happened?”, “Everything fine?”, “Any emergency?” people kept hurling questions at me, seeing me bolt off in a hurry.

I took a short cut, following the random moonbeams shadowed through the narrow passage inside the bushes. As I reached the lake, Richa ma'am was sitting on the bench facing the lake situated behind the pyramid. Running immediately after having dinner, caused a twitch in my stomach. I rested my hands on knees and waited for the pain to end.

"Ma'am...?" I panted from behind her, as my pain relieved.

"Hey...Akash...!" She stood up. "Wazup?" She asked throwing her hands wide open at me.

We hugged. I couldn't help myself from staring into her eyes. She looked like the milky-way in her white sparkling coat. The pea size diamonds in both her earrings shimmered like tiny star beams on me.

"Why are you panting?" She asked as we sat on the wooden bench.

"It's just that... I came running... so..." I said. She smiled and shook her head. Crazy guy! She must have thought.

Even the glow of the full moon in the sky and its reflection in the lake alongside, couldn't beat the aura that shimmered from her lovely smile.

"Well done, Akash." She extended her hand. "Congratulations." She said as we shook hands. "You guys did a great job. This is what I wanted to get out of you." She said.

"Ma'am, the credit is all yours. You nudged me on the correct path. You are my guru." I said smiling.

"So Mr. Disciple..." She laughed. "This is just a good start. We have a long way to go!"

"Don't worry, ma'am. I have surrendered my every breath to you." I said devotionally.

She smiled briefly then looked down to avoid my gaze. She observed me from top to bottom, "Look at you. You've changed completely! It shows your gym work out!"

“Well, trying to exercise in my free time. And yes, good food, good work, everything here is just excellent. Both to shape up my body as well as my brain. So....” I shrugged.

“I would like to show you something.” She said and played a video in her mobile.

“Akudaaa.... Kem chho?” My mother shouted from inside the video. “See. We have reached America. We are very well here, with the Goraas.” She winked. “Look, Rani Sahiba has made superb arrangements for us here.” She said, her hand pointed at the luxuries in the drawing room. “You don't worry. Do your work with all your heart, beta. Don't worry at all about us.” She said with moist eyes.

My father sat next to her said, “Beta...” He paused for a while, “sorry for underestimating your strengths. You are doing a great job for our country, my son. We are proud of you.” He said fighting a lump in his throat as his eyes turned wet.

“Bhaiyaaa!” My little sister waved. “Look, how many toys and games I have got!” She showed the scattered toys throughout the drawing room. “This is Kim. And, this is Moora. They are my best friends.” She introduced me to a white and a black girl-friends of hers. “See, we are playing video games.” She pointed at a paused Super Mario game on the TV. “Bhaiya? When you come, we will play this one. Okay? Please come early. I miss you Bhaiya.”

As the video ended, tears rolled out of my eyes. I was seeing my family after ages.

Richa ma'am wiped my tears. “Hey...don't worry. They are my responsibility now.” She said, her hand clasped tightly on mine. “I have given you my word. I will always take care of them, even better than my own self.” She said with promising eyes.

“Ma'am. Thank you so much for everything.”

“Offo! Please don't embarrass me.”

“Without you, I would have been just an underrated struggling leader like many others.” I said as more tears poured out.

“Please.... Akash. Don’t say this. It’s my duty!” She looked into my eyes. “You have trusted me, right?” She asked.

I nodded looking down.

“This is the reward. Nothing else!” She said. “It seems you and your family have rivers in their eyes. They keep flowing all the time. Isn’t it?” She humoured.

I smiled, my fists wiping my eyelids.

“They are on track now. Pinki has joined schooling. The nun over there said to me that she is a bright child. She is learning everything very well!”

“Really?”

“Obviously! After all, she is your sister.” She said.

I replied with a pensive smile as I looked down.

“Hey.... Ella was talking about you. She is quite impressed by you.” She said.

“She is good. Both, she and Wale helped me a lot.” I said.

“Nice girl, no?” She asked with a suggestive hint in her eyes.

“Yeah! Nice too!” I said giving a surprised look to judge her intention behind asking.

“I can smell something fishy going on, eh?” She teased me.

“What?” I blurted as I got her point.

“Nothing!” She said as she looked aside. A naughty smile played on her face.

“No, no. You just said ‘something is fishy.’ What did you found fishy?”

“Yeah. It is. You better tell me.”

“Ma’am... please. It’s nothing like that.”

“It is like that. I know.”

“Ma’am...? We are just good colleagues.” I sounded irritated. “Nothing more than that.”

“Then what is the need of these Doley- Sholey.” She said pointing at my muscles. You also have it, better and more in shape than mine, I wanted to say. But I hadn’t garnered enough courage in front of her highness Rani Sahiba.

“Ma’am? You...?” I shook my head. “Kuchchh bhi...?” I said shrugging my hands, “You mean if one builds up muscles, it’s only to get a girl?” I said laughing.

“Yeah! Well, I don’t think you are of the other type. The guy-likes-guy. You know?” Her face was puckered in grimace, “aadmi hu aadmi se pyar karta hun’ types.” She said in a sarcastic tone.

“Ma’ammm?” I protested. “It’s just from a week ago. I had gotten some free time. Otherwise, I am usually fully occupied in my work.”

“Oh, man!” She said, tapping her head. “That will always be the normal! That doesn’t mean you turn into a machine. Live a little, too. Don’t wait for a good Mahurat. Get somebody.” She frowned.

I smiled and looked at the sky. The moon had risen after long time.

“That’s him,” Richa ma’am said to Ella pointing at Mukul on the TV. The news channels were playing yesterday’s episode at the parliament. Since the day, I shared the SAP, all the news channels had become active in scheduling the debates. The TRPs of all debate shows soared since last week. The media was engaged into bidding on the hot favourite panellists for debating on vision India 2033. Mukul had been the most demanded debater and every news channel was in the queue to approach him to be in their studio. We three were gathered at Ella’s house.

“Guys, just finish that asshole.” Richa ma’am muttered.

“What? Are you sure?” I said.

She nodded, “Cent Percent.” She said.

I fixed my confused eyes at her.

“You know Akash? Since ancient times, there have been some special characters in politics, known as the king makers. Like, there was a king Shakuni in the Mahabharata, who destroyed a well-established kingdom of Hastinapur, in spite of having no particular skill apart from the politics of destruction.” Ella turned towards me. Her eyes rich in a deep insight “If he would have not been there, time would not witnessed the bad end of legends like Dronacharya, Bhishma, Karna and many other warriors and scholars.” She took a deep breath and continued, “But, Shakuni was there, to turn the wheel of destiny. He transformed the living legends into mere pawns of the dice board. He organized a devious game and dragged all the high profile people of that time into the battlefield. There were scholars and geniuses, all of whom collectively could not stop the commencement of the Kurukshetra war. Instead, they moved on to the path of destruction, violated their own principals, and followed unethical ways to win the battle.” She sighed and then smiled, “This is the power of destructive politics. In Mahabharata war, only one person could achieve his goal. That was Shakuni! And, this has been happening in this country from ages. People like us can't win over Mukul in politics. Because, we can't stoop beyond a certain level of righteousness due to our innate goodness and ethics. People like Mukul, take benefit of it and kick ethical and principled people out of the game quite easily.”

“But ma'am, don't you think using a drone for such an ordinary MLA will be downgrading its value?” I said.

She gave a wry smile. “He is not an ordinary man.” She continued, “Do you know, a year ago, there was a high profile wedding in UP? Daughter of Jan Mat party's supremo got married with the son of the ruling party's president?”

“Of course, I know. All the celebrities and VIPs of our country were present in that wedding. The media had done a complete coverage of it.” I said. “The same way like it happened in your wedding.” I added the last sentence as a compliment.

By the next second the glow disappeared from her face, as I jogged her past memories. A shiver of silence brooded over the drawing hall. All of us acted out after watching Mukul's version of Hero-giri on TV for some time. Mukul along with the other members, showing off the sloganeering and marching to the speaker's desk.

"Sometimes, you behave like a bee." Richa ma'am said, breaking silence said to me.

"Bee?" I said, shrinking my eyes to the size of bee.

"Yes. Like a bee." She said raising an eyebrow, "It sits on a wound again and again. Doesn't let you forget the pain." She said and looked away. Ella nodded her head passing a 'you are an idiot' message. I shrugged back in response.

"Ma'am? I was just...." I said and paused, "Sorry Ma'am..." I apologized by touching my earlobes.

"It's okay. Anyway, we were on the subject of the marriage of Jan mat supremo's daughter, right?" She continued.

"Yeah." I said.

"Mukul had fixed that marriage as a conflict resolution tool among two supremos." She smirked and looked away. I signalled a sigh of relief to Ella once the communication turned normal.

"You would have heard the news about some journalist's accidental death and some government employee's suicide in UP, exactly after the medical exam scandal was exposed."

"You mean, Mukul?-"

"Yes, Mukul was the mastermind behind that scandal. He murdered some and forced some to kill themselves." She said.

"Do you know? When Delhi's home minister had himself raided a rave party? About a thousand people had consumed drugs there, but the police had not obeyed the minister's command and restrained from probing them?" Richa ma'am asked me.

“Yeah. That was a strange incident. That whole matter was dramatically suppressed and wiped out of history!” I said.

“Mukul was the drug supplier in that party. He is the largest drugs dealer of India. However, nobody wants to afford a clash with him, as he has good relations with every big and influential name out there. Any high profile politician or a businessman who needs drugs, or women, or shooters, or lawyers, or journalists, or singers, or gangsters or whatever, they approach Mukul Pradhan.”

“I don’t understand one thing. How come, he is being elected continuously since the last five terms?” Ella asked.

“Unfortunate, but this how it is. He has a good pact with the high command of every party. So, they don’t put any stronger candidate to contest against him in the elections. He is from Shaitangadh province. His caste has a majority population in that district. He is known as the messiah of his caste. He has got that seat as an inheritance from his father.” Richa ma’am said.

Ella shook her head. “Disgusting! Ma’am? Do you think, you will really succeed in bringing change in such scenarios?” She said making a sad face. “Somehow, you can control the politicians. But how would you control the ignorance of people, who keep electing these crooks.” Ella spoke out of concern.

“Our people are always ready to make somebody a king or queen.” I said with a smirk.

Richa ma’am stared at me for my remark. “Do you have a problem with that?” She said.

“Well, ma’am, I didn’t mean you.”

“How do you dare to say such a thing?” Her tone turned really deep and serious.

“Ma’am...?” I looked guiltily at her.

She gazed at Ella and they soon broke out in peals of laughter.

“Oh ma’am! You scared me.” I frowned at her and both ladies high fived each other as they laughed at me. I shook my head and gave out a sigh of relief, in response.

“Now, look. Mukul is joining a debate tomorrow.” Richa ma’am said pointing at an advertisement on the TV. “I want you guys to be ready for the next strike.”



Prime Time News Studio , Greater Noida

Author:

“

Dear viewers, a week ago, the Lok Sabha adjourned amid ruckus in the House over the opposition's demand for an immediate discussion about Akash. The house witnessed an uproar as Janmat, DTP, Jan Manch as well as Rashtravaadi members trooped in demanding a reply from the Prime Minister and the Home Minister on Akash's whereabouts. Noisy protests disrupted the question hour, which led the Speaker to adjourn the house till 2 o'clock.

As we all know, the chaos erupted due to the emerging young man Akash, who a year ago had shaken up the political establishment of Gujarat. He stayed in jail for three months. Nobody really knew what magic happened that proved him innocent and he was released from jail with honour and dignity. Then leaving everyone surprised, he took up the path of Sanyaasa and disappeared from the public's eye. One fine day even his family leave for a pilgrimage tour and don't return. Suddenly, a day after a year, this young technocrat comes back with an advanced drone technology and blasts the CM's residence. He genuinely takes the responsibility of the assassination. He justifies the murder of the Gujarat's CM by publishing the evidence of her corruptions. Now he shares a vision for the nation and names it "India 2033 – A paradise on earth"!

All this sounds strange! Who is this angry young man, really? Is he an angel to India or a force of destruction? What are his intentions? Does he really want a change? Are the agendas that he placed to the government, feasible? Can they bring any development into the country? Or does he have something else in his mind?

There are some segments of the audience, who are in strong support of Akash, and there are some who call him a terrorist, insane and immature.

Our reporters have roamed the streets of India and tried to catch up on the public's opinions about Akash. Let's have a look at what we have found as a mixed public response from different segments and age groups of the society.

”

Shweta Singh initiated the debate and shared some sneak peaks of the public's opinions across the nation.

“Akash Bhai.... Aagey badho...Hum tumhare saath hai....” A group of college students with placards in hands were chanting slogans.

“Taking the law and constitution in one's hand and promoting violence has never been proven to be the correct way to act. If you want something good for the nation, there are many other ways to do it. Many people have sacrificed their whole lives for this nation, but they have never chosen such twisted ways to bring a change. This is the product of an unstable, immature and a flaky mind. The change is not easy and it takes really long to make good things happen.” A Padma Vibhushan freedom fighter gave his opinion to the reporter.

“He is a coward. He ran away somewhere and now, he is showing his bravery! If he is a real man, he must come forward and do protests in the Gandhian way. That's the protocol. We have done many protests and took lathi charges on our backs.

But, eventually we managed to convince the government.” A ruling party sarpanch from a village said.

“The time has come. Allah Tala will do the justice. The kafirs who suppressed our Kom will confront his khauf.” A maulvi, who had been convicted guilty for expanding the love Jihad propaganda, was giving his speech to the large audiences gathered within a minority suburb. “He has sent his angel to punish those avaam who have fired at our homes and brutally killed our people. The time has come to own our rights on azaad-e-hind. Inshallah, our wishes will be fulfilled and we will get victory over the Shaitans.” He shouted as his kohl smudged eyes, dilated “Fee amaan Allah. Subhana RabbeyalAa'la.” He prayed. The audience raised their palms opened up, “Aaameen...” They bowed their heads.

“The government should appreciate the ‘Vision India 2033’. Well, think for a while if our nation can really become a paradise!” A lady doctor said. “So yes, I am in favour of Akash, provided that he achieves the vision through peaceful ways.” She smiled.

“You know today’s youngsters! Careless and mischievous. This is the nation of Mahatma Gandhi. They are forgetting it. This generation is a rotten one. I am against violence and so I can’t even think about favouring that boy or his vision or whatever needs to be achieved through violence.” A thin old man attired in a kurta- pyjama, carrying a plastic smile on his face, laid each words champed and crunched to the reporter.

“All of us want a change. But we are a big country. We are facing a shortage of decision-making heads. As an individual we all have our own problems and complexities in life. Moreover, we have so many different and orthodox social structures. Among all these, we needed a point of gravity where all the problems can be sorted out at a single decision-making platform. I think Akash is emerging as that single point of gravity.” Chhavi Rajawata, the first MBA sarpanch of Soda village, said.

“What is his age? What a londa of that age knows? Nothing!” An old man wearing Ganji and Lungi, chewing paan in his mouth, said. “Many have come and gone. Politics is not child’s play.” He said, wiping the beetle juice off his mouth. “Got it? Wait for some days. His game will come to end.” He made a prediction, ten times firmer than Bejan Daruwalla.

“He is not a terrorist from any angle. He has given all the proofs and reasons for assassinating the Gujarat’s CM. More than that, he didn’t even by a mistake, hurt any other people who were present in the CM’s residence. This demonstrates his sole concern about innocents. I don’t think a terrorist shows such sensibility while killing somebody.” A Supreme Court lawyer said.

*“ यदा यदा हि धर्मस्य ग्लानिर्भवति भारत।
अभ्युत्थानमधर्मस्य तदात्मानं सृजाम्यहम् ॥
परित्राणाय साधूनां विनाशाय च दुष्कृताम् ।
धर्मसंस्थापनार्थाय सम्भवामि युगे युगे ॥”*

A baba with long hair and beard, surrounded by his devotees, chanted a verse from the Bhagwad Geeta. "He has said it. When Adharma will be on its peak, he will come to save us. It sounds like he has arrived." Baba said laughing aloud, pointing his finger at the sky and closing his eyes as if he has gone into a trance.

"East or West, Baba is the best."

"Ek, Do, Teen, Chaar, Baba Ji Kaa, Jay Jay Kaar."

The devotees chanted the slogans for the worldwide victory of the Baba, who was under Supreme Court trial for land acquisition charges filed by his neighbor farmers.

"So, we have six invitees from different professions, backgrounds and provinces. Let's know what they say? Let's start with you Shri Mukul Pradhan Ji, what do you say about Akash? How you see all these as a whistle blower from the opposition's side." Shweta continued from Mukul.

Mukul: A back-door puppet of the ruling party. Nothing more than that. Actually I think we are giving more importance to a psycho. That boy is hiding from us. The government must find him and finish him.

A stand-up comedian and youth activist Tarun Grover interrupted him in between, "Shwetaji, I wouldn't mind this. Akash's demands are the practical solutions of the modern age. We need internal security, that's a bitter fact. The common man is out of reach from security and protection."

Mukul: If we have such people doing the favour of a terrorist, the days are not far, when we will find active groups of Jaish-e-Mohammad or Al-Qaeda wondering in every street of this country.

Tarun: Mukul-ji, all the people, who disagree with you, are not terrorists. And, why are you doing the job of ruling party? It seems like you have taken a contract from the ruling party to unite the oppositions against Akash."

Shweta: Mukul-ji, the janta wants to know what the problem with the SOC is. Why are you going against it?

Mukul: Do you know the negative outcomes of the SOC? There will be one more department, through which the government will bother the common man.

“Ok. This can be a point of consideration. What is the guarantee that the government will not misuse SOC as they do it with the police, ED, CID etcetera” Shweta pointed out.

Tarun: Mukul Ji, I know how much you care about people. If you would have been really sensible during the communal riots in your constituency, the lives of thirty people could have been saved.

“Tarun, I have to stop you. Please don’t take it to another level. Be on the topic please.” Shweta interfered.

Tarun: The simple concept is that you will not allow SOC, because you people know it very well that if a common man will be secured by SOC, he will not come and seek help from the politicians like you and your influence in the system will reduce to zero. Right?

Mukul: Shweta ji, from where do you pick up such participants? These are volunteers of that terrorist who are doing free promotions for him.

“Please. Please be on the topic. Tarun, Mukul Ji. Please be on the topic.” Shweta interfered.

Tarun: Oh. So, that’s your problem that I do it for free? Unlike somebody, who demands a position into ICC as a reward for creating a ruckus in the parliament?

“What the hell are you talking about...?” Mukul banged the desk. “Mind your language, you....” Mukul’s voice went inaudible.

“Excuse me... honourable guests. Please... please be on the topic...” Shweta interrupted the debate, “We have to take a small break here. Dear viewers, please be tuned. We are coming back in a while.”

Leaving Mukul and Tarun engaged in verbal fight, the debate switched in to an advertisement break. Sunny Leone’s advertisement of Manforce condoms started playing.

“Dear viewers, unfortunately, Mukul Ji and Tarun Ji have chosen to withdraw from the debate for personal reasons. We have another four guests; we will continue with them. We have Julian next to me. She is a young activist and a social worker. Let’s ask her what she thinks? So Miss Julian, what are your views on SOC?” Shweta Singh continued with the rest of the debaters.

Another half an hour passed and the debate ended, leaving all panellists into endless arguments. Akash's re-entry like an angel of God had fuelled up a wave of energy into suppressed conscious of the country. The incidents of fights among debaters were increasing. The young and highly literate debaters started being aggressive with the seniors, who were skilful in manipulating the truth and reality. A wave of hatred surged towards the undeserving but long lasting position holders in every field. The youths who were accustomed to expecting rapidly upgrading versions and models of smart phones, bikes and cars were becoming increasingly intolerant towards boring relationships.

Vikram Avasthi, the Editor-in-chief, invited all debaters into his cabins and offered refreshments and drinks as a post-debate reconciliation protocol that recently trended due to the mutual animosity, arousing among the debaters in the news studios.

While, the debaters shared light moments enjoying their cup of tea and coffee, the ring of a landline phone on Vikram’s table interrupted them.

Vikram picked up the receiver. “What?”, “In the parking!” “How come?”, “Oh my god!” He put the receiver down. “Mukul Pradhan has been shot dead.” He said in a low voice.

The hands that were lifted to take sips of tea and coffee, froze in the air. The debater's mouths and eyes hanged wide open. “What? “, “Where? “, “How?” Different questions at the same time slipped out of their mouth.

“In the parking.” Vikram said and rushed out of his cabin to the stairs. The debaters, leaving their unfinished cups of tea and coffee aside, followed him.

Mukul's body, surrounded by his guards and prime time staff, was lying on the blood-spattered floor.

“Oh my god!” The editor said as his hands reached for his head. “Called the ambulance?” He asked his voice panicked.

“Yes sir. It will reach in moments.” Shweta Singh said.

“Who did this?”

“Nobody knows.” Shweta said.

The chief man of Mukul’s security moved closer to Vikram. “We got a call from Bhai to get ready to leave. The convoy moved at the exit gate and waited for him. He didn’t appear. Our man went to check and found Bhai’s body flittering on the floor next to the stairs!”

“What the hell is going on? Call the police. Quick!” Vikram shouted on a manager.

“Nobody has entered. Nobody has left the location all this time. Then who the hell killed him?” The inspector said scratching his chin. “He had restrained from the debate midway right?” He asked Vikram. They were in the control room checking the CCTV footage.

“Yes. He and Tarun had harsh arguments during the debate. He threatened Tarun and walked out of the debate during the advertisement break. Then, he came to me and pressurized me to get Tarun out of the studio. I requested Tarun to leave the debate and for my own sake he agreed to do so and I myself led him till the exit gate and up to the car.”

“Exactly twenty minutes after Tarun's exit, Mukul-ji left. Right?” The inspector scratched his forehead. “What were you doing, sir, in between.” The inspector asked straight away, doubting on Vikram.

“I was with Mukul-ji in my cabin. I was trying to soothe him. Even after many apologies, he was not happy. 'I will see you all' He threatened and left my cabin. Meanwhile, the debate ended and I had the debaters in my cabin. In just ten minutes I got a phone call about this.”

“Vikram-ji, I will need all the staff and debaters at the spot right now. Could you...” The inspector’s phone rang, interrupting his investigation. He took the call.

“No. Why?”, “Are you kidding me?”, “I don’t believe this!”, “Oh. Come on! The drones don’t shoot bullets!”, “In Facebook? Really?”,

“Okay. Let me check.” The inspector ended the call and shook his head. “Sahu, do you have a Facebook account?” The inspector asked his assistant sub-inspector, who was junior by his designation but senior by his age.

“No sir. Actually, I had it. But once it was hacked and a bastard had posted porn clips into my profile.” Sahu laughed out loud to lighten the moment. Neither his boss nor Vikram found it funny. “So I had terminated it.” Sahu’s laughter stopped as he checked everyone’s stark faces. “Why?” He asked.

The inspector stared a while at Sahu for his unfit humour at the place. “Mukul Pradhan has been killed by Akash.” The inspector said.

“What?” Both Sahu and Vikram said at the same time.

“Yes. He has confessed it his fu**** Facebook page.” The inspector said and looked away scratching back his head.

“Well inspector. We can check it from my FB account. If you don’t mind.” Vikram said and they walked into his cabin.

Vikram logged into his personal computer. He tapped on a few keys. “Here it is.” Vikram moved the screen of monitor to face the inspectors, who sat across the table. The inspector continued reading the post,

**To,
The Hypocrites/ Dirty Politicians/ Manipulators and
White collar criminals**

I warn you again. If you will screw with me, I won’t spare you. Simple. Don’t try to fool people with your manipulative schemes. Otherwise, you all will face the same consequence as Mukul. When you people do something wrong with your crooked intelligence, 130 crore people of this nation has to suffer the stress. Keep in mind that I have enough bullets and nukes to clean a million evil people out of India. So please don’t try to be over smart and cross-check my warnings.

**To,
The Dear Citizens,**

I hereby confess to the murder of Mukul Pradhan. I have freed you from another devil after Savita ben. He wanted to try me. So, I did not have any option but to keep my words proven to you people.

He had murdered the government officials and the journalists, who truthfully wanted to expose the OMET (Online Medical Entrance Test) scandal in Uttar Pradesh.

He was one of the biggest drugs dealers of our country. He has ruined many lives by expanding his network and making more and more youths join drugs addiction.

He was one of the biggest Hawala Kings of black money trading. He has exported billions of black money out of India and loaded it back to India via Foreign Direct Investment into the stock market.

Please download below link for the evidence.
<http://hackworld.in/docs.php?id=dga63>

There are many other illegal activities that he was involved in, but I couldn't find more evidences within such a short time. I hope these are enough evidences to justify my Karma.

**To,
Mr. Vikram Avasthi,
The Editor in Chief, Prime Time News.**

Respected Sir, I apologize for committing a murder in your studio and troubling you.

**To,
My followers and supporters,**

Special thanks to all of you. Thanks for your likes and suggestions that you have sent in the comments section. Thanks for showing such support through social media. It has been a big moral support for me. Keep watching me on my page. God bless you all.

“Sahu.... you should get a Facebook account and start following this boy.” The Inspector humoured to the Sub inspector after reading the post.

“Why?”, “No way. This chu***a is flying too high.”, “When, his karma comes biting in his ass, he will then come back to his senses.”

The inspector and Vikram looked at each other and shared a sarcastic smile over Sahu's attitude that is bathed in orthodox bureaucracy.



Cabinet Committee on Security (CCS) -PMO

Author:

“What are we doing to reach him?” The PM asked the committee members who held their chairs around the conference table.

“Sir, we are doing everything possible to find him. Unfortunately, we could not yet trace his backup network.” The RAW chief said. The PM looked away, his eyes deeply disappointed.

“Nair, what have you done?” The home minister asked his Khaas Aadmi and IB chief.

“There must be involvement of the ISI, sir. We have got our agents on the task. Within a week, we will know everything.”

“He is getting tremendous response from social media.” The PM said, rolling his eyes over the ministers and officers. “What do I say to the public? That, we can’t stop drone attacks!” He said, his eyes staring at the chiefs of the agencies.

“Sir, there is no specific location or person to whom Akash can be traced to. Otherwise, we can set radars and bugs to counter the drones.” The defence minister said.

“Look, I want you to draw in all your best security setups here. I want it to be installed into your homes. I don’t want to lose anyone of you, at least. Do whatever you need to do. Buy some more weapons, get anti-drone missiles installed in every minister’s residences.” The PM instructed the defence minister. “We are a country of Information Technology. At least, people outside India recognize us in that way, right?” PM said looking at the NTRO chief. “And, please don’t say that he is connected with the ISI. He is not. ISI will never demand a tight security in this nation.” The PM said and looked at Nair.

“Sir, Facebook has assigned a technical person to us. We tried to trace his location and IP, but same IPs have been detected at different

places in different times. He is using a secret network or hiding his real IP address and making it look like he is browsing from another region. His IP locations are strange. It is sometimes showing in the deserts of Middle East, another time it is showing in the Brahmaputra river of China.” The NTRO chief said.

“We have also sought help from Britain and US intelligence agencies. They are ready to work on it. The RAW and IB can approach them.” The defence minister said to the agency chiefs.

“What should we do now? Tell me what else we could do. The elections are around the corner. I want this to be sorted out soon.” The PM said.

“Sir, we can do one thing.” NTRO chief said. The PM gestured him to carry on. “We can ban Facebook. That is the only way to stop his communication with the public.” The NTRO chief suggested.

“But, that may affect our young vote bank. We may also face the public’s protest.” The communication minister said.

“Mohan Bhau, you were telling me about the online education kit. Seems like a good idea. Will be helpful for the students. This is right time to do it, I think. The youngsters will be in control to some extent.” PM said to the telecom minister.

“This may create even more disputes. What if we miss a few students? They will be upset”, the party president said.

“Sir, we can do one thing. We may organize a conference for district level heads of every caste to discuss their problems and views. We can then assign them tasks to distribute the study kits into their communities.” The home minister said.

“Nathvani. You will need to open up the whole tijori, then.” PM said humorously to the finance minister and the rest of ministers laughed.

“Leftists are going to come under one umbrella. Anyway, we have to spend more money this time. Though, how much budget could we expect?” The finance minister said, swaying his sight from the colleague ministers to the PM.

“You and Din bandhu-ji, do some work on it. Let me know when you conclude. Get the figures ready. Will discuss it later.” The PM said, avoiding detailed discussions in front of government servants. “What else we can do? Gupta, you are silent today. Seems that you are thinking about something.” The PM said to the NIA chief.

“Sir, it’s time to proceed mass arrests. We need to push his supporters and close relatives behind the bars?” The NIA chief said.

“Gupta is correct, sir. We have to control some people. They are aggressively spreading his agenda and openly abusing us in social media. Some stand-up comedians, artists, poets, film stars and even some Babas and Maulvis are promoting him.” The home minister extended his mobile phone to the PM. “Have a look, sir.” He said and showed some viral videos to the PM.

“Idiots...” The PM said shaking his head as he watched the clips. “Make a list. Find all and service them properly. Speaking...whatever comes in their mind! We have shown enough courtesy. If this continues, our workers’ morale will go down. It’s time to break the silence.”



Facebook banned

Akash:

“Lemon yellow.”

“Mustard yellow.”

“Carrot orange.”

“Rose pink.”

The robo was identifying lipstick colours from the women’s pictures that I swiped in the iPad in front of it.

Suddenly, the telephone at the corner in the chamber, rang and confused Robo’s sensors. “Pick up the phone, Pick up the phone, Pick up the phone.” The robo went into a speech palilalia as he heard the telephone ring.

I walked to the corner and picked up the call. “Hey Akash, what are you doing in the lab at this time?” Richa ma’am was on the line.

“Well I was getting bored so...” I paused, interrupted by the Robo, who raised his voice gabbling whatever he picked up. “Black, wheat brown, white, pick up the phone, Pick up the phone, Akash, Wale, Mark. Patrick.” The Robo had malfunctioned and went into a loop of infinite gibberish.

“Hello? Akash.... Akash...” Richa ma’am kept uttering as I lost my senses looking at the robo walking out of hanger.

I threw the receiver down and ran after the Robo, who had already marched out of the chamber. I grabbed hold of him from behind but he applied strength to relieve himself from my grip. I had no option but to defuse him. As he was to throw me down I grabbed a cable under his head and yanked it out, shutting down his system. The robo tumbled on the floor.

I went back to the telephone and picked up the receiver. “Hello ma’am...” I said as I panted for breath.

“What are you doing, Akash? You alright?” She sounded irate.

“Yeah. Actually I was testing a robo. He went crazy while I talked to you.”

“Could you come to my place?” She asked.

“Why? What happened?”

“You come. FB has been banned in India.” She said.

“What..?”

“Yeah. From tomorrow it will be banned. The PM is on radio. Come.”

“Okay... coming.”

I re-booted the robo and kicked on his ass to vent out my frustration with its misbehaviour. The robo screamed at my every kick as a real human does. I again shut him down, dragged his body back into the chamber and locked him back at the hanger.

“Whatever has been happening in our country since the past two weeks, is unfortunate. Terrorism seems to have found a new way. They are trapping our brilliant brains and recruiting them to create anarchy inside the nation. I am afraid that a student from one of the best academic institutes in the country has turned into a terrorist, and we are struggling to catch him. This is a hazardous situation for the whole nation. If we don't fight against this, the country may gradually move on the path of mass internal wars, as Iraq and Syria have been. I don't want to see this country being converted into a militant base. Our government needs all your help and support to get rid of this situation. This is the time to fight against anti-national forces. As a part of security concerns the government has decided to discontinue the medium of communications which are facilitating destructive forces from fulfilling their wishes. After considerations of views and suggestions from all parties and experts, we have taken a decision to ban Facebook till the time we don't arrest that boy. I hereby seek a favour from all the Indian citizens and appeal them for cooperation and to maintain peace. I urge you all residents and non-resident Indians that, if you find any suspicious activity connected to that boy or his network, you will go and directly

report to the nearest police station. Thank you. Jai hind. Vande Maataram.” The news channel ended the PM's speech which was broadcasted as Mulk ki Baat over the Akashvani Radio.

“They are not gonna listen without a proper lesson. Assholes-” I quipped.

“Calm down, Akash. This was expected. Now listen, you are supposed to do three things. Firstly, share your official YouTube channel link to the public, before the government blocks FB. Secondly, tell them that nothing will change even after FB has been banned. And third, remind them the timeline for SOC and clarify that the only way to get rid of you is to implement SOC.”

“We need Ella to access my FB.” I said.

“Yeah. Let me call her.” She quickly dialled to Ella. “She’s not taking the call”, She said with a hint of surprise in her voice. “Would she be sleeping? Ten too early for her!” She said.

“May be she is in the shower?” I said.

“Let’s go to her home.”

We walked to Ella's villa. I rang the bell on the door at the entrance porch. Ella didn't come to open the door. Richa ma'am gave me a concerned look. She knocked the door and shouted her name but nobody yet came to open the door.

“Ma'am, she must be in the house. The lights are on. Let me check the backyard.” I said and walked behind the building. I looked around but didn't find her presence. I returned to Richa ma'am.

“Ma'am, she is nowhere!”

“Where did she go? Let's go in.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah! Come. Follow me.” She said and we both walked into the backyard.

She observed the windows. "Here we go. The door is open in the balcony. See!" She said pointing with her hand.

I smiled and shook my head.

"What?" She frowned.

"Ma'am... let's go back to your home. She will call us after some time. Why should we interrupt her privacy? We will wait for her call at your place."

"Oh come on!" She said smugly. "Go. Climb up the balcony." She said as her eyes widened scornfully.

"Me?" I said surprised.

She shrugged shoulders "Yes. You. Get on the balcony."

I walked to the bay shape window, jumped and grabbed the edge of the window with my hands. I looked for a support to reach the balcony. "Ma'am. There's no support to hold." I said with a sorry face.

She shook her head. "Get down." She said and I jumped back from the ledge.

"Useless!" She taunted with a smirk.

"It's on a height. I am not a soldier like you. If you tell me to create a Robo to climb it, I can do that." I said making a face.

"Now watch me..." She said and went to the bamboo bushes.

She brought a leg forward and bent it from the knee, pushed both her palms open forward. She took a long breath in, pulling one hand back like a ninja. She wrapped her fingers in a fist, and landed a punch on the bamboo stem. The long bamboo pole cracked and fell down. She lifted the cracked pole, took a long fast runner, planted the pole, flung up in the air and took a high jump inside the balcony. In under five minutes, she showed me her martial arts and pole vaulting skills. It froze me with surprise.

She clapped to un-freeze me, "Oh...hello!" She yelled. She extended a hand and leaned over the edge of the balcony. I held her hand and stepped up on the pillar.

After reaching her room, we probed inside Ella's home. "She has recently taken shower, look." Richa ma'am said as she opened the bathroom.

"She has applied perfume too. Look, this one." I showed her a perfume bottle. "The smell is yet in the room." I said, after a long blissful inhale.

"Ma'am, let's move down." I said and we walked downstairs.

"She has had Cappuccino, may be half an hour back." She said looking at the coffee dust on the bean bag.

I unlocked the backyard door.

"Oh...god... where is she?" She wondered as we stood at the porch under the balcony.

The breeze brought in the sound of chattering noises from somewhere. Richa ma'am looked at me with a question mark as my eyes concentrated on a particular direction to identify the voice. "Ma'am, do you hear somebody talking." I asked.

She concentrated on her hearing to identify. "It's coming from the river side. Ella must be behind the yard. Perhaps hanging out with some folks." She said.

We walked to the wooden fencing at the edge of the backyard. As we peeped down, we saw the hazy light of the wood fire. The silent and silver flow of the river was passing through the age-old naturally grown mass of oaks.

"She must be there, under the tree." I pointed at one of the big oak trees, where the hazy fire was lit up.

"At this time?" She said, taken by surprise. "Let's take a walk ahead." She said pointing to the pathway going downwards.

"Do you hear something?" She asked.

We both heard screams of pleasure, moans and laughter. As we walked few steps furthermore, the voice and words clearly intensified.

“Want more? Eh? Want more?” We heard a male voice. “Have it baby!”

Richa ma'am gave me an awkward look as we heard it clearly.

“Yeah.”, “Yeahhhh.”, “Fast”, “Fast.....”, “Yeahhh....” Ella screamed aloud.

“Wo...woa... wohhh” It was Wale's roar.

We moved just a few steps ahead and what we saw was too awkward for the both of us.

Wale was clutching Ella's hair in his hand as he rode her from behind.

“My gosh!” Richa ma'am mumbled and buried her face in her palm.

My eyes swung in their direction once again to confirm that the scene was real. Wale slapped her back and with every slap Ella screamed with painful pleasure. I couldn't afford to keep watching any longer.

Richa ma'am had already walked away by quite a distance. I followed her silently. Both of us didn't speak a single word till we both returned to Richa ma'am's villa.

She switched on the TV and turned to a Bollywood movie channel. The movie Water was playing.

John Abraham played the character of Narayan, a charming upper class follower of Mahatma Gandhi. In a scene he said to Liza Ray's character, Kalyani, “Old traditions and superstitions are dying out.” Kalyani was a beautiful widowed woman who stayed in the ashram for expiating her bad karma which had caused her widow-hood.

“But what is good should not die out.” Kalyani said to Narayan.

“And, who will decide? What is good and what is not?” Narayan said to Kalyani while trying to convince her to get married and go away with him to begin a new life.

Richa ma’am turned to another channel, which played the climax of the movie Kuch Kuch Hota Hai.

Salman Khan, who played the character of Aman Mehra, holds the hand of his wife-to-be Anjali and unites her with Rahul, a widower and her college best friend, who she secretly loved. All the invited guests start crying along with Rahul, Aman, Anjali and their family.

Richa ma’am switched off the TV. “I think she will call back after half an hour.” She said.

“Yeah,”

“Ma'am, I am going home. I feel sleepy” I said. She gave me surprised look. “When she calls you, just let her know the message. She will do it. She knows my official YouTube channel.” I said struggling to look un-sad.

“It’s fine. No issues. I will let her know.”

“Okay, Bye.”

“Bye.”



MMS strike

Richa ma'am:

A week had passed since the Indian government banned Facebook. The Gujarat police started interrogating Akash's relatives for no reason. The ruling party workers were torturing the social activists who favoured Akash over social media. Some reporters were attacked for highlighting India 2033.

Ella switched on the TV and changed the channel to Indian news. The India TV's reporter Anjum Chaturvedi was surrounded by a mob in a street of Ahmedabad interviewing the locals and families of the victims.

"They came last night. We were having our dinner. They took my son along," a woman said wiping her eyes with the pallu of her sari.

"Didn't you ask anything to them? Like where they are taking him, what was his crime?" the reporter asked.

"We did. But, they abused us and started beating my son. They forcefully pushed him into the police van."

"Was your son involved in the protests?"

The women started sobbing. "No ...not at all..." She cried her heart out. "He is a mentally challenged boy. He is not healthy enough to hurt anybody." She said and broke down in tears.

The reporter could not ask anything else to her. He shifted to an old man who was traditionally dressed and wore a pagdi on his head. "Chachaji... Raam.... Raam...."Anjum said.

"Raam...Raam... bete..." The old man replied.

"Chacha Ji... Is anybody else from your colony involved in the protests?"

“No, none of us from this colony. Yet, the police men have arrested some boys. There is one more boy from this street. This is his father,” He said pointing at a man standing next to him.

“When did they arrest your son?” The reporter asked the man.

“Two days ago.” He said. He was trembling while answering Anjum.

“Didn’t you stop them?” Anjum asked.

“We held back our son but they snatched him from us and beat all of us family members too. One of them said ‘tell that Chu**** Akash to come to us and get your son released from jail.’ The man said in a broken sentence.

“What the f***! This is not fair. The Government is infusing fear in the people.” I said to Ella.

“What is happening? Why did that lady cry?” Ella asked, unable to understand what was going on.

“They have arrested innocent people of Akash’s caste. The government is openly violating human rights.” I said and changed to Zee News. It displayed the Home Minister’s press conference.

“Sir... Sir...”, “Netaji...Netaji...”, “Sir... here...Sir....Sir” The reporters were elbowing and jostling each other to draw the Home Minister’s attention.

“This is that son of a bi***. Maganlal Murliprasad Sarvavyapi. He is The Home minister of India.” I said.

“What? Manghal Frasaadh...Sarrrr...?”

“MMS.” I interrupted Ella. “Just call him MMS. Otherwise, his name will be quite a tongue twister for you.”

“Sir... what are you doing to reach Akash?” One of the reporters asked once they settled down.

“I think you are not watching your own news channel. It is showing the actions taken by our government.” MMS said arrogantly.

“But sir, some innocents have been arrested and interrogated under the provision of law and order.” A woman reporter asked.

“How do you know they are innocent?” MMS said and fixed a stare on her.

“Sir”, “Sir”, “Netaji”, Netaji”. The reporters kept shouting continuously.

“Yes you....there,” MMS pointed to a reporter.

“Sir, it has been twenty five days. Why has the government not been able to find him?”

“Wait for some more days. Bakra khud halal hone ko aayega.” MMS spoke but his revengeful eyes did all the talking.

“Sir...why don't you want to work on SOC? It sounds like a good idea.”

“Don't you trust our police and security system? At the borders, our jawans are getting martyred each day. Our policemen are busting their asses day-in and day-out. And you want us to de-motivate them by introducing SOC? Because, some insane boy has threatened our government?”

The doorbell interrupted me and Ella. “Akash should be there.” I said to Ella.

“Hey...Akash!” Ella said opening the door.

Akash entered in the drawing hall, literally ignoring her. “Hi,” He said, barely acknowledging her presence and then walked straight and sat next to me. He started watching the news. Ella gave me a grief-stricken look. She had complained to me about Akash. He was being rude to her for no reason. I gestured ‘I will sort out’.

I watched Akash from the corner of my eyes. He looked different from his usual self. His face looked depressed and his red eyes clearly revealed that he didn't have enough sleep.

“This f*** off must say bye-bye now.” He said in a voice that is angrier and louder than usual.

“Of course! Let’s make it guys. Let’s finish him.” I said. We were gathered to commence the next drone strike on MMS.

The theatre-sized large LED screen activated from sleep mode, as Ella logged into the super computer. We were in Ella’s translucent blue digital lab installed with simulators, super computers and LED screens. The main screen displayed a floating earth. A textbox at the top right corner on the screen blinked, signalling the location input.

“What is the target location?” Ella asked Akash.

“One-one-zero-zero-zero-one.” Akash said curtly.

She ignored Akash's rude behaviour and typed the digits. The satellite camera took us over the Central Park garden at New Delhi. Young couples were busy making out behind bushes and benches. This reminded me of Ella and Wale’s hooking up under the oak tree.

“Oh...It’s somewhere inside the garden!” She said, looking at Akash. Actually, when somebody ignores you, you try to talk that person by any means possible.

“Ministry of Home Affairs, North Block New Delhi.” Akash gave out the full address looking at me instead of Ella. When you want a fight, you just try to piss-off someone with your weird replies. That’s what Akash continued doing.

“Are you okay?” Ella asked, raising an eyebrow.

He didn’t react and looked away as if he didn’t listen to Ella. She balled her fists to suppress the anger and looked at me.

I signed my hand - ‘keep calm’.

Ella typed the full address and navigated to The Ministry of Home affairs building.

She looked at Akash in anger, “Can’t you give me a straight-cut answer?” She said annoyed.

Akash didn’t reply and turned his gaze towards the floor. The bubble was about to burst now.

“Excuse me?” Ella stood up. “Can you tell me what’s wrong with you?” She asked.

Akash looked at me. His look gave away that he was upset because of the incident last night.

“Excuse me guys. I got to pee. Will be back soon.” I said and escaped into the washroom. This is ‘global excuse’ to run out of odd moments.

I pressed my ears on the closed door to listen to their fight. I, as an elderly person, felt sandwiched between these children from two different cultures and origins. I listened for ten fucking minutes but there was complete silence. They didn’t speak a word to each other. I unnecessarily flushed the toilet to avoid any doubts regarding me trying to escape their fight. As I came out of the washroom, both people were looking at me for my intervention.

“I know what the problem is, guys.” I said throwing my hands in the air. “Please do not get emotional. Please complete the task we are here for.” I said as a wise and elderly woman.

“But, how can he just behave like a hawbuck? What is my fault?” Ella was really upset.

In a shocking reply Akash simply showed a middle finger to Ella.

“What is this, Akash? Enough is enough.” I scowled at him. “Say sorry. Now.” I yelled like a class teacher who scolds children for their pucky conduct in the class room.

He simply ignored me and didn’t express any amount of apology for his act.

“Apologise to her right now. You idiot!” I screamed, banging my hand on the desk.

“Sorry. I...,” He paused and looked down. “I am sorry, Ella,” He said remorselessly. I sighed with breath of relief as my intervention had finally worked. I felt happy from within as he respected my orders though his disappointment was not unfair, as I could guess. He and Ella had something brewing up secretly.

“Ella, I will explain to you later. It is my mistake honey. But, trust me. I will tell you later. For god’s sake, please focus on the task now,” I said with folded hands.

Ella composed herself and nodded in agreement. I liked this quality in Ella. When it came to work, she never let her emotions get in the way.

“So.... shall we start now? Akash?” I asked, my tone still a little elevated.

He composed himself. “Yeah, ma’am.”

“Ma’am?” He looked at me.

“Yeah?”

“Sorry...” He said in a composed voice.

I just gave him deadpan look. “It’s fine.” I said.

He slid to the simulation panel board. “Could you log in me?” He said to Ella.

Ella nodded. “Just a minute.” She said.

She parted the screen with the views of two different locations. The right half of the screen displayed the fifth story balcony of Qutub Minar where two different drones were parked. The right half of the screen displayed the Ministry of Home affairs building.

“Carry on. All yours.” Ella said authorizing the ID to access the simulation system.

“What is the status of the Home minister?” Akash said while putting on the virtual glasses.

Ella changed the view of home ministry building into a sketch map. Blue dots blinked through the building. “I don’t think the minister will leave the building soon. He seems busy attending a meeting. This is his office.” She said pointing the curser at the centre part of the building. There were about twenty blue dots blinking simultaneously. “They are on the second floor in his office.”

“How long will you take to reach the home ministry? Akash?” I asked.

“Around twenty minutes,” He said. “Let me take a test ride.”

“Yeah. You better check it.” I said.

Akash took a test ride and flew the drone through the sky of Delhi. “Let me show you old Delhi.” He said.

“Jesus! There is so much traffic!” Ella said, as the drone flew over Chandni Chowk.

“This is my favourite shop. They serve delicious Dahi Bhalla here.” He stabilised the drone above a small shop and zoomed out the view. “During my internship at Delhi, I used to visit them.” Ella looked at me with a smile on her face. I shook my head and smiled back at her.

“Honey, I need you to navigate two other locations.” I said to Ella.

“Yeah? The first one?”

“Um... It’s too long. Let me do that.” I said and walked next to her. I typed the addresses of the Home Minister’s Residence and mapped the view on the main screen. I checked the history of his daily travelling direction and set the view of the road from the Home ministry office to his resident at Krishna Menon Marg. I shared the live road map and dragged it to the main screen. The main screen was now divided into four different live locations.

“Let’s play some games with MMS.” I said, observing the road.

“Akash, look at the way from the home ministry to Krishnan Menon Marg.” I said pointing the cursor. “There is no traffic. We will shoot him on the way, when he leaves for his residence.”

“Okay...” He said nodding his head. “How about the Udhayog Bhavan Circle?”

“Um, sounds cool. Let’s see what happens.” I said.

“I think he is gonna leave. Look at the main gate. His convoy has arrived.” Ella said. “Let me mark MMS with red colour. So we can isolate him from other people.” She said and changed the colour of MMS’s position indicator.

“He is coming out,” Ella said as the sketch view of home ministry building displayed a red dot surrounded by blue dots proceeding towards the entrance through the centre lobby. Ella changed the view into normal mode. A caravan of nine cars and a military truck, was waiting at the main gate.

“Follow him, Akash.” I said as the home minister sat inside the car and the caravan started moving.

“Stay above a thirty metres altitude. They have the trackers along in the military van.” Ella said to Akash.

Within ten minutes, the convoy reached near Udhyog Bhavan Circle. “Akash, drop it in the middle of the garden. Quick...quick...” I said with a clap and Akash dropped the grenade on a tree. The blast filled the surroundings with smoke and burning debris through the garden. The people wandering near the garden started rushing inside the metro station.

The guards rushed out of their SUVs and circled around the home minister’s car.

The vehicles in the convoy, one by one turned back. “I think they are going back to the ministry’s office.” Akash said. The guards surrounding the minister’s car, ran along.

“Akash, drop another one on the home ministry’s gate. It’s clear. Quick....” Akash regulated the drone back to the home ministry. The drone, reached the home ministry building in less than five minutes. “One, two, three and...Fire!” The grenade dropped in front of the home ministry gate. The security troops rushed around the building and took their positions to counter attack.

“Akash, they have installed automated launchers in his house,” Ella said spying over HM’s digital security setups in his house.

“Will it create a problem?” I asked.

“Well I don’t think so. Just informing you both that your government is trying to play smarter.”

“They have turned from Rajpath Marg.” Akash said.

“Yeah. Now they won’t go back to the ministry. They have taken another path to reach his bungalow. As, they have an anti-drone set up in his home, they will try to move there safely.” I said. “They have received it as a gift with S-400 from Russia. There would be another twenty sets installed at some other location. They have recently got it delivered from the Russian government.” I said.

“Nothing to worry. SLAC is not traceable by ultra-sonic sensors. Anyway, it’s my baby. Won’t return without victory,” Akash said proudly.

“Like you.” I said, flattering him. I winked at Ella who caught my tricky intentions to pump him up. Though, he had put on the virtual glass, his lips made a small curve at my words.

After ten minutes, the convoy reached MMS’s bungalow. As MMS moved inside his bungalow, Ella switched the satellite view into sketch mode. MMS turned into a red dot.

“He has got tough security inside.” Ella guessed after looking at the blue dots blinking through the thermal view of the building.

“Where is he now? Not moving. He has sat down somewhere maybe.” Akash said.

“He is in the washroom.” Ella said.

“What is he doing? Peeing?” I humoured.

“Shitting, I guess,” Ella said and we burst in laughter.

“How many other people are in the house?” Akash asked.

“There are ten other people.”

“They may be the servants. Not security.” Ella said.

“Akash drop the bomb in the garden. It's clear.” Ella said.

“Are you sure?”

“Yep, do it.”

“Okay. One - two – three!” He counted, “And.... Fire!” He clicked on the launch button and a grenade dropped in the garden.

But, the grenade didn’t blast.

We looked at each other in surprise.

“What happened?”, “Any problem?” I and Ella said at the same time.

“What do we do now... what” I stopped when Akash stuck his thumb up. “Boom!” He said.

The HM residence was surrounded by clouds of smoke. After the blast in the garden, people started running out of the bungalow.

“F***” Akash said as a nano-missile launched from the HM’s residence and followed the drone. “Ella, they have automatic rocket launchers.”

“Drop the tube... quick quick...” I said.

Before he could shoot from the auto launcher, a micro missile hit the SLAC.

“Damn it...” Akash banged his hand on the panel.

“Oh... Shit!” Ella said as the drone blasted into pieces in the air.

“Sorry ma’am...” Akash said in a disappointed tone.

“No problem guys. The job is done. The purpose has been served.”

“Hey look, he is running out from the wash room! I hope, he has washed his ass before running out!” Ella said and we burst into laughter.

Ella switched the screen into normal view. The panic-stricken MMS was surrounded by the security team at the porch. “Look, I was correct.

He has not put on his trousers, look!” Ella said pointing the laser pen at his ass on the screen and we burst in laughter.

The fire vehicles and ambulances arrived in moments. The rubbles of collapsed drone were burning on the terrace. The smoke of the blast filled the surrounding.

“Whenever MMS will wash his ass, he will remember you Akash.” As I said, we burst into uncontrollable laughter.

“Party time guys! Ella get some good wines, we need to celebrate.” I said.

“Great idea. Hold on a moment. I will come back with the champagne.” She said and walked out of the lab.

“Ma'am. I am coming with you -”

“Akash. Not again, please.” I said, seeing him tune into his in sad mode.

“Ma'am! It's not about Ella. I haven't slept properly. I need rest.”

“Akash, Please be with us for a drink, and then leave. Don't let your emotions get the better of you.”

“Okay ma'am, if you insist I will have a drink. But after that, please....” He paused as I gave him a dirty stare. “Ma'am, it's not about Ella! I have seen my people get beaten up by the police. Do you think it was easy for me? I have not slept for two days. I have got some relief after taking revenge on this bloody MMS.”

“Okay. But it's not over. You have to kill twenty more men. Here is the list of forty people. Pick the easy twenty and finish them.” I said passing him a sheet of paper. “I have already discussed it with Ella.”

He took a look. “I need three days. We have to move some more drones from Lakshadweep.”

“Okay. Do whatever you need to do. But finish them. It's time to give them a tight slap. Disturb their sleep, if they have disturbed yours, and yeah...” I paused and looked down. “Behave generously with Ella, okay?”

He nodded.

“I can understand your feelings. But we are here to achieve shared objectives. Not to create love stories.” I said.

“Ma'am! It's not Ella to whom -” He paused as Ella appeared back in the lab.

“And here we go.” She came to us with two wine bottles in her hands.

“Ella...? Please... please...” Akash resisted, but she had already showered half of the champagne on him. She came to me, “Ella? No...No...” I tried to resist but she shocked me as well.

“Now it's the drink of victory!” She said and offered the bottle to me.

“To the victory you guys achieved for me!” I said and took a sip.

I passed the bottle to Akash. “You may leave now if you want.”

“Well.... thanks.” He took a sip and passed the bottle to Ella. “Ella, see you in the evening, may be at dinner, if I wake up.” He said yawning.

“It's fine. Get some rest and be ready for tomorrow.” She said. “Let's sit in the drawing hall, ma'am.” She said and we walked out of the lab.

Ella came to the drawing room after seeing off Akash to the door. “A strange guy!” She said and took a long sip of wine.

“Actually he saw you and Wale that night.” I said.

She looked at me in surprise.

“Down there at the river, by the backyard.” I said, pointing towards the direction of the river.

“What?” Her eyes widened and face numbed. “But how...could...oh...sorry... just a minute...” She said and rushed to the wash basin. She sprinkled water on her face.

“How did he see us?” She said as she returned.

“We both actually, me and Akash, watched you guys making out.” I clarified. “We came down to your place at night. To meet you. We looked around and found both you and your mate, mating under the oak tree!” I said naughtily.

“Oh...ma’am...” She smiled and buried her face in her palms.

“Sorry... Darl...” I said while raising eyebrows.

“It's okay. Not your fault. Ma’am.” She said abashed to another level.

“It's your personal life. But I don't know why Akash felt bad.” I gently prodded to make her talk. “He loves you maybe. So?” I asked.

“He used to flirt with me. I never realised he was so serious!”

“I thought you guys would catch up, as I thought you both are...” I shrugged my hands insinuating regret.

“Errr, he is the emotional type. And you know, I can't handle emotions. But you know what?-" She said and paused. “He actually loves you.”

“What?” I said as my mouth fell open. “Trust me, he is crazy about you!” She said.

“Oh, please Ella!” I said.

“Ma’am, I am serious!”

“Oh. That's not possible!”

“Why?”

“I am like a devotional figure to him. He wouldn't even dare look at me that way! I am like an idol that he and the people of his state worship.” I said. “Apart from that, look at me... my age. I am an older woman, honey!”

“Who says?” She frowned. “If I were a boy, I would be crushing on you!” She said, giving me a naughty look.

“Ella? Stop it.” I gave her serio-comic look. I remembered Kaavya who used to tease me in the same way.

“I am serious, ma'am!” She said. “It’s your presence which makes men feel intimidated by you. So they can’t express their feelings for you.” She said.

“Oh come on... no more jokes, Ella.” I faked annoyance at her, though I knew she was right.

“I am serious, ma'am! He has a serious crush on you!” She said excited.

“How can you say that?”

“Read this.” She gave me a diary.

“What is that?”

“You check it yourself.” She said. “He has been writing poems on you. This is his diary.”

“Ella!” I frowned. “You stole his personal stuff?”

“Sorry ma'am.” She said and shrugged. “I found him to be a really interesting guy, and so I picked his personal stuff.”

I shook my head. “You are too naughty.”

“Read that butterfly poem. It just says to what extent you have become a part of his neurology.”

I flipped the pages and paused till I got to my picture on a page. I continued reading,

“

Knight Queen and Butterfly

It's a hazy evening and I am on the bench at blue lagoon.

The gusts of wind are sweeping the fallen leaves of maples.

I am looking far at the horizon beyond the sea.

Thinking about the sender of the waves! Somebody is pushing them.

A juicy drop falls on my face.

I looked up, and a butterfly perches on a ripened plum.

The juicy dew drops are dripping out of the plum-berry.

The butterfly flickers after every sip.

Wow! Just wow!

I asked him, who sends the waves at the bay?

It said,

”

My eyes shrank on every line to understand what Mr. Poet meant to say. I looked at Ella.

“Beautiful. Isn't it?” She giggled.

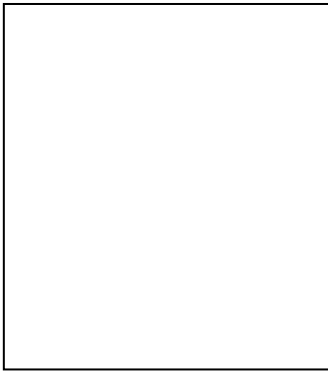
“Excuse me! Just a minute.” I said to her and moved to the wash basin. I washed my face to simmer down the buzz from the alcohol.

I shook my head at Ella and continued reading the rest of lines.

“

*The rain, the rainbow,
The peace at Pearl Harbour,
The lounge upon a lonely castle,*

*Ocean's Air and Salty hair,
Oh! A fairy queen is there!
She is the widow, turned off windows
Set into the dark, passing a dull life
Will of her, by every breath,
On and on, pushing the weaves,*



*I sail the boat to her, but
The guilt storm whirls me down
Fair-unfair, right n wrong
Pull me deep n' down*

*Oh my might,
Let me sail, Listen my yells
Let me sail beyond the sea
I am the sky, but can't fly
Let me sail like a butterfly*

*Oh my knight Queen,
I wanna peck on you
I wanna soak-in you
I wanna breathe-in you*

”

As I read the poem, the dormant womanhood inside me shook up. I realised the immense scarcity of something in my life. My picture was trimmed out of the Vogue magazine and it was pasted in the middle of the poem. I looked at Ella and gave a short smile.

“Fabulous! Isn't it?” She said smiling back.

“Crazy guy.” I said sheepishly looking down.

“You are the queen beyond the sea, who is sending the waves and destroying his dreams at the sandy beach.” She said.

“His poetry flew me as high as he flies the drones.”

“Ma’am? Akash is perfect for you. And, you really need someone. Why are you punishing yourself?” She said. There was a sincerity in her tone.

“No way. I am 10 years older than him! I can’t even think of it.”

“Oh, come on ma’am!”

“Nope, I’m not gonna do that...” I frowned. “By the way, Ella? Both you and Wale were epic that day, eh? How many others like Wale?” I asked her naughtily and changed topic.

“Ma’am? I am not that type. It’s just that, love is not my cup of tea. Emotions scare me and remind me about my parents whom I have never seen or met. I love to be with Wale as he is aggressive, bold, handsome, and funny. I enjoy his company and so catch up with him sometimes.”

“Good. Go on then.” I smiled. “I got to go.” I said looking at the clock.

“Take this with you.” She passed me the diary.

“Are you sure?”

“It’s none of my use. You better keep it.”



Apocalypso

Akash:

It's a bushy jungle and I am lost. The jackals are chasing me and I am running to get rid of them in a few minutes, there will be the sunset and everything will be dark. I am running faster and faster. The jackals are just few steps behind me. Before they can jump on me, I jump into a deep dark valley. I am falling endlessly. Before I crash into the dark mine, my eyes blink open and I wake up from the scary dream. My heartbeat continued thumping on my chest and my breath shortened.

Three days had passed and I had literally murdered twenty men! All those killings are flashing in my memory. I am feeling scared, especially when I take shower. I am not able to close my eyes in the bathroom. I feel those murdered men are taking a bath along with me. None of them were good people, but killing somebody isn't easy. I am afraid of turning on the news as they are showing their faces again and again. When I drink the glass of water, I check whether it's water or blood that is inside? The scary thoughts are eating up my brain like ants eat up a live caterpillar.

I moved on to the resting chair at the balcony to observe nature. I looked at the sky and folded my hands to the rising sun, 'Oh my lord, please give me the strength.' I closed my eyes in a prayer.

A piece of paper wrapped around a ball hit my chest, catching me off guard. I took the paper off and read the writing on it. It read 'May I come in?'

Who the fuck was trying to scare me at this hour! Irritated, I looked down from the gallery. I didn't see anybody.

"Hey, who is there?" I shouted scarily.

Richa ma'am showed up. Oh, man! This woman will kill you someday!

"Hey ma'am! What's up? What are you doing?" I said, my tongue trembling, and face carrying a scary smile.

"Just jogging around." She was in her white tights. "By the way, what are you doing?" She asked.

"Just woke up and now chilling in the balcony. Why don't you join me? Come, let's sit together. Give me a minute?" I said and walked downstairs to open the door.

As I opened the door she wasn't there. I waited for her. "Ma'am?" I shouted. Oh man, you have turned into a psycho! It was just an illusion. She was not real!

After waiting for a while, I stepped out of the door to re-check if she appears. She didn't and I returned to the door. I was about to shut the door when I felt a hand on my shoulder – "Mummyyy," I screamed and turned back, aghast.

"Here I am!" Richa ma'am said. I wanted to pinch her shoulder to check her realness. "Ma'am? You got in from the balcony?" I asked. My whole body was shaking.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Of course."

"What a...," I paused to think for the right word to say, "Pleasant surprise!" I fake smiled on her prank that had literally blasted off my ass.

"Fat gai, no?" She smirked.

"Yes. Fat gai." I frowned. "I am not 'brave'." I air-quoted on 'brave'. "Happy?" I looked at her with a pinch of anger and fear. "I have killed twenty two people as of now. Now they are wandering with me everywhere." I said scowling at her.

"Awww. Sorry, sorry." She pouted her lips to regret. "Let's sit. No more jokes. Promise." She assured.

*

“DNA matters, ma’am. It’s easy for you to kill somebody. But, it’s not that easy for me.” I told her.

“Just being a robot geek is not enough. Ruling on a robot is far easier than ruling over people who are living like robots. One has to control the emotions for the right time and actions. If you can’t manage your own emotions, how are you gonna manage the public’s emotions?” She said, sipping something out of a shaker bottle that she had carried along in her waist pack. “One has to control jealousy for Ella and has to wait until the right time comes.” She taunted, raising an eyebrow.

“Oh. Not again please...” I turned my gaze away.

She offered me the bottle, “Have some orange,” She said. I took it and sipped a gulp out of it. The smell of her strawberry lip balm imprinted on the tip of bottle overlapped with the smell of orange juice.

“Why did you create a scene on that day in the lab?” She asked.

“I don’t know how to react on things, ma’am. I never expected that Wale can be Ella’s choice.”

“Why Wale can’t be her choice? This is not India. Wale is not an ordinary man. He is the king of Robotics. Ella has chosen his intelligence, not his colour!”

“Ma’am... you first rooted the seed of my possibility to have Ella, in me. And now you are uprooting it. What do you want me to do?”

She took a long breath. “I just wanted you to be happy and find the company of somebody at this place. I thought Ella will be good for you.”

“Please ma’am! Leave me alone for god’s sake. I don’t need anyone’s company.” I begged with folded hands.

“It pinches me when I see you upset, Akash. Today, you got scared no? It’s not easy to be alone.”

“It’s not your fault at all, ma’am.”

“I am the one who picked you from India and brought you here.”

“Ma’am, please don’t feel guilty for me at all. You are my ideal. My identity. I can’t see you in trouble because of me.”

“You are not trouble for me. And you can’t wipe out my troubles.” She said gazing away. Her tone had a pinch of loneliness.

“Ma’am, please tell me openly. Something, for sure, pinches you very deeply. I know,” I said lowering my voice to a calmer note.

“You won’t understand. Leave it.”

“No. Please tell me, ma’am. You have always kept me wondering about you. You never opened up to me.”

“What you think? I don’t have a heart or emotions? In fact, my heart is larger than yours, and my emotions are more sensitive than yours. But when you decide to walk on a path, you can’t give a shit to the feelings. When, I see you miss your home and family, it hurts me. But, this sacrifice has no any other option. We both have now jumped into a boat which has to reach the bay. There is no escape. You are the one who decides our journey. I am an old woman. I have wounds that would last a lifetime. I can’t more than what I have.” She said looking down.

I had for the first time seen her talking in such a manner.

“You are a young man. I will not be there with you every moment. You have to make friends.” She said.

“It’s not about Ella, or having friends. I never had those deep feelings about her.”

“Then it’s about whom?” She asked her eyes locked to mine.

It skipped my heart and my thoughts choked up. I looked down. I was gathering my guts to give the true answer.

“It’s about whom, Akash?” She asked. I was still looking down, but I could guess that her eyes were locked on me. My tongue turned dry and my throat choked up.

I chose to be silent and let her take pick up on the hints. My eyes were locked to the floor. The strawberry fragrance floated in. She was sliding closer to me.

“It’s about whom?” She asked for the third time, her mouth just an inch away from my ear. “Please tell me.” Her voice mumbled in my ear.

“It’s about you.” The most difficult sentence of my life just fell out from the blank of my mind. I looked up, turned my head and found her eyes just three inches away, looking at mine.

As our eyes met, our faces inched closer and our lips locked on each other and separated after two nano seconds. The miracle moment happened as though the clouds clashed and a lightning bolt had hit.

My eyes moved up and our eyes met again. Our lips clasped on each other. This time, it lasted a bit longer, enough to become warmer.

My eyes looked into hers. At this time our eyes didn’t move down. They just smiled coyly at each other.

“Since when?” She asked.

“From the day, you killed the lion and saved my life!” As I said, she kissed me for the third time, deeper and more profound than the first two times. Wet and wild. My dried out tongue, choked out throat, blocked out heart and each cell of body became full as my lips sucked all the strawberry lip balm from hers. The process ended for us to take a gasp of breath.

“Have you never felt it?” I said my eyes still struggling to meet and match her eyes.

“I was waiting for you to write down a poem for me.” She said and giggled.

I shrank my eyes, “What?” I was surprised. She took my diary out of her waist pack.

I shook my head and smiled.

“You are the butterfly now.” She said her face abashed and looking down. “What does the butterfly do then?”

“Are you sure?”

She looked away, gasped in and released a long breath, raising her eyebrows up. She must have thought of me as an idiot. She stood up and moved inside the bedroom. . I followed her to the bedroom moments later. She was lying by side on the bed, her head resting on her hand. A gust of wind rushing through the window ruffled her long hair.

I stood for a while like a dumb person.

She draped herself in a blanket and tossed her tights one by one in the corner. She then laid back with the same position facing the window, clearly hinting me to make a move.

My sight swung to the mirror. "What are you doing?" My man in the mirror got irritated. "Go, you idiot." He scorned at me. I moved slowly towards her highness, Rani Sahiba.

I slowly pulled the blanket off her naked body that glowed up under a shower of sun beams. Her eyes were closed, but a naughty smile played on her face.

"The wild wild beauty!" I said, my hand driving through each and every perfectly maintained curve of her majestic physique.

"You idiot!" She said, smiling and burying her face into the pillow.

We kissed for a while and I slid my head over her heart.

*All those wounds,
Under my mounds
Beating like volcanoes,
Do you hear that?*

She said in poetic way.

*"Yeah, I listen yelling them
Just beneath the milky pond
Let me, peck on both your mounds
And, heal those deep wounds"*

I replied in same way.

*Please, catch my breaths
They are boiling up
They want you to cool-em down
I can't hold-em up anymore"*

*I wanna you touch me
All over
But not by your hands*

*Your warmer lip lines
Have a taste of silk wine
They are melting like a butter slice*

*Then,
Let my lips slug down, like a snail*

*The musk
That, you are holding
Down your navel
Doping up me high
And
Luring for a deep dive*

*Blow me off
As, I am catching fire
Just bow down your head
And
Nectar shower is a moment ahead*

Our romantic poetry went on for thirty minutes. The sheer joy and peace had scattered around me.

"Sorry dear. I don't know why but - I just can't let –" She said and paused. She had let me do all what I wished to her, but showed me some resistance when I wished to enter her.

"It's okay. What I wanted is, just your love." I said with a blissful smile and buried my face in her chest. We were slimy and mingled among each other like I was a snail and she was my shell.

She caressed my hair till we fell asleep.

*

“I am leaving tomorrow.” She said looking at me from the mirror. She was wiping her wet hair. We had taken the shower together after waking up from an hour of napping.

I placed my chin on her shoulder, “Please don’t go.” I said looking at her image in the mirror.

“To bring your family here.” She added.

“What?” “Really?” “You are kidding. Aren’t you?”

“Oh man! I am not kidding. I am really going to bring them here.”

“Everything is fine, no?”

“Mr. President has delivered a message for me. The Indian government has activated search operations across America to find you out so we better move them here.”



Kokila Ben at DRI

Akash:

A week of separation passed and Richa ma'am was about to land with my family within few minutes. I was waiting to receive them.

I couldn't believe what had happened just a couple of days ago. And, that too with her highness, Rani Sahiba! I felt as if every cell of my body is toxin-free. The sense of revenge, fear and hatred for all the enemies who were drooling upon my head and heart, just washed away. It was as if I was pardoned for all my sins. I felt so light in the head and the heart. My life had turned blissful and my every act had become a romantic poem.

The dust of dry leaves curled up as the chopper landed ahead of me on a wide flat mesa.

"Bhaiya? Bhaiya?" My little sister rushed at me.

"Hey Nikku! My little angel!" I lifted her up in my arms.

"Bhaiya, why had you left us without informing?" She scolded.

"I am so sorry, Nikku. Please forgive me."

"No I won't," She made a face. "You know. I felt so worried about you," She was about to cry.

"Please?" I touched my ear lobe. "Forgive me, Nikku. Look, now we are together, no?"

She smiled with tears in her eyes, "Okay. Don't do it again. Letting you go this time." She said.

"Pappa, Maa. Kem chho?" I said touching their feet and hugging them.

“Look at you. All drained out. You never look after yourself!” My mom looked concerned and agitated.

“Maa, I have put on ten kilos of weight. Do I still look slimmer to you?”

“Chalve, Khotadaa.” She said scowling at me.

“Ae Maa, you look like Miss America. Ho?” I teased her wiggling my eyes at her western outfits.

“Chalve, Rep pakad ne,” She said making a grumpy face. Richa ma’am giggled and drew my attention. She blushed and looked down as I stared at her.

“Aey Akuda... this place is like a heaven, ho?” She said looking around.

“Yeah, Maa. But you know? It was incomplete without you people.” I said with gratitude on my face.

“Rani Sahiba.” My father folded hands at Richa Ma’am. “We won’t ever be able to pay back for all that you and your family had done for us-”

“Offo, uncle, please, don’t make me feel shy.” She said interrupting him.

“This is America uncle. I am not Rani Sahiba here. We are humans here.” She said humbly. “And-” She paused looking at me, “Your son is not an ordinary person now. He has become a big man.” She said giving me a tempted look. Thousands of butterflies flew out of me. I wanted to sing the ‘Saathiya’ movie title song with her. But, I postponed it for later.

I clicked in my watch and the butterfly doors of holly lifted up. My mother looked surprised and exchanged glances with my father.

“Shall we go?” I said and waved them to sit.

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“You don’t have a stove in the kitchen?” She shouted.

I moved into the kitchen. “We have this microwave.”

“I don’t know how to operate those things. Bring a stove for me.”

“We have the electric stove.” I took the induction stove out of the shelf, plugged it and switched it on. “Press this button to on and off. This one is to increase the heat and this one is to reduce. Okay?” I showed her a demo, “Make my tea, Maa. I missed your hand made tea so much.”

“Okay. Go and take a seat with your father. Talk to him.” She said. My mother never gave up hope and kept trying to convert us from dad-ly to dude-ly father-son duo.

I sat next to my dad. He was watching an Indian news channel. Nikku had been to Richa ma’am’s home with her.

My father looked at me as he saw my name again and again in all news channels.

“What has happened in India? You killed people?” He asked, aghast.

“Yes, papa. Twenty two people. Including Savita, and that bastard Mukul Pradhan,”

“Have you gone mad?”

“Why? What’s so wrong in that?”

“But, why you killed them? Are you a terrorist?”

“Papa. Please keep your fear and philosophy to yourself. Watch the news for two days and then conclude about me, okay? Please don’t make me feel guilty.” I said irritated.

“How many people will you kill more?”

“You know what? I am not a terrorist, first of all. And, I have become a role model in India, by the way. I have the world’s highest FB followers and YouTube subscribers. Every news channel is showing me. I am trending in our country-” The noise of a siren interrupted me.

I ran into the kitchen. My mother had burnt a Pita bread and the whirls of smokes caused the rings of siren. I ran around to switch off the alarm; meanwhile I got a call in the telephone.

“Hello?” I picked the call.

“What happened? The siren rang in your home?” Ella asked.

“Nothing. Just burnt some food.”

“Okay. I am turning it off.” She said and disconnected the call. The siren voice ended after a minute.

“Maa? What are you doing?” I said frowning at her.

“I was cooking up roti for you baka.”

“I know that. Please just make tea for me.” I begged with folded hands. “Don’t cook smoky food-”

The doorbell interrupted me. I opened the door and found a mob of neighbours.

“Hey Akash, you all right? We heard the siren noise in your home.” Wale said.

“Um, I am quite well, dear. Just burnt some food in the kitchen. Nothing to worry.” I said, giving a pursed smile.

“Okay, fine then.” He shrugged his shoulders. “Bye mate,” He said and they were about to leave when my mother stepped out of the door.

“Welcome, welcome. You come. Pli. Want tea?” She said to them and their eyes stagnated on her. I had a face-palm moment in my head.

Wale gave me a ‘Who is she?’ look.

“Folks! Meet my mom. My parents have recently landed.” I said.

“Oh! Namasthey mother!” Wale folded his hand.

“Namastey- Namastey-” My mother chanted, bowing her head to all of them.

“Guys, why don’t you all come inside and join us for a cup of tea? My mother insists.” I told them.

“Well, that will be great!” Wale said and the group walked into my home.

I led them to the sofas and moved into the kitchen.

“Baka, who is that Kaliya?” She pointed at Wale.

“Mom? Don’t use that word. They know, we say them Kaliya.” I whispered.

“By the way, they are very kind and supportive. These goras too. All the people in the church took good care of us, like a family. I got their number. I will call them,” She said with gratitude.

“Maa? Don’t even think of that!”

She made a face.

“Do you want a missile bombing at this place and finishing this heaven?”

“I don’t know what you are up to? Not letting me to call and talk back to people in India. I haven’t even talked to Santa and Kanta for a long time!”

I smiled. “Maa? How is Pinkey?”

“She is good. She was asking about you after you left for sanyaasa,”

“Is it?”

“Yeah. Santa, Kanta and that Pinky took care of me; otherwise I had almost collapsed after you left.” She said.

“E akuda. I will find a gori for you.” She said in excitement, pouring tea into the cups.

“Maa? Why gori? Don’t you want Ahmedabadi chhori?” I said, raising an eyebrow.

“Nope. I want you to have white babies. Like the teddy bears. Smooth and soft.” She laughed aloud slapping on my back.

“Maa? It hurts.” I said pampering on my back.

She walked to the living room and served Chai to all accidental guests.

“Hey Akash, we have arranged a welcome party for your family today. It’s at nine. Be on time. Yeah?” Jimmy, one of my colleagues in the AI department said after taking a sip of tea.

“Yeah. Sure.” I said. “Maa, today they have organized a welcome party for the three of you.” I whispered in Gujarati to my mother.

“Really?” She said and her eyes widened. “Too good. Too good.” She said looking at them. “Thank you. Very much. All you. Very good people.” She said, overwhelmed by the sense of belongingness.



Mr. President's advice

Richa Devi:

"The Prime Minister has been continuously updating the security agencies. They have sought for help from Europe, Israel, America and Russia." I said to Ella and Akash. We were gathered at Ella's residence to discuss the next plans.

"What is Mr. President saying?" Akash asked.

"He wants to end all this." I said.

Akash gave me a surprised look.

"Don't worry. He has suggested an idea. Assembly elections are around the corner. He says we should seek support from a genuine political party in India," I said.

"They are all the same." Akash said with a grimace. "Who will support us?"

"We can't carry on with the same style for very long. We have to conclude this before they prove you to be a terrorist. These old desi politicians will die but will not change their ways of doing things. In such a case and if this is the only way, I could see it as a better option."

"I think they will shortly ban YouTube." Ella said.

"Yeah, they will. They will ban everything. They will let the whole country die, but will keep their ego alive. This is the problem with aged politicians." I said.

"They are like gutters that keep collecting the garbage and breed frogs but never let them jump out and see the beautiful world."

Ella looked at me and gave a wry smile. 'There goes Mr Poet', her expression said it. She still thought I have not told Akash anything about the diary. I did not let her know about me and Akash as I wanted to keep

the matter a secret. Somewhere in the corner of my heart, I felt a pinch that said, me being older, it is unwise for me to be intimate with a young boy like Akash.

“Which party do you think, we should approach?” Akash asked.

“We will make a video go viral on YouTube. Then, let’s see what happens? If Common Man’s Party agrees, we should choose them. What you say?”

“I don’t think people out of Delhi appreciate Mr. Dhariwal.”

“Well, let’s see. We have two days’ time to think. Then, you can make the announcement go viral.”

“Ma’am, you are supposed to be in the party today.” Ella said. Being, a transporter as per the perception of the DRI folks, I had to maintain my distance with them. Even, I was not going to have my meals at the lounge. Ella used to deliver me the food at my home.

“Oh, please spare me honey, I am fine.” I said.

“No. You have to come. It’s fine to hang out with DRI folks sometime.” She said.

“If you insist, I will join today. Happy?”

“That’s so nice of you.” She jumped to give me a hug.

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Akash:

“Maa? Please don’t use your hand movements.” I told my mother who was busy looking at the lavish decorations at the party.

“Why? It’s my hand. I will move it the way I like.” She said making a face.

“These goras don’t like it.” I whispered.

“Oh. Really? Who cares!?” She retorted.

I shook my head and looked down.

“Look at that old woman, wandering like the queen of America!” She said looking jealously at an old lady. “What is the name of queen?” She asked, scratching her head.

“I don’t know. Who Victoria?” I asked.

“Yes! Victoria. She thinks of herself as the Victoria of America.” She said, pointing at the old lady.

“Maa? Please keep your hand down.” I got irritated with her frequent pointing at people while sharing gossip.

“See. I don’t care about the customs of these elitist goras. Don’t do this. Don’t do that. Don’t laugh loudly. Talk slowly. They don’t even fart properly!” She said bouncing off her hands on every sentence and laughing out loud on the last one.

“Maa, you don’t understand what I mean to say.”

“I understand everything. Don’t teach me.” She said and moved to Richa ma’am.

“Hey Rani Sahiba? Take Akuda away from me.” She complained about me.

Richa Ma’am giggled. “Why, what happened?” She asked her.

“He is torturing me. Keeps telling me, don’t do this, don’t do that!” She said looking scornfully at me.

“Come Akash. Please leave them alone. Why are you bothering aunty? She would be fine. Won’t you aunty?” She asked my mother.

“Yes yes, hundred percent fine. You take him far away from me.” My mother said making a face.

“Akash come, Ella will take care of them” Richa Ma’am pulled my hand and dragged me along with her.

“Ma’am, where are we going?”

“Follow me.”

“But, let me tell Ella, at least!”

She waved her hand to shush and pulled me out of the party.

Richa Devi:

“Your mom is a big shot!”

“Why? What happened?”

“Ate my head me all the way to DRI. She talked continuously during the travel. She must have asked me thousands of questions.”

“Questions as in?”

“As in, why I didn’t find someone in my life? It’s not good for me to stay single and all that,”

“And, what did you say?”

“What will I say? That, her son has been looting the majesty of her highness Rani Sahiba?”

I ran my hand through his hair. He had laid between my legs. We were covered under a blanket. I couldn’t hold my thirst longer and escaped with him into my villa, stealing him from the eyes of the party folks.

He played with his tongue, “Akash!” I screamed.

“What?”

“Please...” I hissed.

“I am feeling the musk deficiency.” He said and landed his teeth.

My spine jerked, “Akash?” I yelled, grabbing his hair.

“Why do you wear such tight lingerie?” “It’s worth over a thousand dollars. You idiot!”

“Well, it’s worthless, compared to the treasure you are holding up.” He said.

“Aaaw”, “Please”, “Aaaw”, “Huh?” I kept moaning on his every tingle that flamed every nerve of my body.

“Please stop it!” I said holding my breath.

He moved the blanket off his head, “Are you sure?” He looked up at me.

My face blushed in shame. I smiled and shook my head, looking at him.

I left the treasury open for him and he looted it for an hour. His treasure hunt left every cell of my body soaked and pulsating. However, he could not dare approach me to enter his manhood inside me, and I had maintained that dominance.

We took a refreshing shower followed by chocolate desserts and sips of Negroni.

I banged the bottle of wine on the table, “Now you look what I do to a thief who dares to hunt our most precious treasure.” I said and placed the hourglass on a desk next to the bed.

“Sorry to say, but you are talking to a man who is leading and shaping the army of the one hundred and thirty three crore lost warriors.” He said and plonked himself back on the king sized bed suite.

I moved upon him, untied his bathrobe. I removed my full length round neck black T-shirt and threw it away. I clasped my hands on both of his wrist and rode him restlessly for half hour until he finally said “Shall we take a break?” He had turned into a sloth.

I fell off laughing.

“I won, you lose. Huh?” I asked, raising an eyebrow.

He shook his head. "It's just ceasefire. The battle is not over." He gave a wry smile.

"Then, stay on you young man." I said and continued with double force.

"Okay, okay. I lose." He interrupted.

"The battle is over. Huh?" I said frowning.

He nodded. "I accept defeat." He said and we fell in laughter.

I released his quenched arms and moved off from above him. He gasped out a long breath of relief and gave me a tempting smile. I laughed back panting and staring at him. We were soaking with sweat as our battle had raised the room temperature from minus ten to plus ten.

We lay on the bed for some minute, unless he got up and checked his self in the mirror.

"How would I cover up these love wounds." He said pointing at the marks on his neck. He turned his head and looked at the scratches on his back.



It's complicated

Akash:

“And, here we go.” Ella set the DSLR camera on a stand.

“What to do now? How would we make the video go viral?” I asked Ella. She was correct in her guess. The Indian government had banned YouTube.

“Don’t worry. WhatsApp is still on,”

“But, who do we send the video to?”

“To Richa Ma’am, of course! She has her linkages with the Indian media.”

“Okay.” I shrugged.

“Get ready.” She said.

I stood by the clear white wall.

“Ughh! I have to tell you everything!” She said as her hands rested on hips. “Your hairs are un-combed!” She walked to me and brushed my hair. She sponged my face and wiggled her eyes to check my makeup. “Now you look damn handsome.” She said and went back to her position behind the camera.

“How is Wale? I haven’t met him since the last three days,” I asked her.

“He is fine” She said, as casually as possible. She checked the camera, lighting, microphone and teleprompter. “All set.” She said, sticking her thumb out.

“Get, set, go -” She said and pressed the record button.

I began reading the teleprompter,

“

First of all, I am deeply sorry about the chaos created because of me. The government has banned FB and YouTube. It sounds as if they have made up their mind to keep the nation running under poverty, violence and restlessness.

The power they use to shatter the youths and suppress the people was ten times larger and stronger than the power they needed to manifest India 2033. Let's leave their ego and arrogance to them.

I am happy and I salute the police force for releasing innocent people and taking the side of the truth. I knew, the police force ignored the government's back door torturing and favoured the truth and justice with bravery.

I bow my head to the police force for expressing dignity, truthfulness and the strength by releasing the wrongly jailed people.

I am bowing down to the youths, who gathered at Delhi gate and other places across the country, staging dharnas for my support.

I am bowing down to the warriors, who didn't fear the system and stood still with their vote of opinion in my favour, in spite of being brutally beaten, trapped and pushed behind the bars.

I am sad about the selfish party workers, who are yet engaged in their high voltage drama of protesting and marching against me, to paint me a terrorist, and spreading anarchy throughout the whole country.

The government closed all the doors to express a vote of favour to me. They tried brutally to suppress the voice of the public, so I don't see any other option but to officially gain the vote for Vision India 2033.

Let's try to solve the conflict in a peaceful and non-violent manner. The assembly elections are going to be held after a month.

I am here to promote a political party for the upcoming general assembly elections. Any party that agrees to vision India 2033 and wants to execute my Strategic Action plan, is requested to make a public announcement for the same.

I tried my best to apply SOC, but could not make it.

The current government didn't even give this a second thought. Instead, they are trying to challenge me to commit more violence.

As I have said before, I have the resources to kill a million dirty men. But, I am not a murderer. I want to proceed as peacefully as I can. So this is the only next alternative I have left.

I hereby, openly offer my hand to the party that wants to hire me on my conditions.

I have four conditions along with my open offer to all the parties.

Firstly, the candidate of the party must have a professional master's degree from any of the reputed government institutes.

Secondly, the election candidate must be aged below forty.

Thirdly, the candidate must not have a proven criminal background or crime history.

Fourthly, the party will have equal numbers of men-women candidates.

And, something very important!

Let me clarify one thing. I will never join politics. That's my promise to India. I give my word to one hundred thirty three crore citizens.

I will be eagerly waiting for the official announcement from the party that wants to join me and my Vision for the Nation.

After a week, I will show up again with the selection of a party and will announce it to the nation.

Till that time, wishing good mornings and good nights to all of you.

”

“Perfect.” Ella said as the speech ended.

“Now, the turn for the election campaign video.” She said, setting the next slides into the teleprompter. “Ready?”

I nodded.

“Okay, then, Get, Set, Go -” She said and I started reading the teleprompter.

We performed another five-minute campaigning shoot for the Common Men Party.

“What if this Dhariwal won’t agree with you?” She said winding up the camera set up.

“He will definitely come forward to support me.”

“Hope so.” She shrugged with a smile. “Now listen, I have cooked something for you. Wanna try it?” She said winding up the camera and other setups.

“For me?”

She gave a brief nod and smiled.

“What, you cooked?”

“Khi--chha—ri,” She struggled to pronounce.

“Khichadi?”

“Yeah. That one.”

“How come? Do you know the recipe?”

“I met your mom. I had taken her for a trip to the blue lagoon.” She said and her face blushed looking down. Now this is being tricky! When, I was few steps away of a ‘Yes’ from her, she had left me unanswered. Then, she stole my diary and read my poem for Richa ma’am. I am now concluded with a firm ‘No’ inspired by her make out session with Wale, now she will try to turn it to a ‘Yes’ and that too from my side. Someone needs to conduct a serious research on the woman’s brain.

“When?” I asked.

“Yesterday noon and today morning. She is so caring. She taught me the khi-chhaa-”

“Khichadi?”

“Yeah that one. She taught me how to cook it.” She said, smiling meekly. “She reminds me of my mom, who I have never met.”

I looked away, lost in the confusions of life. ‘It's gonna be complicated’ I murmured in my mind.



Assembly Warmed

Akash:

“Baka? I have found a gori for you,” My mother said excited. Richa ma’am gave me a surprised look. We were watching the fights of our honourable MLAs in the live assembly session.

“What?” I was surprised. “Who? Where?”

“That Ella-di. She is very good. She had taken me to the sea in that automatic car. She is so nice. She also enjoyed my company.” My mom said giggling in laughter. “That night, at the party, we had played Dandiya. Where did you disappear?”

“We had some important work to do. So, had to leave the party half way.” I said to my mother, while my eyes naughtily looked at Richa ma’am.

The political situation was heating up in India. I then realized how Richa ma’am had planned a calculated game. My announcement to support a party went viral across India. It had lured all major political parties. They had changed colours like chameleons. The oppositions, who were against me a few days ago, had started to show off their affectionate voice since last night. Even in the ruling party, the disputes among senior and junior leaders were rising up. All the parties started competing to come forward and announce their readiness to conduct elections under my leadership. The data analytics and news channels had started conducting surveys and polls through the country, and were predicting higher chance of winning for the party that will have my support.

Though, we were waiting for something specific for the news channels. Richa ma’am changed to another channel where Mr. Dhariwal was heading a press conference, and we finally found what we were looking for.

“We thought for a week. We called random meetings of party members across the country. We brainstormed and discussed it well,

and finally all of us have concluded to seek a support from Akash. So hereby, I on behalf of my party, officially declare that we want Akash to lead us. If we will come in power, all our strategies and policies will be formulated and implemented as per the guidance and instructions laid by him.” Mr. Dhariwal, finally declared his party’s support towards me.

“What are the reasons to support Akash?” A reporter asked him.

“Vision India 2033. His SAP is the core of development. Any developed country, you see, have been passed through those actions. And, like him, I am also an IITian. When we say something, we mean it. We first do enough research before advising the steps, unlike the so-called rough and rude leaders of nowadays, who let the whole country suffer due to their ignorance.” He said, smiling from ear to ear.

“What do you say about the murders commenced by Akash?” The reporter asked.

“No comments.”

“Are you supporting a violent person?”

“Actually, we are supporting non-violence! The current government was not listening to Akash. So the assassinations were happening. Moreover, Akash has provided rational reasons for committing all the strikes. The public are also in his support. If you want to stop the so-called ‘violence’ defined by you, then the only way to prevent violence would be to appreciate his vision and think on it instead of acting exactly against what he recommends. One’s intelligence must be honoured. If it’s not honoured, then sometime, somewhere, a Kautilya comes up and explains the value of the intelligence with a tight slap.”

Richa ma’am looked at me and we shared a smile of respect caused by the reference of the great Kautilya.

“I think we should not delay and should declare CMP as our party.” Richa ma’am said. “By tonight, the campaign video will go viral.” She said and stood up.

“Rani Sahiba, please sit no? Let me make some tea for you.” My mom said.

“No, aunty. I got a lot work to do.” She said and smiled. “Anyway, Akash? Meet me at my villa after dinner. I have to discuss the next course of action.” She said with a hint of mischief in her eyes.

“Um, yeah! Sure! I will be there.” I said and led her to the door.

“What does she do the whole day? Wouldn’t she be getting bored living alone?” My mother looked concerned about her as she left.

*

“My dear people, I want to let you know that I have chosen to campaign for the Common Man Party. If you love and like vision 2033, I want all of you to choose the same.

Always remember one thing; politicians don’t build the nation. It’s you, me, the artists, the engineers, the teachers, the shop keepers, the labourers, the doctors, the sweepers, the craftsmen, the farmers, the soldiers, the police and many other workers, who build the nation with honesty, integrity, love, faith and hopes.

What do you think? Should we hand over the nation that we are building with our hard work to the creeps who play ‘divide and rule’ politics with us. People have drained the nation dry and they have been successful in ruling us by destroying a well-established and harmonized society with the hammers of castes, clans, religions, richer, poorer, upper, lower and many more segments. This needs to be changed now. Especially, when, we have crossed 64% literacy rate across the country.

So, please don’t miss the rarest of the rare chance that I have offered you to hand over the nation to the few people

Who are comparably enthusiastic, young, educated, ethical, crime-free, knowledgeable and wise.

The chance to take revenge for your reasonless sufferings is in your hands. Trigger your hand on the CMP button on the day of voting and march towards vision India 2033.

Thank you.”

“Oho ho! See what a big man my son has become!” My mother said holding my chin, as the CMP campaign ad played on the television.

We were eagerly waiting for the video and finally it got telecasted in the news channels in the evening.

“I kept telling you, remember? Akudo will make our Khandaan proud? Look!” My mother said to my father pointing at the TV.

“Let’s go now. Dinner is waiting.” I said and we stood up to leave for the lounge.



Mr. Dhariwal swears as Prime Minister

Forecourt, The President House, December 2017, 06.13 PM

Akash:

*The Restless rides, and sleepless nights,
Quite hard, but the time has finally passed,
The emergency applied, the internet banned,
Some got voice, some voice pushed down,
Some rose up, some fell down,
Some died, some were born,
In the lap of elections,
After a month,
The happy ending happened.
The cup of victory was just right in my left hand.*

“I, Sachin Dhariwal, swear on the name of God that I will maintain the integrity of India. I will work without fear, anger or hatred and will do justice to all as per the constitution.”

As I heard the words, tears rolled out of my eyes. I looked at Richa ma'am who sat in a faraway corner looking at a picture on her phone. She was crying too, probably. Finally, Mr. Dhariwal took an oath as India's sixteenth prime minister at the forecourts of the President House in the presence of thousands of honorary guests. He was the youngest PM, born after India's independence from the British Empire. The CMP won the biggest victory in world history that any party had ever won, gaining the majority with three hundred fifty seats in the parliament and toppled the outgoing ruling party.

“Hey Akash?” Ella said, looking at the emanated flow of tears flowing out of my eyes. She wiped my tears. We were in the digital lab at her home to witness our life's biggest achievement. We had changed the government of the world's largest democracy with the help of

technology. Our next-to-impossible dream had come true. The public had overwhelmed the voting booths showing their full faith in me.

“Happy?” Ella asked me.

I nodded wiping my tears.

“Wanna say congratulations to Dhariwhal?” Ella asked.

“No. Not today. Tomorrow.”

“Okay.”

“Not by a phone call. But as always, through my FB page.”

“Well fine.”

“There will never be any secret conversations between Mr. Dhariwal and me. We will always communicate publically.” I said and peered at Richa ma’am, who had tears in her eyes.

I and Ella walked to her. “Ma’am? Please,” I said.

She took a long breath and showed me the picture, “Today I have paid the final tribute to Maharaj.” She said and gave a brief-smile.

“Not only you, but the whole nation, ma’am!” I said taking the photo from her hand and touched it on my forehead.

“I am leaving today,” She said.

Ella and I looked askance at her.

“To submerge the holy ashes of Maharaj into Sabarmati.” She said.

She had preserved Maharaj’s ash-bones for immersion! The vision India 2033 was a royal vow and it had to be achieved at any cost, I realized now. It was a firm will of a lioness, which had made all this happen, inspired by the sense of revenge born after her father’s assassination and compassion for the nation that was shielded by her ancestors and shattered by the slap of time. It was the greatest of the great ego! The ego of a real royal lady!

“I am coming with you ma’am. I too owe it.” I said.

“Me too,” Ella said, as she held her hand. “I am also part of India 2033.”

Richa ma’am gave a brief smile and shook her head, “Nope. You guys have a long way to go. It's just my journey that has come to end. I am leaving for India, tomorrow morning.”



2033, India.

Author:

At a Roadside

“Hello, location seven not seven, Sujata here. OVER.” A five and half feet tall beautiful female cop in an SOC uniform, standing next to her Enfield bike, picked up a walkie-talkie call.

“There are group of bikers wandering into Prahlad Nagar, the location seven not seven three. They are harassing the local girls for the past few days. Check and proceed. The bikers are at the place right now.” The officer on a radio line from the SOC head quarter instructed to Sujata.

“Yes Ma’am. COPY. OVER.”

“The complaint log number is three-two-four-two. OVER.” The officer said.

“COPY. The log three-two-four-two lodged. WILCO. OVER.” Sujata said.

“OVER AND OUT.” The officer said and disconnected.

Sujata put on her black aviator sunglass and tapped her hand on the bonnet of a car parked next to her bike. “Karan, wake up. We got a call. Let’s move.”

Karan, a tall handsome man, resting in an SUV car, woke up and stretched his arms clasped up.

“Location seven not seven three, Prahlad Nagar. Some perverts are waiting for our batons.” She said and kick-started her bike.

“Let’s move,” Karan said turning on the car and followed Sujata on the way to Prahlad Nagar.

At a Vegetable Cart

“No, cash aunty!” The Sabji-wala said to a woman.

“It’s just fifteen rupees, beta! Take cash, no?”

“Nope! Give me through BHIM or PayTm. I have got that one.”

Aunty made a face while scanning the QR code.

“Customers insist me to take cash. When, I give the change in cash, they simply say ‘No’. If I go in the bank and credit the cash, they deduct twenty percent. So your fifteen rupees remain twelve rupees for me. I can’t afford that.” The Sabji-wala said.

The government had discontinued the currency notes of denominations exceeding the value of twenty rupee. Nobody is willing to make cash transactions, as there is twenty percent charge on every cash deposit or withdrawal from the bank account. Since the last ten years, multiple taxes were discontinued and replaced by a single and centralized tax structure called the digital transaction tax, which is levied by point fifty percent on every credit transfer transaction into bank accounts.

At a home

“Keep calm, maa ji. Don’t worry. We will take care of chachaji.” The doctor said while injecting a syringe into the arm of a patient. A senior couple was living alone. The old man had got a heart attack and his wife had dialled 300 - an emergency health line number from her mobile phone. The doctor with a mobile OPD van reached within twenty minutes and initiated the treatment.

The government had executed the mobile OPDs across the country under ‘Health at Home’ program. The registered members are entitled to pay monthly one hundred rupee per person to ensure free health coverage from the government. In such a way the central health department collects about 150000 crores rupee every year. The total amount of the premiums paid by the person increase his health care entitlement score and decides the sum assured amount pertaining to all the surgeries and illnesses. Every district owns a medical college within

health villages. All such medical colleges have been established by the public-private partnership models.

At a primary school

“Take this form with you. Take your time and think on it. Write the five things your son is good at. And write the five things, he is not good at.” A skill trainer lady at a NAE (Non-Academic Education Enterprises) said to a mother of a seven-year-old child.”

The mother looked nervous and under-confident at the same time. “Madam-ji, you better fill it yourself. I don’t get this.” The mother, who was brought up in a less educated family that never allowed her to decide anything on her own, left it all back in the hand of a skilled trainer.

“Oh come on. Don’t hesitate. You are his mother and you know all about him. It’s my job to train your son in the way you want. It’s important for you to mention to us his strengths and weaknesses, so we can train your child, accordingly. Children who are lazy are encouraged to play outdoor games. Children, who are mischievous and of wavering minds are encouraged to draw the pictures and play the music. Children, who are shy, are encouraged to be in the groups and read lullabies on the stage. In this way, we will train your son according to your wish!” The skill trainer said to the mother.

After a long in-depth research and conducted surveys, the categories of children were analysed and identified by the central education board of the country. There were five hundred different types of professions classified according to the behavioural traits of the children. The children, according to their intuitions, are trained for particular professions.

The graduate pass-outs already have a chosen profession and the required skills on hand. So they just have to join the profession and start earning money instead of attending seminars on subjects like,

‘How to set and achieve goals in life?’

‘How to be a winner?’

‘Be a billionaire and conquer the world.’

Apart from the accidental and unavoidable sessions of ‘free’ guidance from rich or successful relatives, who attend every family

functions to show off their success and keep sharing their success stories to the parents of unemployed graduates.

At a village

“Beta, I don’t think there will be enough rain this monsoon.” The farmer said looking at the sky that kept collecting the clouds and transferred it somewhere else, acting like a miserly father who doesn’t spend a penny on his own children, and keeps transferring cash into the banks.

“You just chill. Why do you care for rain? We have the tie-up with Agri-Mom! And they have the advanced technology, infrastructure and water channels with irrigation set ups in all their rented farms.”

“But, that bechara owner of Agri-Mom will have a hard time on this monsoon. They already paid us a good amount, but I don’t think they will get proper return on investment.” The kind and naïve farmer, who used to borrow money on higher interest rates from brutal lenders, and was then unable to repay the debt due to draught or irregular rain, was not capable of thinking that the crop season may go well without rain.

The young shook his head on kaka's innocence and ignorance, “Kaka, you have developed the habit of taking unnecessary tension. Those days are gone. These agriculture companies have all things calculated. They have all their owned resources like seeds, fertilizer, labours, water supplies etc. They have the buyers ready. It's called agri-chain management. You won’t understand. You just have to chill and smoke your bidi. My grandma is cooking shiro and bhajiya for you.” The boy humoured and the old farmer laughed out loud. The farmer again looked to the sky and a tear dropped out of his eyes. He wiped his tear skipping the sight of the young nephew and silently expressed gratitude to the almighty for showing him the days full of joy, wealth and peace.

At a college canteen

“Hey who all are gonna come to Delhi?” Aditya, a boy out of a group of friends asked.

“I couldn’t get the ticket. It sold all of sudden, yaar!” Chitra, a girl in the group said, making a face.

“Millions of people are going to attend the ceremony! Yet the entry passes are sold just in fifteen days?” Another boy named Vicky said.

“Even Neil Armstrong was not that much awaited by the world when he had stepped his foot on the moon!” Maya another girl in the group humoured.

“Guys, let’s talk about something else. Please, don’t make me feel jealous of you.” Chitra said as she had an intense wish to attend the ceremony but couldn’t make it.

“Don’t worry dear, the government is goanna install LEDs across the country. Even I have been late and couldn’t make it.” Maya said to Chitra. “We will go to Motera Stadium. I have got entry passes of that.” The cricket authorities had arranged for a live telecast of a welcome ceremony into all the stadiums across the country.

“I will make a video call to you. So, you will feel like you too are welcoming Akash with us.” Ritesh, Chitra’s boyfriend said to her.

“I wanted to see him from up close, yaar!” Chitra made a sorry face. “Hey Ritz? Won’t you give me your ticket, bubu?”

“No way!” Ritesh said.

“Will you neglect me for Akash?” Chitra, popular as the diva of the college, made a cute face.

“Of course, yes!” Ritesh said and all his friends burst into laughter.

“Why don’t you look at me instead of Akash?” Ritesh teased her and Chitra pummelled him on his back.

A million entry passes for the welcome ceremony had been sold online on first-come-first-serve basis within just a week. Akash was going to step foot on the Indian soil after seventeen years. People are excited to witness those moments.

In the last seventeen years, the government had addressed and sorted all the issues which were left untouched since a long time.

The job wise ‘minimum wages per hour’ act had been formed by the government. So, the corporate world has been unable to act like

‘Sahukars’ to the employees. The workers and employees were now paid enough wages to have their bread butter and basic luxuries. The slogan ‘Eight hours a day, keeps stress at bay’ had been popular with the employers and employees.

There are no shortages of four basic things which have been driving every parent's life under constant fear about their children. The fear of money, shelter, security, and health no more exists in Indian citizens. So, parents even in rural areas are now giving their children the freedom of choosing their lives and life partners on their own.

*

Senior citizens were not dependent on their sons and daughter in-laws anymore, as the government had made provisions of senior citizen zones in the villages, where the land prices were controlled under the strict laws and the trading of land is entitled to the senior citizens only. So, they are buying their short and sweet homes in the natural and affordable landscapes, where they are chilling and enjoying their seniority, far away from the chaos of the cities in the green and peaceful villages.

India had efficiently carried out scientific research on Vedic life and culture. The knowledge of yoga, meditation, Yajnas and Ayurveda were getting promoted through journals and thesis in its authentic way, to the world. As a result, the foreigners from across the globe are arriving to attain the wisdom of well-being into thousands of Vedic resorts built by the private investors into the villages across the country, and so Indian tourism has been booming day by day. People are not migrating from their villages as they are getting jobs and business in in their home towns and villages through special medical zones, senior citizen zones, hi-tech farming and Vedic resorts.

This has been the quality of management in each and every activity performed by the government of India in the last ten years. After all, there are IITians, IIMians and scholars from the world's best universities that are governing the country. The doors for goons, illiterates and hypocrites to enter into the politics have been permanently closed under the strict compliance of minimum required educational qualification and zero criminal history criteria. Instead, rankers and geniuses have been enjoying frequent offers of tickets from the political parties. Once upon a time, these golden brains used to fly out of India to find their jobs in giant foreign MNCs and were managing the business and producing the income for the citizens of other nations. Now, the exact reverse is happening. A number of foreign companies have

migrated their headquarters to India tempted by the simple and straight tax structure, on hand-skilled workforces, easy and attainable judicial structure and the strong local level security set ups.

India was no more a developing nation. It had finally attained the status of a developed nation! A million entry passes for the welcome ceremony have been sold just in a week. The People want to meet and greet their hero, who waved a magic wand and miracles happened in the lives of every Indian citizen.



Delhi Gate, 13 December 2033, 6:00 PM

*Oh! Look at the sky!
How blue is that!
Like, never before it had.*

*And, do you see?
The white clouds,
Wearing the gold blouse
The rays of the sun are shining on em'*

*Do you see the sun?
Flittering yellow showers,
On billions of Champa flowers*

*Oh! Look at the gems!
We found em down tunnel
And, do you see?
The rush of streams,
As if carrying dreams*

*Look at the sky rise,
Built upon the sandy beach
Making love with clouds,
Sound like
A troop of air marshals*

*Look at the beauties!
Wandering in shorts,
Their heels are singing cat walk songs*

*Didn't I say?
We would make it a day,
I, we walk along a way,*

*And, today you hear,
The sparrows, yelling
The lorries of glories
Singing the words,*

Sound somethin' like,

*Gorgy India!
Glamo India!
Mighty India!
Almighty India!*

The Mozart of Madras, Mr. A.R.R. ended the live performance of the song that was written by Akash. The Delhi gate was surrounded by a million people. Several times in the past, the public had gathered in the capital to express their complaints, protests, anger, fear and demands. Today, may be for the first time; the city was witnessing an event, where people across the country have gathered to express their gratitude, love, affection, blessings, pride and honour.

The magnificent stage stood at five feet inches height, had an edifice of the Delhi gate as the backdrop. The group of hundreds of artists continued playing a fusion of Bharatnatyam, Kattak and western dance to celebrate the majesty of ancient and modern India.

About two hundred guests were present on the stage. The seating arrangements on the massive stage have been divided into three parts. The left portion of the stage was occupied by geniuses who have won medals, Nobel prizes and trophies from outside the country. The right portion, occupied by the Bharat Ratna, Padma Bhushan and Padma Vibhushan receivers. The central part was occupied by cabinet ministers including the Prime Minister and a special guest from other countries.

The audiences have been divided into two different parts. Of course, not in VIPs and non-VIPs, but in fit and misfit segments. The misfit audiences included senior citizens, pregnant women and specially-abled people, who were being offered special attention by the police. The police are leading and helping them settle down on the chairs in sequence. The remaining audience included all the healthy and fit people, mostly youths. They were all standing on the way through the Rajpath Marg straight from the President's house to Delhi gate. They

were jostling, elbowing, singing and ramping up the ambiance of the place.

All the roads from the Delhi gate to the President's House had been blocked under strict security surveillance. There were seventy-five entry gates guarded by the military, pursuing the security checks of every individual entering into the premises.

The rest of country, who could not book their entries were enjoying and witnessing the historical moments through the installed LED screens at public places of their cities, towns and villages.

"And, my dear Indians! Hel-loes?" Kaavya, Miss India hosting the event from the stage, teased. "Hold your hearts. Because?" She questioned.

The audiences roared in reply.

Kaavya pulled the mic off the stand, "Because?" She asked again a bit louder, and then pointed the mic at the audience.

"Akash – Akash – Akash – Akash -" The audience chanted.

"Yeah my dear fellows, you are correct, he will be here with us! After a while," Kaavya said and the audience roared aloud.

"Let's sing a welcome song." Kaavya too joined in, "Akashhhhh--- Akash,"

Team ARR banged the drums three times and sang along.

"Akashhhhh-Akash-"

Clap-Clap-Clap.

"Akashhhhh- Akash-"

Clap-Clap-Clap.

Two million hands clashed and echoed through Delhi. The chanting and clapping went on in harmony with the drums and cymbal beats. The applause went into infinite loops for the next few minutes.

“Okay, okay ladies and gentleman? Silence please -”Kaavya tried to curb their enthusiasm.

“Akashhhhh-Akash-”
Clap-Clap-Clap.

Team ARR paused but the audience didn’t.

“Oh, come on! Silenceeee, pleaseeeese!” Kaavya was indeed struggling.

The audience ignored the host and continued chanting.

“For god’s sake, please stop now,” She urged with a beautiful smile on her face. “Akash is coming within a few moments. Just be silent and listen. Please, be silent and listen to the sound of the choppers. The sound of the aircrafts.” Kaavya shouted and the audiences gradually became silent. The loud roar of the air vehicles became louder.

“Ladies and gentlemen, you may now flame the candles in your hands. Akash is just about to land in ten minutes,” Kaavya, said with a large smile on her face.

The audience started lighting up the candles. The Rajpath Marg was littered with the flames of about a million candles and within a few moments all lights were turned off.

Team ARR started playing the theme music of the movie Swadesh. The audience turned their heads to see a troop of ten aircrafts flying in V formation from the President’s house and marching through the sky to Delhi gate. They sprayed a rain of flowers while passing over the audience. The air troop reached the Delhi gate and took the tear drop turn back to the initial position at the President’s house.

The troop took another round, with an addition of the apache rotor craft flying in the middle position, followed by the rest of the aircrafts, this time leaving saffron, white and green smoke to form a long national flag in the air.

The straight shadow of a halogen light focused on the middle rotorcraft and Akash popped out of the window waving his hand to the audience. The audience, earning a glance from Akash, went crazy and started shouting, cheering, roaring and howling. The flow of love and affection ran through Akash’s nerves and inspired him to step his leg out

on the skid, waving back at them and throwing flying kisses to the audience. The apache separated from the troop and landed in the middle of the stage.

Akash stepped out of the apache, bent on his knees and bowed his head down to his motherland. At that exact moment, the fireworks dazzled up high in the sky. The fireworks sparked from the Delhi gate and spread through the city's sky. The capital of India shined like never before.

"Akash- Akash,"

Applauses rolled in.

The audience continued roaring.

The audience near the stage went wild and rushed to meet him but the NSGs stopped them. However, the guards could not stop the dignitaries and the performers who were present on the stage. They surrounded Akash to meet, greet and see him.

The president and PM shook hands with Akash and led him to the round dais that was specially designed for him to render a speech. As he stepped up on the dais and took the mic in his hand, everyone's eyes fixated on him. He addressed the audience with smile, "My dear people," He said as the lights turned on. He chuckled looking at the crazy audience who were chanting his name like crazy.

"Chup ho jao aab," he said with folded hands. "Your throats will ache!" He humoured and the audience turned quiet.

"Kem Chho?" He asked with a large smile.

"Whhoooooooo," The audience cheered.

"Oh my god! Such infectious energy among you people!" He gasped with surprise.

"Akash- Akash - Akash - Akash." The audience continued chanting.

He surveyed the arrangements and mouthed a 'Wow!' on his face. He raised his hand and signed 'superb!'

The audience laughed at his funny gestures.

“Very good arrangements! Eh?” He said. “We are rich, no?” He said winking.

The audience roared, whooped and whistled at his wink.

He took some sheets, skimmed through the pages and started reading it with shrunken eyes.

“Poverty rate has dropped from 21% to 3%.” He said and showed the sheet of paper to the audience. “The report by Telegraph.” He said.

“Crime rates have fallen by 90%.”, “Bloomberg.”

“Pollution dropped by 70 %!”, “Moody's.”

“Corruption has dropped by 99 %.”, “Times of India. Who the hell are left within the one percent?” He frowned, turned back and looked at the ministers. “We have to make it Nil.”

“The suicides rates have dropped by 98%.”, “It’s sad that .2% is still left. We have some sincere work to do on this,” He said in a kind tone to the audience.

“Anyway, all these have reduced!” He roared and the audience roared back.

He took another bunch of papers and continued reading.

“The literacy rate have gone up to 95%. Oh, come on! Who are the five percent who are yet not going to the school? Please go. It’s free. Don’t be lazy.” He said.

“The GDP per capita rank has jumped to the thirtieth”, “Boston consultancy group.”

“The happiness index ranking has jumped from 140th to 35th ranks”, “The World Bank report.”

The ease-of-doing-business ranking jumped from 67th to the 10th position. Moody’s”

“It’s long list!” He said raising his eyebrows.

“The numbers of trees planted have been 50 times more compared to the numbers from twenty years back!”, “World environment report.”

“Oh!”, “The numbers of lions have increased by 250%!” “The guardian.”

“Wow!” He turned his head back to the guests, then to the audience and then to the cameras with a surprised face. “All these have increased!” He said.

“Even the animals?” He said looking surprised at the audience. “Even the animals are happy now!”

“What the - ?” He paused leaving the last word unsaid, but the young audience got it and replied with naughty roars and whistles.

“Even, I didn’t expect such growth!” He said. “I think, I have done my job properly, and so the government has, and so each and every citizen has. And, so we are here. On this position. It was ours and we took it back. Not a big deal!” He said. He raised an arm up, clenched his fist, “With pride, honour and glory!” He screamed aloud.

“Let me ask you my last question. I want all of you to replay a question. Doesn’t matter if you are watching me from your house, your streets or you are here,” He said.

After a quiet moment, he raised his hand and counted his fingers till three. “Are you people, happy?” He roared.

The premise echoed with a “Yeah,”

“Once again, are you people happy...?” He said and pointed mic towards the audience.

“Yeahhhh,” The sound doubled with an extended ‘Yeah’. The whole of Delhi had replied this time.

“Last time,” He said. “This time your voice should be audible from the moon.” He humoured pointing at the rising full moon. He placed the

mic back into the stand and clenched both his fists, “Are you guys happy...?” India roared with an even longer and extended “Yeeeeeeah.”

“Thank you.” He said with folded hands and took the chair next to the Prime Minister and President. The applause from audience went continue for longer.

Then, the round of welcome speeches from the dignitaries, continued.

“Dear people, I feel myself fortunate to welcome the beloved son of the Nation on behalf of you all.” The Prime Minister said as he began his short speech.

Meanwhile, Akash heard a beep in his smart watch. “Hi, handsome!” It pinged a message.

“Hey Ella! Whaz up?” He voice typed.

“You were gorgeous! I am watching you. It was too good. Made us all laugh.”

“Thanks Darl.” He mumbled and voice kissed in his smart watch.

Bunch of reply kisses pinged into the message box.

“Ma’am! You there?” He voice typed a message and sent it to her highness Rani Sahiba.

“Hey Akash!” Her message popped in.

“How was it?”

“Just, outstanding.”

“Listen?”

“Yeah?”

“Shut your post office!”

“What?”

“Your zip, you idiot!” came the reply.

Akash looked down and zipped his pants’ chain. He moved his head back and gave a wry smile to her highness Rani Sahiba, who had been present on the event on the special request by the Indian government, for being a foreign minister of Indian descent, who had taken the relations among the two countries to a whole new place.



Strategic Action Plan, Continued from Pg. 156

ACTION 2: Digital Transaction Tax (DTT) and E-Currency

If all people start paying taxes, the Indian government will be the richest government on earth. But, it's not possible because, the public are allowed to find loopholes in the taxation policies.

Actually, people want to pay taxes but they find that the taxes are either too high or the tax evasion is a common practice among businesses. While, some others stay away from it, due to complications in taxation laws. There is a strong need for a clearly defined tax submission platform. People operate their internet banking. They can operate their mobile banking and de-mat accounts. But they are unable to fill up even a Nil IT return. There is definitely a catch here. Can't we make the IT submission process simpler and transparent? It can be done for sure. But, the beneficiaries of such complex systems are intentionally keeping it complicated. If you have simple tax submission portals, the top level bureaucrats can't have properties worth Rs100 and 200 crore.

To file a NIL return, you have to pay Rs.400 to a consultant. To reply for a notice, the consultant charges higher fees. To get the refund back, you have to pay even higher fees. The consultants, lawyers and chartered accounts have to pay bribes to save their clients from scrutiny and notice. The tax and revenue department have their own compulsions. They are secretly given tax collection targets by the government. They have to raid at the targeted people's houses. Vice-versa, they have to ask authorities in the government, before raiding at someone's house. Some rich people are not able to enjoy their wealth. They are in constant fear to save their empire from the eyes of EDs, politicians or gangsters.

In conclusion, this is the circle in which the taxation and law professionals grow well, the politicians in ruling government send ED to trash their enemy's established business, The employees, poor in this context, can't do meddling in taxes and have to pay 10-30% of their income with heavy heart, the big business houses hire professionals or

have strong connections with rulers and they become tax savvy, and the common men don't look at it thinking of its fear or lack of knowledge. Even though, somebody is paying taxes they are getting notices. The businesses are operated in 'black or white' and 'with bill or without bill' terms.

In this way, the word 'Tax' has become a collective joke! We need a big work on this. The beneficiaries of such complicated taxation policies somehow don't let it happen. They collectively screw it. But, in this paralyzed taxation structure, the government treasury stays unfulfilled.

We can do something about it as mentioned below.

Tasks to do:

- To analyze the bank transactions for one year.
- After one year of analysis, execution of three simultaneous actions are needed, as mentioned below,
- To discontinue the currency notes of denomination above 20 rupee.
- To implement Digital Transaction Tax. (Taxing on every credit transactions into bank accounts. Percentage of DTT will be decided after one year of banking transaction analysis.
- Discontinuing all other taxes. To execute flat DTT on every credit transactions in bank accounts or online payment wallets.

Outcomes:

- This will bring corruption to 0 level. When, the high denomination currency notes will be discontinued, there will not be the scope of bribing money.
- The DTT will be levied in such a way that, it will raise more money than the rest of all taxes collected in the past.
- There will be no need of accounting/audits for small or medium level business owners.
- Discontinuity of cash currency will bring down the costing of overall currency management.
- There will be no scope of tax evasions; there will be automatic tax deduction on every credit transaction.

- Due to no cash, underworld or local goons will not be able to collect monthly installments from shop keepers or businessmen.
- This will bring terrorism finance to 0.
- This will act as anti-corruption vaccine since all corruptions are connected to higher currency notes. If there will be no cash, there will be no corruption.
- The word “Black Money” will disappear from India.

ACTION 3: To discontinue online retail

Get ready to see the cities and towns without shops, showrooms, commercial complexes, bazaars, etc. This will happen within 15 years due to online selling.

How?

Computers took over the Indian industries about twenty years ago, and it silently and gradually cut off employment. Initially, we were feeling cool and excited about computers, but now we can see the results. The employment ratio has a direct connection with computers.

We need banking. We don't need banks anymore.
-Bill Gates, 1997

In banking sector, where 10 clerks were required, we need just two computers to do the same work. One computer can easily replace the work of minimum five employees. Nowadays, just 2-3 employees can smoothly run a small size branch of any Bank. The factories in which large number of workers were required, have now installed automated machineries and now they don't require humans! Think of the jobs, which the computers ate up. We can't withdraw computers. It's too late. The damage has already been done. But, the similar scenario is building up by e-commerce, which will cut down the trade and income of millions. Companies are planning to do pizza delivery via drones! How cool it looks! But, there is much to think about it. If the drones will deliver pizza, what will a delivery boy do? How people will earn or sustain in the market, if technology will do everything? Supermarkets are increasing day-by-day and have started delivering products at your door. That time is not far when, there will be 5-6 giant companies who will compress millions of provision stores. Nobody will, later on, listen to these small

retailers. As, the small retailers don't have close relations with the ministers.

There will be 5-6 giant online retailers, who will occupy about 70% market share of B to C grocery business. They have already started gobbling up the business of uncountable small retailers. A lot of retail outlets have already become useless. There won't be scope for small entrepreneurs to enter into online retailing as they will not be able to compete with giant online retailers.

Smart phones, TVs, washing machines are sold online directly from the manufacturers, which have already disturbed the trade cycle. In addition, the profit margins are becoming narrower due to direct selling from the manufacturers.



When a manufacturer is directly linked to the shoppers, all the stake holders such as warehouse owners, distributors, wholesalers and retailers get affected as mentioned in the above graph. It's absolutely false to believe that we are not rich. If you sum up numbers of large and expensive villas of rich people in India, other countries may not sound richer than us. The real problem is about distribution of income.

If we don't take necessary precautions, online selling will create unfair income distribution. We still have enough time to take precautions to prevent trade cuts through online retailing at this stage. Otherwise,

giant online retailers will slowly and secretly eat up SMEs and retailers. Nobody will be able to cure it by any effort on the later stage. We can't expect businessman like Bill Gates, Mark Zuckerberg or Warren Buffet to donate their profits in public. Our businessmen have to spend large amounts of money to influence the people who are governing the country. We have to take the following steps for prevention of online selling.

Task to do:

- Exclusion of consumer goods products such as groceries, mobile phones, furniture, electronics, clothes, shoes etc. out of online retail.
- Fixing a strict trade hierarchy channel as mentioned above.
- Discontinue the rise of the super market culture by preventing the growth of new super markets.

Outcomes:

- The retailers/distributors/wholesalers and traders will sustain well with long-term and secure sources of income.
- Viable profit margins will be maintained in trade.
- Ease of doing business for SMEs will be maintained.
- The demand for products, which are required in building a retail outlet, such as glass, steel, iron, furniture, interiors, cement, Bricks, tiles, marbles and paints will be maintained without interruption.
- The business of stakeholders (as above graph) connected to shops, buildings and commercial infrastructure will sustain.

ACTION 4: Equal, easy, interesting, affordable and practical education system

*“The only thing that interferes with my learning is my education.”
- Einstein.*

*“Don't confuse schooling with education.
I didn't go to Harvard but the people that worked for me did.”
- Elon Musk.*

The parents don't listen to the above people. They don't listen to their own children. Yet, they keep pushing their children to compete with their relatives' or friends' children who pass the exams with ninety-up scores. There are always such 'so-called brilliant students' around in society, and parents will never be able to make their children like them. Hence parents choose to spoil the lives of their children by forcing them to bring good ranks or become like other children.

This psychology of these parents have made education a most profitable sector in the last fifteen years. The private schools pay very low salaries to the teaching professionals, even though they collect massive fees from the students. Suppose, a private school is charging an annual fee of Rs. 25000, it gives a fees receipt of Rs.15000 only, to the parents. Nobody can ask where the rest of the Rs. 10,000 goes. This is a common practice for most of the private schools.

The educational institutions have become a place where students are trained to mug up information.

“If you judge a fish on its ability to climb a tree,
it will live its whole life believing it is stupid.”

“Any man who reads too much and uses his brain too little,
falls into lazy habits of thinking.”

(Albert Einstein)

Parents today are perfectly disobeying the messages given by Albert Einstein. The current education flow has resulted in the gradual increase of cases of intoxication, over thinking and procrastination among students. The academic schooling in our nation is wisely killing the creativity and intuition of students, and training the fishes to climb the tree.

MBA's passed out, engineers, dentists, physiotherapists and even pharmacists are seen posting ledgers into the banks or working as a revenue Talati or as a teacher in schools.

Professional degree holders spend a million rupees to accomplish professional education. Then they are found doing the jobs which don't require technical knowledge which was gained by them only by paying higher fees and mugging up boring theories. What kind of academic flow is this? Students who want to become clerks, don't need to do engineering. Students, who are passionate about carpentry, don't need

to do four years of engineering. Carpentry cannot be learnt from books. It's practical work. Books can't teach you the work of a goldsmith or to even effectively cut hair. But a man, who is a hair dresser, has been to school and studied science and math, which has nothing to do with hair styling. Instead, if that man would have learnt hair styling since his school days, he would have progressed ten times more than where he is now.

In contrast, IIM, IIT pass outs and MBBS pass-outs of our country are migrating to other nations. The developed western nations are allowing them all the facilities to grow and contribute their knowledge for the growth of those countries.

Anyway, if we want to get rid of such messed up education flow, we will need to undertake the following corrective initiatives.

Tasks to Do:

- Conducting all exams online for State Level or Central Level Education Boards.
- Discontinuing academic schooling.
- Converting academic schools and campuses into NAEE (Non Academic Education Enterprises) to provide learning in the field of sports, yoga, dance, music, swimming, horse riding, cloth weaving, photography, carpentry, fabrication, sculpture, painting, hair designing, fashion designing, automotive manufacturing, and all other types of business training.
- To allocate SAE licenses to academically trained professionals (B.Ed., M.Ed., Ph.D. pass-outs) and to the government teachers. SAE license holders will be allowed to operate home-based institutions for educating academic syllabuses.
- Government teachers will not face layoffs as they will do the same job online on behalf of the government. The students who want to gain free education will be able to get access to online classes after official registration into government's online academic portal.
- Restricting academic education to 3 hours a day per student. The licenses of SAEs violating the 3-hour rule, will be suspended for 5 years.

Outcomes:

- The children after six hours study at schools used to study another 2-3 hours at private tuition classes. They study same subjects in tuitions. This insanity will end.
- In the time spared from academic education, the student will be able to learn skills of their future prospects from childhood at NAEEs.
- About millions of teaching jobs will be created through SAEs. The educated but jobless will have great opportunity to operate SAE with less investment.
- The learning process of students will become entertaining and interesting. They will get rid of the stress generated from Academic education.
- This will save brain from burden, creativity from mugging up mechanism, time of students and money of parents.

ACTION 5: Equal, easy and affordable health for all

In India, health services hits common men really hard. Today we have big producers of medicines. Yet, prices of various essential drugs are out of control.

The saddest and most miserable part in a person's life is when he has to go to hospitals. It's traumatic especially when the family is small. There are some common communications between a patients' relative and a staff at private hospitals as mentioned below.

'When will our turn come? We have come from a village far away and have been waiting for our turn since early morning.'

"Sir" is on visit. I will let you know when he returns.'

"Sir" has not come yet.'

"Sir" is out of town. He won't be available for a week.'

'Get these reports done in 'X' lab and come back.'

'Which room do you want? For general, the charges are Rs.2000 per day. For special it's Rs 3500 per day.'

'Do you have medical insurance?'

‘Go to ‘X’ place and get the MRI/CT scan done.’

‘There are waiting in the MRI since the past two days. Come tomorrow.’

‘For emergency, you will need to pay Rs 1000 extra.’

‘The patients will need to get admitted urgently.’

‘We will have to do a caesarean urgently. The baby has drunk fluid.’

‘Bring the blood bottle urgently from ‘X’ Lab.’

‘Bring the blood donors first. Then only you will be issued a blood bottle.’

‘The baby has come down. The mother will have to do a complete bed rest for the next 3 months.’

‘We can’t say anything. The patient’s condition is critical.’

‘Sir, for how many days do we have to keep him in the hospital? – We can’t say. May be 10 more days. We are starting injections from today. Per injection costs Rs.15000.’

‘Deposit Rs 50,000 to the desk and buy the medicines from our medical store downstairs.’

‘Only one person is allowed with the patient. The rest of relatives will have to leave the ward.’

Again, you often find people talking about doctors as mentioned below,

‘Don’t go to that gynecologist, he/she does cesarean for every pregnant woman.’

‘The patient’s condition was good, yet they unnecessarily kept him in the hospital for an extended period of time.’

‘That doctor has worsened his condition.’

‘That doctor gave him high doses of medicines and his health worsened.’

‘Patients aren’t recovering in hospitals.’

‘Doctors often lack the qualification or expertise. They give higher dose of steroids for ailments beyond their understanding. People, being ignorant, keep going to them for advice.’

‘The doctors aren’t qualified, but, he has a string of credits to his name and patients are getting well by him.’

‘There is a man who gives chanted water. Hundreds of patients are getting cured by that holy water.’

‘There is a priest. He presses certain points in your waist and gets the stone out of the kidneys.’

‘He consulted too many doctors but he is still not getting cured.’

‘Don’t have negative thoughts. You will get high BP. It may give you a stroke.’

‘Don’t go to that doctor. He is not good. He kills patients.’

‘Don’t go to that doctor. His bill will empty your pocket.’

Ayurveda says allopathy is wrong. Allopathy says Ayurveda is useless. Both Ayurveda and Allopathy say homeopathy is fake. Some even find advices to drink a spoon of their own urine.

Doctors today have their own medical stores. They simply eat up the share of the income that should rightfully come to the pharmacy graduates. Doctors even have their own small labs. This simply eats up the jobs of lab technicians.

There are government hospitals. But, there are not enough doctors available in hospitals. The government hospitals don’t charge money, so the public roam into the government hospitals as if they are wandering into public gardens. They eat gutkha and spit anywhere in the hospitals. They make the toilets dirty and throw garbage anywhere in the hospitals and behave rudely with the hospital staff.

I think you want to get rid of such situations. As per my knowledge, we can sort it by taking the following initiatives.

Tasks to do:

- Allocation of UHID card to every citizen.
- To build a health village next to every city, where patients can get all the treatments within an area of 10 kilometres.
- Only doctors will be able to buy properties or land in the health villages.
- We need to build the OCHR (online centralized health registry) website and its mobile app.
- OCHR will store and maintain lifetime health records and treatment manuals of every citizen which will be accessible to anyone who will be entering the UHID number.
- The health village will have all facilities and infrastructure. (I.e. food and accommodations, test laboratories, surgery theatres, ICU, nursing homes etc.)
- The appointment of any doctor will be registered through OCHR only. The patient will be given an appointment date and time through OCHR.
- OCHR will have a webinar portal. In cases, where patients don't need physical meeting to the doctors, the consultation will be done through webinar.
- The doctors will have to upload a scanned copy of every report, prescriptions, X-ray, MRI etc. into OCHR.
- There will be a centralized fee structure for every disease, treatments, consultation, surgeries and medicines.

Outcomes:

- The costing of treatments will be reduced remarkably.
- Doctors will be able to build up their dream hospitals into spacious landscapes within a very small budget, as, the land prices in villages are very less compared to the city area.
- The health registry of every person will store the information regarding medicines consumed by him/her. So the doctors will easily know the suitability, side-effects or reaction of particular medicines to particular people and this will make India a leading country in the field of medicine research.
- The employment of technical and nursing graduates such as Lab Technicians, Nursing, and Pharmacist etc., will rise.

ACTION 6: Employment reforms

Look at the west world. They work for a maximum of eight hours a day. They spare time of at least an hour a day for exercising. They utilize this time for cycling, jogging, gardening and even enjoying the nature as a part of their routine lives. They take at least a month of leave during a year and travel different destinations in the world. They allocate a special budget to explore the world.

In contrast,

In our nation, the man is becoming just a money-producing machine day-by-day. If there are vacancies for 2 posts, 200 candidates appear for the interview. Looking at such inflation of professionals; it's obvious for industries to rise working hours and to reduce wages. B.Ed. graduates are paid barely within Rs 5000 to Rs 10,000 a month in private schools. Engineers are increasing in numbers and industries have started paying less salary. After five years, the same may happen to the MBBS pass outs. The job markets are literally replacing us from being human into being animal. We are losing the ability to wander, to invent, to have adventures, to explore ourselves. We are becoming like prisoners of AC chambers who are on a life-sentence to achieve unachievable targets.

The West created capitalism; we adopted it and now we are converting it into cattle-ism. They are earning to live, and we are living to earn. Though, we are indeed earning money through our hard work, leading to constant stress, we can't enjoy even 10% of our earnings.

We adopted capitalism from the Western nations but we dumped their minimum wages policy, which they are strictly following.

We are Indians. It's time to remember now. Once upon a time, we used to lead the world in intelligence and innovation. Our ancient scriptures clearly mentioned the use of aircrafts. Bharatnatyam-Katthak-Garba-Lodi, imagine how many dances our ancestors had explored! Did you observe the caves and paintings of historical sites like Ajanta-Ellora- Khajuraho— Konark Sun Temple etc.? What amazing artists, we had! Mahabharat, Ramayan! Vedas, Upanishads -what magnificent literatures we had. What a high state of being and living our ancestors had! We had provisions for Yatras, which is none other than an ancient

form of tourism. In our ancient culture, there were provisions for entertainment and enjoyment. There were week-long celebrations on each festival. People used to celebrate for a week on marriage functions. This happened, because there was strictly followed work-life balance. And now the time has come when we have to re-build it. As, per my judgment we can restore that order by the implementation of the following tasks.

Task to do:

- To establish an OCER (Online Centralized Employment Registry) website and mobile app.
- To allocate a unique Human Resource ID Card to every employee and contract laborer.
- OCER will maintain HRID-wise record of all information such as education, skills, expertise and history of wages they received till date from employer organization or people etc.
- To execute strict law of minimum wages per hour according to the jobs or labor types.
- To execute strict law of maximum 8 hours- per day -per person.

Outcomes:

- Work-life balance will be regained.
- Fixed minimum wages for each work will end exploitation of workers.
- Un-employment ratio will go down, as the regulation of eight hours per day will distribute the work among more people.
- People will have enough time for their families, children, friends, spouses, girlfriends or boyfriends.
- People will have the time to live their lives and spend the money which they earn. These will boost collective spending power.
- Cases of depression, diabetes and high blood pressure will go down, which are rising nowadays due to insecure income sources, extreme work pressure and exploitation from cruel bosses etc.
- It will be win-win situation for both parties. The recruiters who need competent personnel and are ready to pay high wages sometime don't get sincere workers in the local markets. In same way, a genuine or sincere worker sometimes can't get

proper work or wages due to the lack of references. For example, people from posh areas are always found complaining about the shortage of maids. If such maids and caretakers could be found online and the information regarding their characters and performances could be available online, many rich families will be able to hire trustable maids. While, the trustworthy maids will get opportunities to be hired by the people who can value their truthfulness.

- The laborers who are lazy and are not inclined towards working properly could be easily identified based on an online OCER portal.

ACTION 7: Judiciary reforms

“Who goes to the court? You go to the court and regret.”

*“If you go to the Court,
you would be washing your dirty linen in the court.
You will not get a verdict”*

“Judiciary is in shackles”

“More than 43 lakh cases are pending in the 25 high courts in the country and over 8 lakh of these are over a decade old.”

The above statements are the facts mentioned by the upper cadre officials of the judiciary. We have 4.81M pending cases in the High courts and 37.55 M pending cases in the District Courts. (ecourts.gov.in)

Everybody wants to take a salary but no decisions, as there is no safety in taking decisions. The biggest problem in our bureaucracy is that nobody wants to take decisions and they won't let others to take the decision as well. In fact, they double their efforts to hinder somebody else's decisions.

If a minister from a ruling government approves a train project, another minister from the opposition, comes in authority after sometime and discontinues it. We can't even build a 200 KM of train route or national highway within five years. The upper cadre and authority channels of governance are filled with many of such mentally sick people. Just because of their ego, millions of citizens have to suffer. Do

we realize how much time, energy and money are wasted in this way? This tendency has crippled the Indian bureaucracy. The same is applicable to the judicial structure as well. The courts keep extending the dates. The hearings are postponed for decades. Finally, this way, time solves cases but the courts don't.

We could do something to sort out this as mentioned bellow,

- To establish online appearance room inside every court and proceedings through webinar among inter-district and inter-state courts cases.
- To discontinue hearing extension system and to fix the stipulated time line for verdicts based on case types.
- To establish E-Legal library. Converting all available law scriptures into soft copies, merging all content into a single database and allowing access to it via index-wise navigation and search bar through an E-Legal portal. Anyone, who wants to know about a particular law, act, or legal term, will be able to access all scriptures regarding judiciary.
- Promoting online consultation of lawyers.

Outcomes:

- The plaintiff, defendant, petitioner, respondent or witness will not need to travel across districts, cities or states for proceedings. They will appear in the proceedings through online court room from their resident cities or towns.
- The process of getting justice will be easier through online courtrooms.
- The faith in judiciary will be regained.
- The fear in the minds of criminals will increase.
- The output of judicial establishment will be increased by at least 10 times.
- The truth will win.
- People will not need to wait in queue to meet famous lawyers at their offices for meetings & consultations. Promotion of online consultation will allow the client to meet and consult the lawyers through webinar.
- Many lawyers who have talent and in-depth knowledge but don't have luxurious offices, popularity or money, will be able to work from home. The underrated but knowledgeable

lawyers will have great opportunities to progress in their careers.

ACTION 8: Income-based government schemes and reservation

The purpose of any government scheme is “Giving support to the less privileged ones.” But, is that happening? The government is spending a lot of money through packages, schemes and subsidies for the purpose of supporting the lower-class segment of the society. But, the people, who are already well-settled in terms of income and status, are also claiming for that funding. There are many people who have a car yet they own a BPL card. This practice has seeped into reservation, subsidies, interest waive off schemes, ration cards, interest free loans and relief packages etc. as well. The money released by the government doesn’t always go to people who really need them. In fact, it goes into the pockets that are already full. Unfortunately, we still need a century to uproot the mentality of begging and grabbing other's rights. The government can’t keep sustaining with this mentality. But, the government can surely stop wrong usages of its public funding or schemes.

We have to set a transparent system in which the deserving people get benefits from the government schemes while un-deserving people can’t claim it.

Task to Do:

- Executing income-based eligibility norms to claim any schemes from the government. After successful execution of DTT, all transactions will be digitally available. The government will easily be able to trace income of every individual.
- To announce and allot relief packages, subsidies, funding and reservation based on ADFII (Average daily family income of individual) and ADII (Average daily individual income).

The bank will need to reflect “Average Income of an Individual” and “Average family Income of an individual” every day based on a formula as mentioned below.

Average daily individual income (ADII) = last five years credit entries as on today's date/ number of days in the last five years.

Average daily family income of individual (ADFII) = Gross ADII of all family members as on Today's date/Number of family members of individual account holder.

The above formulas will be reflected every day in every individual bank account.

Outcomes:

- The share of funding that higher income groups used to grab from the poor's chunk will be diverted to the lower income group and so they will gain more money from the government.
- The reservation policy will be justified in its true meaning.

ACTION 9: Regaining Nature Cycle.

Do you know?

- The carbon level is rising.
- The air, noise and water pollution is rising and affecting collective public health. We can see the increase in diseases from the last 10 years.
- Cancer patients are rapidly growing for the past five years.
- Cases of mental illnesses are rising.
- The food has not been pure. Nor has the farming been pure.
- The season cycle has been disturbed since the last 3-4 years. We are witnessing the off-season or un-natural rain since the past five years.
- Various bird species are declining.
- The natural cycle is messing up day-by-day.

Look at the western nations. How carefully they are pampering their nature! They don't allow carbon emissions at any cost. They have preserved the lakes, rivers and they pamper nature as a golden gift from the almighty. Their common life expectancy is above eighty years! And,

people in our country have common life expectancy of about sixty five years!

If you look at our food, it has been completely conglomerated. Nobody is stopping the usage of chemicals in farming. Nobody is preventing the trading of chemicals which are dangerous to human health. We don't value better health! Slow poisoning is being allowed everywhere. If we can't make nature better, we must not have the right to make it worse. If we don't have time to think about future generations, how selfish are we? We can't just become occupiers. We should leave nature as a better and improved version for our future generations. Our ancestors did not bury the rivers and lakes, so we are able to consume enough water. If one can't understand such simple logic, there must be strict law enforcement for that. It's not always the government's responsibility. It's the responsibility of the public too. Anyway, we can take the following steps.

Task to Do:

- Establishment of 'Green India' bureau and launching of green India campaign.
- To identify public and nature's properties such as streams, jungles, rivers, lakes, mountains etc. Putting area-wise maps of such properties into the environment website.
- To pass a law of seeding at least one tree next to the outer wall of each house having an area above 100 square metres.
- Green India bureau will keep track of trees planted by every applicable house owner.
- The records of all the seeded plants under Green India revolution will be maintained by the green India bureau. People in the past twenty years buried many rivers, canals and lakes. Now we can't do anything about that. As, people have built up their properties on those buried rivers and lakes. What we can do is stop this from happening anymore. The green India bureau will be responsible to preserve public land, mountains, lakes, streams, rivers through border fencing.
- Assigning maintenance contract to private securities and let them charge nominal tickets or fares to roam inside such public places.
- To discontinue the production of injurious chemicals from root level.

- To discontinue sources of polymer.
- Chemical and polymer producers will be given a time of three years to wind up and find out about new businesses.
- To implement 100 % organic farming across the country.

ACTION 10: Sustaining truthful religion

We are a country where faith and devotion reigns. Religions are the most important influence in a human's life. But, only if, it is operated and managed by truly enlightened or genuine sages. Otherwise, it creates miseries for ages. Religion is simply used to connect and unite people and to maintain brotherhood, peace and virtues among people. But that purpose is not being served. The exact reverse scenario is building up. Religions are used for creating divisions. Some of the goons have attired their selves into Khaadi pajama and have become politicians. Some smarter ones have become saints. Religious groups are becoming the markets to buy votes! The con men, first promote their selves as Brahmacharis, tapasvis or messengers of god. They apply multi-level marketing strategies. They gather the crowd. They are good actors and sound more real than the authentic ones. They deny their devotees of every enjoyment and teach them to live unnecessarily harder and tougher lives. If you find out their secret, you see them living a life that contradicts their own gospels. One should only follow people who are kind-hearted, compassionate and having devotional qualities. The fake ones only play with the minds of their followers. They plant the seeds of fear, guilt and crazy beliefs into the follower's brains, and then they promise of washing out sins on the name of God. This is a perfect trap in which family persons who are struggling to maintain their family's wellbeing could be easily gripped. Lots of people get depressed; slip into mental illness and their families are ruined after following the fake leaders.

But, nobody has the guts to tell such things publically as they are not powerful enough to do that. In reality, the Samsaris sound more Tyagi and Tapasvi. They have more compassion, sensibility, humanity, will power and intelligence than such fake leaders. But, in the name of God, everything goes well. Somebody utters the word 'castration' and large number of followers make it happen. Oh God! Only the people of this country can save this country. No gods have ever asked for such sacrifices but faithful and ignorant people do that on the saying of the messengers of the Gods. When scandals of such fake religious leaders come out, the image of the whole religion is affected and the genuine sages are judged as cheaters due to the hypocrisy of the fake ones.

Tasks to Do:

- Establishment of RGO (Religion Governing Organization) frame work. It's not possible to suppress any religion. So it's useless to think on those lines. But we can set the standards in which the purpose of religions can be served with authenticity. We have forgotten that the religious organizations or monasteries were formulated to provide a well-established environment in which a true seeker can perceive the guidance and techniques from well experienced masters to progress on the path of enlightenment. But, nowadays, the term "Enlightenment" is becoming obsolete in religious contexts. We have to bring it back.
- Any religious group consisting of more than 200 followers will have to do official registration under RGO.
- Live recording must be done of all speeches commenced by any religious leader to the crowd.
- Ten years of strict prison sentence on deliverance of inflammatory speeches by any religious personality or RGO member.
- All RGOs will have to show their account statements openly to the public. So that the fund collections and usages of those funds could be easily identified by their followers.

Outcomes:

- The mentality of divisions among people, will be reduced.
- The hypocrisy amidst any religious group will be clearly identified.
- Politics will leave the religions and the purpose of 'achieving enlightenment' will sustain into religions.
- The true devotees or seekers will not get trapped into false paths, and their growth in the spiritual journey will become easy.
- Cheating with people using the name of god will end.
- Fake religious leaders are used to collect donations in the name of service projects and then those funds aren't used for those projects. Publically visible bank accounts of RGOs will stop this from happening.
- The entry of fake people into religious organizations will be difficult.

Some humble clarifications from my side

Everybody will need to make little or larger sacrifices but that won't be larger than the miseries which they have already faced.

I have not demanded anything that is impossible or impracticable. The developed nations are already doing it successfully.

Some people may think that I am the 'anti-rich' type. In the same way some people say that I am the 'pro-poor' type. That is not true. I am simply against corrupt people and conmen, who achieve their personal egoistic ambitions by unethical ways or grabbing and occupying other's shares and rights and make millions of innocents suffer for no reason.

I am against the people who don't want to do anything, who are lazy to work and earn for their own family's survival and then keep saying that they are poor. I am only in favour of people who are enthusiastic for a bright future, not lazy, but hopeful to progress, are smart workers, sensitive towards the society and want to live a good, happy and disciplined life.

I am not a follower of Lenin or Hitler. I am not communist either. In fact, I am in strong favour of a healthy democracy.

I don't have any other hidden intentions if the government executes the TAP. I don't want authority, money or something else provided that the government accepts my demands. My duty will be to watch what has been happening from far.

I will not appear to the public until all tentative actions have been fully accomplished. So, don't try to find me.

I don't claim myself as all knowledgeable. I request the economists, scientists, artists, lawyers, environmentalists, social activists, CEOs, intellectuals and star student from star institutes to carry on research and publish their research papers which can be brought in practice to execute TAP. All ideas and suggestions in the process of India 2033 will be referenced, specifying the written work of the author used in the creation of that text as a reward of their knowledge sharing at free of cost to the nation.

My only strength is the public. If the public will not support me, I will not be able to move even an inch towards the vision. The support from the public doesn't mean "Dharna" and "Marches" or violence from you. The support simply means the moral backup and your stable faith in me and my vision, until we are able to achieve my vision for the country.
